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No. 2.—Vol. I. MAY, 1899.

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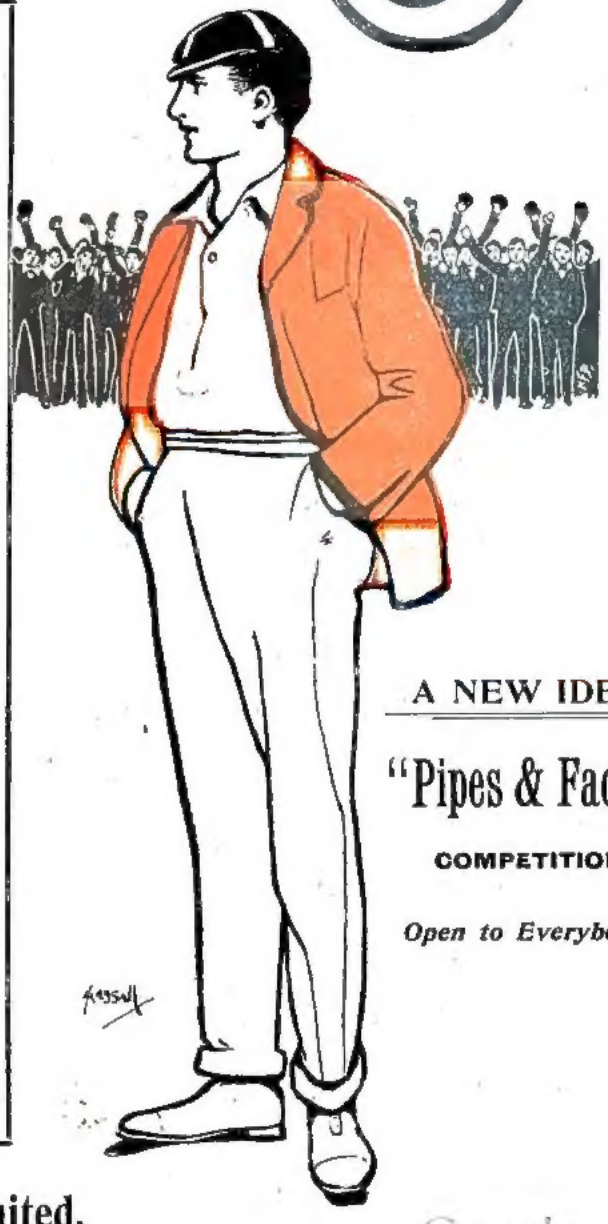

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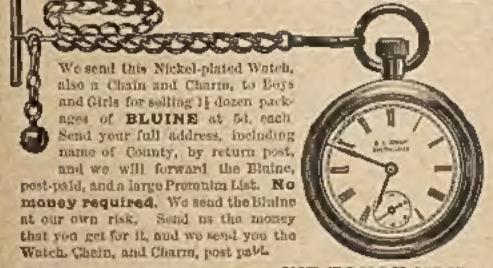

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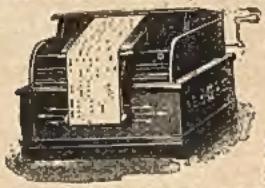

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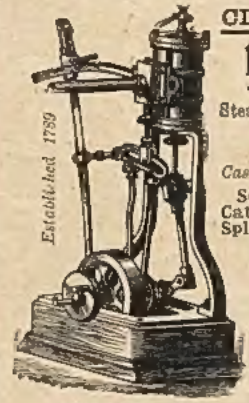

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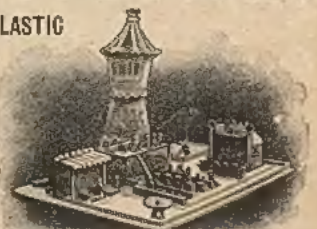

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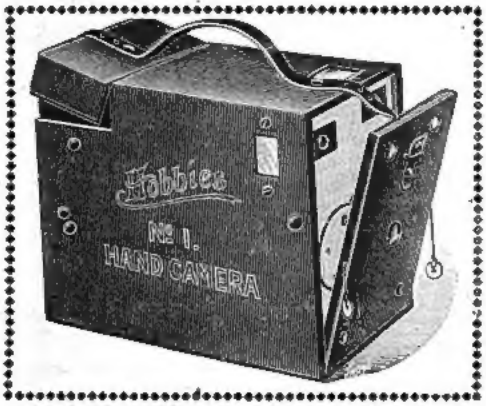

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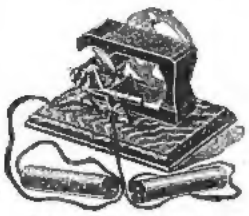

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Drawn from life for THE CAPTAIN *by Walker Hodgson*

W. G. Grace

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"W.G." AND HIS NEW WORK

By the Editor.

I seized the terra-cotta envelope, and drew forth the message it contained.

"*Can see you to-day.*" In five minutes I was hurrying down Burleigh Street. Arrived in the Strand I leapt into a cab and drove to London Bridge Station. Through fog and gloom into sunlight I travelled, for the pall which hung over central London could not reach as far as Sydenham, where the Crystal Palace is, and where the London County Cricket Club has its headquarters.

I paced along a quiet street or two, and then turned into Lawrie Park Road, where, at a house called "St. Andrew's," I found Dr. Grace—a burly, genial giant, whose bulk makes his activity a matter of wonder—a giant in a wholesome woollen waistcoat, and dark grey tweeds.

DR. GRACE'S HOUSE AT SYDENHAM.

Dr. Grace was up to his neck in documents, for, as all the cricket world must know by this time, he has given up his medical practice at Bristol to act as secretary and general manager to the club which has been christened "The London County Cricket Club." This is why the doctor's desk is littered with note-paper and envelopes; this is why the morning, afternoon, evening, and late-night postmen fill the doctor's letter-box with a never-ending supply of cricketing correspondence. But he loves not pen or ink, and so he arose and shook himself like a St. Bernard dog, put on a square felt hat and a black overcoat, and led me away in the direction of the Crystal Palace grounds, talking gruffly, but good-temperedly, and with no little enthusiasm, about the new venture of which he is the head, the middle, and the tail.

"A good many people," I observed, "have only a faint idea as to what the London County Club is, and as to what it is going to do."

"I'll tell you," said the doctor. "There

THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.
The old pavilion, and the new one in course of construction.

are in London two great cricket grounds—the Oval and Lord's. Now, it has struck the Crystal Palace directors that this South-Easterly part of London is badly off for cricket. It is quite a little journey from here to Lord's or to the Oval (although, of course, a man who wants to watch good cricket doesn't mind how far he travels, so long as he knows that an excellent game at his journey's end will reward him for his trouble), so the London County Cricket Club has been formed to provide first-class cricket, not only for the tremendous population of this district, but for the hundreds of thousands of people who want to follow their favourite pastime, and, at the same time, breathe this lovely Sydenham air. Here we are, practically in the country, although within five-and-twenty minutes' ride of town."

THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB (LOOKING N.W.).

At this juncture we arrived at a side entrance to the Palace grounds; the doctor opened the door with his private key. A few steps and a short walk brought us to a little park, where numbers of men were busy levelling and turfing, and building the new pavilion, which, I may mention, is to cost over £3,000.

In the old pavilion we found Murch (the bowler), who is head of the ground staff of the new club. I cast my eyes round the extraordinary structure which,

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for so many years, has done duty as a pavilion. The doctor observed that it was more like a chapel, and I fully agreed with him.

As we strolled on I could not but observe how concentrated was the doctor's attention upon everything appertaining to and affecting in any way the ground upon which the new team of Australians will make its *début*. Mossy turf is bad for cricket. The doctor pointed out to me the places where moss unfortunately makes its appearance — nowhere near the centre of the arena, however. He explained that the mossy growth had been caused by the rain running down the slope from the path above. Some branches of the trees at the Palace side appeared to overhang the ground a trifle too much. Not much—but the doctor's hawk-like eye espied them, and he promptly gave orders that the ends of those branches were to be ruthlessly executed. Underneath the trees are seats—these will be the spots most affected by shade-lovers when the summer sun is hot.

"We can seat five thousand spectators," the doctor said.

CARICATURE OF "W. G.," JULY 9TH, 1877.
Reproduced by kind permission of the editor of "Vanity Fair."

We walked on, and surveyed the wide, green ground from every point of view. Now I am an Englishman, and, as such, I like my beef and beer—or their equivalents, according to the occasion. I therefore suggested to the doctor that it would be a good plan to have little hand wagons (similar to those you see at railway stations) to be wheeled round the ground, so that cricket watchers may get a cup of tea and a bath bun without having to scramble for such commodities in front of the counter.

"Refreshments, sir," replied the doctor, discreetly, "are not in my department. We have an excellent caterer."

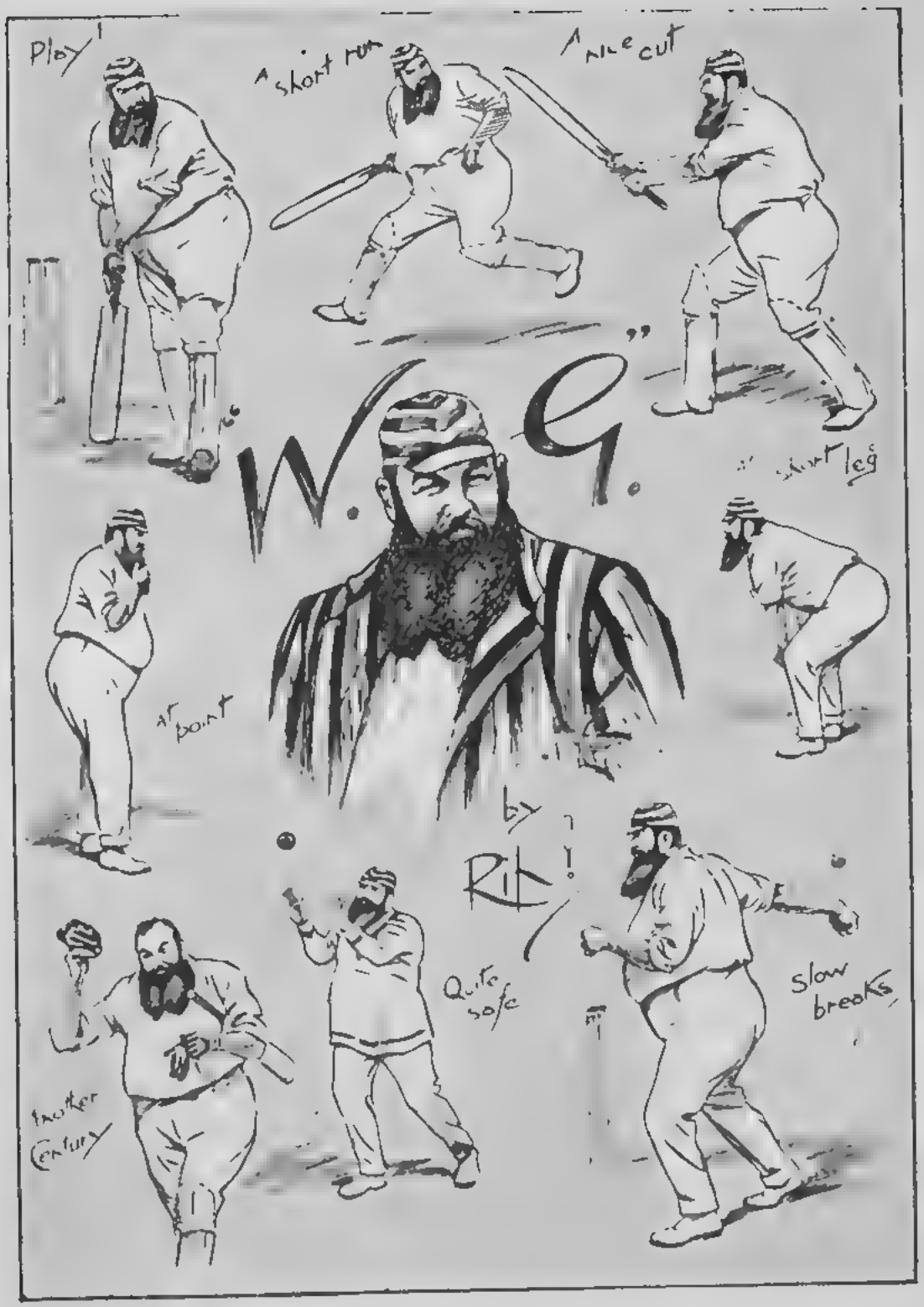
I said I would send the caterer a marked copy of THE CAPTAIN.

Then I got on to another topic.

"Will schoolboys and 'Varsity men be allowed to join the L.C.C.C. during the vacation at reduced terms?"

"Yes," was the answer, "on payment of two guineas instead of three. All members have to be proposed and seconded before they can be put up for election."

I made a careful entry in my notebook to this effect, and then:—



"W. G." IN HIS ELEMENT.

THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

North end view across ground from new pavilion. (Observe the Doctor and Murch crossing the ground.)

"As touching the fair sex, doctor?"

W. G. stroked his beard sagaciously.

"I think all members," said he, "will have the privilege of taking ladies and friends, without payment, into the members' enclosure, except on certain big match days, when they will be charged admission. It is not customary on any ground to admit ladies to the pavilion."

"To continue my catechism, doctor ——"

He shuddered.

"To continue my catechism," I went on, in a hard voice, "am I to understand that one gains an advantage over later joiners by being elected on or before May the First?"

"Quite so," said he. "The Annual Subscription is three guineas for playing members, and two guineas for non-playing members, both inclusive of season tickets to the Crystal Palace. The entrance fee is two guineas, but all members joining before the First of May are exempt from entrance fee."

THE LONDON COUNTY CRICKET CLUB.

View showing carriage drive alongside the ground.

"What are some of the best fixtures you have

booked so far?" demanded the man from Burleigh Street.

"We lead off with a good one—SOUTH OF ENGLAND *v.* AUSTRALIANS, on May 8th, 9th, and 10th. I am getting a strong SOUTH side together. The match *v.* OXFORD UNIVERSITY will be a good one, and against WORCESTERSHIRE—the new first-class county. A 'promoted' county's work, during its first year of promotion, always excites a lot of interest. We also play the M.C.C. and other counties and clubs of all sorts."

"SHOCKING WICKET THIS!"

"Any public school matches?"

"Cheltenham *v.* Haileybury on August 3rd and 4th."

"You think the ground will be big enough for them?"

"Considering," said the doctor, "that the ground is 230yds. by 170yds.—one of the best grounds in the kingdom—I think," he added, reflectively, "that it'll be big enough for the Cheltenham and Haileybury boys to play on."

AT POINT.

Rambling round, although the doctor wanted to talk about nothing else but the L.C.C.C., I deftly succeeded in making W. G. tell me something of his early cricket days. (By the way, he won a hurdle race at the Crystal Palace when he was five-and-twenty or so. And, talking about jumping, reminds me of a story in which W. G.'s jumping proved very helpful to the police. I'll come to it in a minute.)

It was W. G.'s uncle—Mr. Alfred Pocock—and his brothers who taught his young idea how to play shooters and bowl yorkers. But, then, of course, W. G. was born a cricketer — born with cricket in every bone and vein. It was not long before he began to give his brothers tips, instead of taking hints from them. Biographers and others have it that the young Graces used to play in the orchard at the back of their father's house, and make their nurse and the dogs "field" for them. (This, of course, when they were quite small.) The story goes that when W. G., or E. M., or one of the others (there were five of them) made a good cut or drive to the off, the dogs used to run to the off and fetch it at once; but that when W. G. (or say E. M.) pulled a ball, or made some other blunder, those dogs would not go after it at once, as they did not know where it had gone. I know dogs are gifted with marvellous sagacity, but——

PLAY!

Well, well; believe it if you like. The world is growing very incredulous about everything — thanks to American newspapers — so that to put simple faith in a dog story of this sort is refreshing and invigorating, to say the least of it.

Now for the jumping tale.

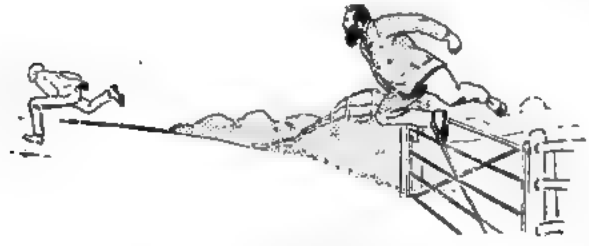
According to Mr. Methven Brownlee, Dr. Grace's old friend, and a man to whom the world is indebted for a quantity of delightfully-told personal information about the great cricketer, W. G. was in the zenith of his cross-country powers about 1870. He succumbed to E. M. in the hop, step, and jump, however.

"SHALL I HAVE A BALL?"

Well, W. G. got out at a wayside Gloucestershire station one day, and found that a lady had given a man into custody for picking her pocket of a purse containing 50s. The prisoner

was big and slippery, and the constable something of a greenhorn, the result being that the purse-snatcher glided out of his grasp and bolted away across the neighbouring meadows. To place a whole field between himself and his astonished custodian was the work of a couple of minutes. W. G. came up at this moment, and, sympathising either with the lady or the representative of the law, or perhaps both, he dashed off in pursuit. By this time the alleged thief was blundering through the hedge of the next field, and, though W. G. had won many a hurdle race after being heavily handicapped, there seemed little prospect of his landing his man after giving him such a start. Bounding over the fences, however, as though he thoroughly enjoyed the "sport," he soon lessened the distance between himself and the accused, and, settling down to the work with the pluck for which he is noted, W. G. rather astonished his man by the quickness with which he placed himself in uncomfortable proximity to him. While the pursued was struggling and blundering through the hedges, W. G. cleared the obstacles at a bound, and a Gloucestershire policeman described him as taking a formidable-looking iron gate with the ease and confidence with which he would clear a hurdle. In this way, after a good spin—rather beyond his usual "distance"—the pursuer headed his man, who, having no wish to cultivate a closer acquaintance with the square-built, muscular form of the redoubtable athlete, doubled back, and was ultimately run into the arms of the policeman (who had joined in the pursuit) and locked up in safe custody.

That little sprint in the cause of justice was taken almost twenty-six years ago. Henceforth



"W. G." CHASING THE PICKPOCKET.

that Gloucestershire district which W. G. loves so well will know him not, save when he travels down to Bristol to play for the county which he has captained for so many seasons. The doctor has plunged heart and soul into his new work; he never does anything by halves, and

"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

the London County Cricket Club will be a success because the man who is the prime mover in the new concern does not know how to spell the word "failure." He is being assisted by a very able executive committee, on which one finds such well-known and responsible men as Sir Richard Webster, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. A. J. Webbe. I never met a more enthusiastic man on cricket than the Middlesex captain.

The intention is to offer every possible inducement to cricketers to join the club, rather than to make it a mere medium for attracting the outside public to the Palace. Good ground bowlers will officiate at the nets—and this fact should be well digested by those who intend to join the club, for really good cricket practice at all reasonable hours in London is not easy to get. Dr. Grace will make it his aim to ensure this.

Talking of these and other matters concerning the I.C.C.C., we found ourselves at the pleasant side-gate again. On the way back to

"St. Andrew's" I asked the doctor what he thought was the best thing to keep one's eye in for cricket, and he replied that, from observation and from what his own sons say, "fives" is the best game for keeping one in practice, and especially so in the case of schoolboys. W. G. thinks that any exercise is good so long as it keeps all the muscles in working order Personally, he finds that running with the beagles is excellent training for wind and limb.

DR. GRACE'S FATHER.

With reference to the somewhat uncertain train service to the Crystal Palace, W. G. is in hopes that a good deal of this will shortly be altered, for he informed me that it has been promised from a very reliable source, and that steps will ere long be taken to have the train service greatly reorganised.

Referring to his visit to America in 1872, W. G. told me that he found the summer heat of New York very trying, but that the most comfortable place for spending the day was the cricket-field, the atmosphere not being so humid there as in town. Canada the doctor found very pleasant, the weather being more like an English summer.

When asked what he thought about base-ball, he replied, with a smile: "I am no judge. Base-ball is one thing and cricket is another."

DR. GRACE AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

I am sure my readers will be interested in some particulars which I can give them concerning Dr. Grace's sons. The doctor is naturally proud of his boys, for, like himself, they are men of stature, all of them being over six feet in height. W. G. Grace, the eldest son, who is now almost twenty-five years of age, was educated at Clifton College and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he came out high up among the Senior Optimes, and for which University he gained his "cricket blue," in spite of the fact that he was hampered by having to wear glasses. He is now an assistant master at Oundle, on the classical side, but I believe I am not mistaken in saying that he has displayed considerable ability in teaching science as well as those dead languages which make such an excellent ground-work for the acquisition of live ones.

DR. GRACE'S MOTHER.

The second son, Lieut. Henry Edgar Grace, R.N., at thirteen and a-half passed on to the "Britannia." He was gazetted to the ill-fated "Victoria." A kindly Providence preserved him to us, however, for he was invalided home with Malta fever, and, having recovered from this malady, would have returned to his ship, but the doctors ordered him not to. Soon afterwards news arrived of that terrible disaster

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which lost this nation an admiral, a perfect crew, and a splendid warship.

Lieut. Henry Edgar Grace is now studying at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

The third son, Charles Butler Grace, is still at Clifton College, but I understand that when he leaves he will undergo a course of engineering at the Crystal Palace.

These are the go-ahead boys of the doctor—himself a marvel of energy. Frequently after a hard day's work among his patients he would go home and trundle an immense horse-roller up and down his lawn. And following at his heels you would see, not a tribe of frisky dogs (although, of course, he always kept dogs), but *the cats* of the establishment—demure pussies, ambling affectionately along in their master's wake.

"W. G." JUNIOR.

Dr. Grace is not a one-sport man; he is an "all-rounder," if ever there was one. He is a splendid shot and a very fine whist-player, and I may add that he weighs 18st.

Dr. Grace is, indeed, a grand type of the dogged Englishman — the sort of Englishman that causes his country to be held in profound respect by the whole world. He always goes on—he fights on whether his sun of prosperity is shining or whether misfortune has dealt him a hard blow. This is the type which all boys should endeavour to emulate, for here, in this famous cricketer, you have a happy combination of sound brain, sound heart, courage, perseverance, and muscle. Season after season "the old man" (as you often hear people call him) has come up, bat in hand, and held his own with fellow-cricketers in the prime of athletic life and trained to the hour.

LIEUT. HENRY EDGAR GRACE, R.N.

Yet, in spite of these formidable competitors, year after year Dr. Grace has laid down his bat in September with a thousand runs, made in first-class cricket, booked to his credit.

Folks have said: "You see; Grace will retire at the end of this season!"

Not a bit of it; the first week in May you hear somebody say at breakfast: "Hullo! W. G. made a hundred yesterday!"

Grace has been idolised by the English speaking world. Royalty has shaken him by the hand and sent him letters of congratulation; magazines and newspapers the globe over have printed countless pages and columns about him; yet he is absolutely unspoiled by success. A little off-hand and gruff he may be occasionally to persons who force themselves upon him—but such persons merit a cooler reception than even he gives them. At Lord's and the Oval you may see people, on the drawing of stumps, rush right across the ground and

CHARLES BUTLER GRACE.

hail the doctor as if he were a next-door neighbour of theirs. Hero-worship is all very well, but it should not be carried to this extent. Besides, the doctor is of a singularly retiring disposition. Imagine the money he might have made in this country and America by lecturing on the game of which he is the finest exponent ever known; yet, until quite recently, each winter has found him busily attending to his medical duties, physicking the poor of Bristol — in his capacity of parish doctor — and (as he has always done) making the most of every hour in his day. Grace is a man who has never wasted time. When you come to realise what a short thing life is, it is appalling to think what a lot of it some people waste—or to what an unprofitable use they put it. "All work" is bad, and "all play" is bad—an agreeable mixture of both (and plenty of both) is the ideal life.

Dr. Grace is close on fifty-one, hale and hearty, a long way from being "out" yet. In this, the first magazine article to describe his change of occupation, we wish him all the good luck and prosperity his enterprise and energy should win him.

Born July 18, 1848. "Not Out," 51

"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

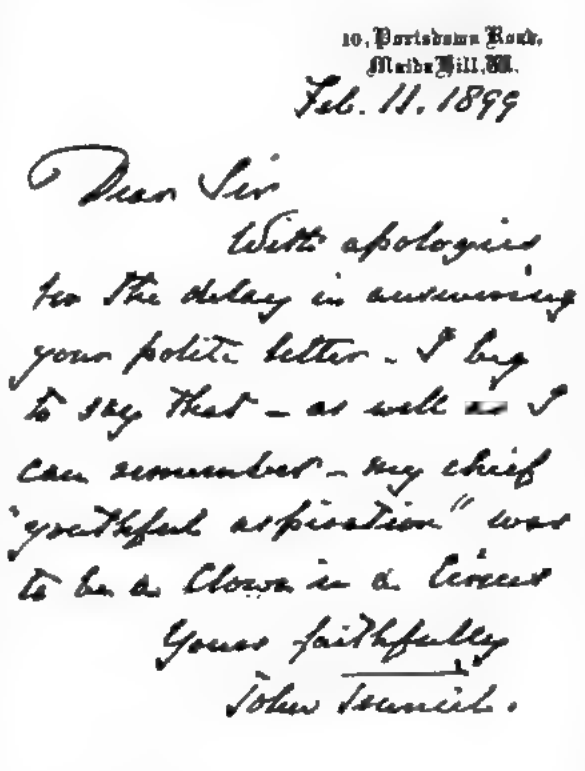
AFTER we had printed No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN the letter reproduced below arrived from Sir John Tenniel, the celebrated *Punch* cartoonist.

It will be observed that, as a boy, Sir John Tenniel shared with Mr. Phil May a desire to be a "circus clown" on reaching man's estate. Three of our celebrities wished to be associated with a circus, for you will probably recollect that Mr. George R. Sims sighed for the saddle of a circus horse and the smell of sawdust and orange-peel.

It seems to us that we should not let this opportunity pass without calling the attention of our readers to the doings and position of so illustrious a gentleman as Sir John Tenniel, who, by virtue of his age and long-held position on our premier comic paper, is the acknowledged head of all black and white artists.

For almost fifty years he has been drawing cartoons for *Punch*—cartoons which have, taking them all round, adequately represented the feeling of the country on many matters of national importance.

Sir John is a widower; he lives, as the address on his letter shows, within easy reach of *Punch* office. Once a week he meets his fellow contributors at dinner, and at this dinner the subject of his next cartoon is talked over and decided upon. His most prominent cartoon of recent years was drawn when Bismarck retired from office. The present German emperor too readily allowed the veteran statesman to resign his post of chancellor to the German empire. The cartoon was entitled: "Dropping the Pilot." The young emperor stood on deck, watching the aged and experienced man, who had kept his country clear of rocks and shallows for so many years, get into his boat and steam away into retirement. This was a great picture, and is always spoken of as one of Tenniel's finest achievements.



10, Portsdown Road,
Maida Hill, W.
Feb. 11. 1899

Dear Sir

With apologies for the delay in answering your polite letter. I beg to say that — as well as I can remember — my chief "youthful aspiration" was to be a Clown in a Circus

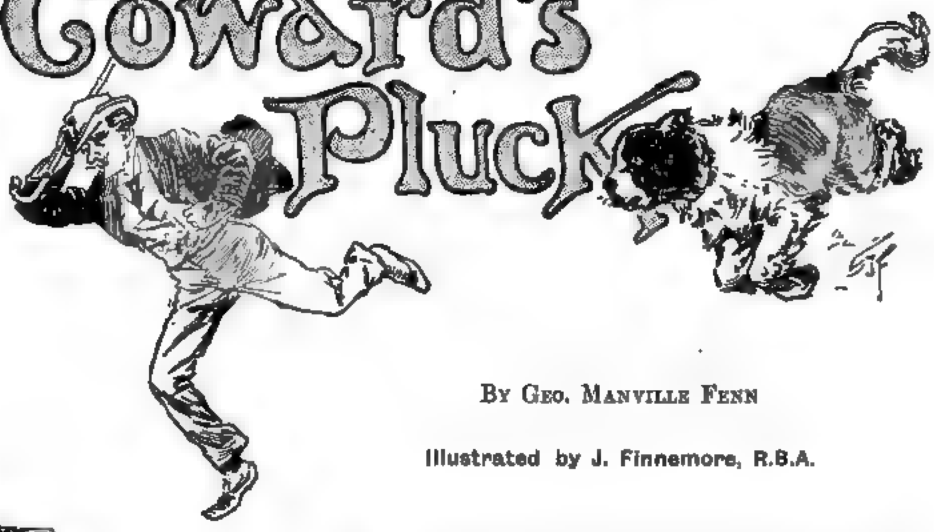
Yours faithfully
John Tenniel.

The Editor of "The Captain"

Curiously enough, Sir John Tenniel, like the late George du Maurier, has only one eye. The fact that two such celebrated artists should have suffered from such serious physical disablement is surely an object lesson in perseverance worthy to be committed to heart by every boy.

Sir John is seventy-nine. He has been drawing cartoons for *Punch* since 1851. He is one of the Grand Old Men of our time.

A Coward's Pluck



By Geo. Manville Fenn

Illustrated by J. Finnemore, R.B.A.

WHEN I was seventeen and a-half, the senior of the school, and something was coming on my upper lip, my plans were made. I arranged that I would go to the university for the regular time, take honours, and then come back to Redcarn to enter into partnership with the doctor—and marry Helena as a matter of course. So under these circumstances I could laugh to myself at the petty jealousies of the others, and I should have felt perfectly content if it had not been for Henley, the classical master, who came to us from Oxford, a big athlete, six foot high, and considered to be good-looking. I thought him so for the first year he was with us. Then I thought him much too manly for a gentleman, but we were very good friends till at the end of the half he came back, and made Miss Baring a present. Horrible taste it was—a huge, wet-nosed St. Bernard. Only a pup, he said it was, but it was big and strong enough for an old one and a half.

"Give him your paw, Hector," his mistress would say, and I made believe to be pleased to take the great awkward limb, which came tearing at one as if to take the skin off one's face. He was a monstrous beast, and I was half afraid of him, for he was at times terribly unmanageable, and one day he chased old Buckley right across the cricket-field, rolled him over and stood with his forepaws on his chest, barking, till half-a-dozen of us unwillingly went to the rescue, for we rather enjoyed the fun, and, on the other hand, did not know how rescuing would turn out.

Buckley was an old cavalry sergeant who drilled us and taught fencing publicly, boxing privately. I hated the old, barking beast worse than the dog, for he was a thorough bully, and took advantage of the extra pay I gave him for teaching me boxing to tyrannise horribly, knocking me down with the gloves till I was sick of it, and wouldn't learn any more. Johnson, too, used to come to me with complaints, and bruises made upon his arms and legs with the singlesticks. Ranby, who was cock of the school, got on better, but it was all bribery and corruption. He had twice as big an allowance as any of us, and a good deal went in finding old Buckley in beer and tobacco.

Consequently, we seniors, when we saw Hector go for old Buck, rather enjoyed it. First there was a growl, as the old chap marched through the gate and banged it in a military way, as if to show that he was more at home at Redcarn than the doctor. That set Hector off.

Old Buck heard the growl and looked back to see if the latch had caught, and as it had, he kept his head well up, and swung his stick as if it were a sabre. But, though the great clumsy dog had often failed, this time when he rushed at the gate he managed to get his fore legs on the top rail, and then, scratching and tearing, worked himself over and fell *whop* on Buckley's side.

The old man heard him come down, and began to walk faster, then, as the dog scrambled up, growling, faster still, and the next moment Hector was bounding along in his ponderous style, all head, legs, and tail, and Buckley running as if for his life.

I believe if he had faced the dog and given him a good cut on his leg, the brute would have howled and sneaked off; but Buckley ran, and before he was half across the field Hector leaped upon his back, had him down, and, as I said, stood barking, with his paws on the sergeant's chest, while the old man yelled for assistance.

We had to go to his help, and, egging one another on, we beat the dog off, but he had a piece out of Ranby's jacket, and the leg of Johnson's trousers was ripped from hip to heel.

"The beast's half mad," panted old Buck, "and the doctor'll have to pay me for this, or I shall go to the magistrits."

We smoothed the old fellow over, and Ranby gave him two of his bad cigars, with a shilling to get something to drink, and as soon as he had gone there was another row.

Another? Oh, yes, we seniors were always having rows, and as we were pretty well up in boxing, these were followed by encounters. Lots of fights there were about the games or the climbing, or boating, or swimming, or something else, everyone being ready, and making some petty, stupid thing or another the excuse; but there was always another reason behind, the fellows hating

Poor old Johnson had a bad time of it all the rest of that day, and that night it was talked over in committee after the lights were out, and decided that Johnson must have it out with Ranby, for he had always shirked the fighting, and after the dog business he couldn't refuse, if he meant to keep his place.

I remember, though, thinking to myself just before I went to sleep that the trouble was not about the dog, but because Ranby did not like Johnson being chosen to make one in a croquet tournament in the doctor's garden, for he was best player in the school; and I can recall, too, that I smiled with a calm feeling of satisfaction, and then began wondering whether I could lick Ranby

JOHNSON SAID HE WASN'T GOING TO FIGHT

and being down on the one to whom Miss Baring had been a little extra kind.

This row was begun by Ranby, who said we were all a pack of cowardly fools, and if it hadn't been for him the dog would have worried old Buck to death. But he said he could forgive us, for we did come up to the scratch when he called upon us; but as to Johnson, he couldn't get over it. He was a regular sneak, and if he had the spirit of a rabbit he'd come down to the harbour and have it out.

But Johnson said he wasn't going to fight. He was going to pin up the leg of his trousers and then change them, and to show he meant it he turned and ran off, with every boy hooting him for a coward—and I believe I was one.

if it came to a fight between us when he knew that Miss Baring had told me she would like me to come into the drawing-room two evenings a week to join in a string quartette with the piano.

The next afternoon, just before we went out, I met the gardener, and he confided to me that he'd got a nasty job. Old Buckley had been to the doctor and sworn that the dog was rabid, and he had received orders to chain him up.

"And I don't like it, sir. Bite from a mad dog means hyderfroby. Now, you see, sir, he knows you, and if you wouldn't mind fastening the chain on his collar——"

"Now then, Linton, are you coming?" cried Ranby.

"Yes, all right!" I shouted, and I raced off to

join a party of my schoolfellows who were going I well knew where.

This was down on to the jetty, where all our duels were settled—for two reasons: one because it was well out of sight from the houses, and the other because the big, bluff, brown fishermen, who were out all night and hung about the waterside all day, took great interest in our fights, saw fair, and made remarks about the improvements in our muscles.

As I joined Ranby and half-a-dozen more, he confided to me that Johnson was gone on.

"He's a worse coward than I thought for, and he's looking out for a chance to bolt. He would, too, if the other fellows didn't keep him up to it. He won't fight; you see if he does."

"Oh, he will," I said. "It's only the beginning. Wait till he's warm. I shouldn't wonder if he licks you, Ran."

"I shouldn't wonder if I licked you," he said, insolently, and then others struck in, all being thoroughly excited over the business, for it was settled that Johnson must fight that day.

"He'll have to leave the school if he don't," said Ranby, in his gruff voice, which was always spoiled by the last word coming out with a squeak, which made the other fellows laugh, and this time the youngest turned very red, for he received a back-handed slap on the cheek.

Ten minutes later we were going down the crescent-moon-shaped jetty, a good forty of us, and this set about as many big, brown, burly sea harvesters in motion to follow us on to our favourite arena, about as awkward a place as we could have chosen, for the sides were quite unprotected, and twice over a fight had come to an end by combatants locking, wrestling and going plump into the sea—not that this mattered much, for there was hardly a boy at the doctor's who could not swim.

Then there was a collecting together at the end of the jetty, and we all looked on at Johnson, who stood quite alone, as he had rebuffed two fellows who had offered to be his seconds, telling them that he had helped over the dog as much as Ranby, and that there was nothing to make a row over, and he shouldn't fight.

Ranby stood looking very cocky and contemptuous, hearing every word, for they were said to others but directed at him, and amidst a deep silence he looked round at the fishermen with a contemptuous laugh, and then walked up to Johnson.

"Look here, young fellow," he said; "I challenge you, and you've got to fight."

"No, I haven't," said Johnson, coldly. "I've nothing to fight about."

"Then you're a miserable cur, and a coward, and a disgrace to the school," cried Ranby.

"Say, my sons," grunted out one of the old fishermen, "he's a Frenchy, that's what he be."

"There, then: now you've got something to fight about," cried Ranby, and he delivered another of his open-handed smacks.

The next moment Ranby was sitting on the granite stones, consequent upon a sharp blow full between the eyes, and the fishermen gave a cheer.

Jackets and vests were soon off, and handkerchiefs tied tightly round the adversaries' waists, and then, each with his seconds, the pair faced each other and the encounter began, two rounds being fought in quick succession, both certainly in Ranby's favour, for, to use our schoolboy expression, his monkey was up, and the second ended by Johnson going heavily down.

He was up and at it again directly, but they had hardly begun when there was a distant shriek.

"It's all right, boys," cried one of the fishermen; "it's only my missus calling o' me to make 'em leave off, but I shan't.—Go it! Make men on yer."

Ranby and Johnson heard his words, and were fighting their best, the former getting a blow well home which sent Johnson staggering back, his second catching him and preventing him from going down.

We just caught sight of the blood rising from a cut on Johnson's mouth, when he wrenched himself free, and ran with all his might along the jetty towards the shore.

A yell of disgust arose, and then it was silenced as if by magic.

For, running swiftly, came Miss Baring, her hands raised and her hat hanging back by its strings, while, not far behind, the great St. Bernard was in full pursuit savage-looking in the extreme, eyes glaring, jaws open, showing the bared teeth dripping with foam.

"He's mad—he's mad!" shrieked Miss Baring, her words scattering us as a panic set in, the great burly men as bad as the boys, and dropping off the jetty or rushing for the steps at the end to reach their boats.

So appalled were all by the word *mad* that not a soul stirred to the lady's assistance, and the next minute the dog had leaped upon her, and she fell forward upon her face.

This took place far quicker than I can describe it, and I knew in a flash why Johnson had shown the white feather. He had darted to Miss Baring's help, and, as she fell, sprang at the dog, seized him with both hands by the collar, and dragged him away.

The next minute a terrible struggle began, the dog swinging his head from side to side, and shaking it furiously, growling and barking savagely, and tossing his adversary here and there, the poor fellow being comparatively helpless from the great brute's weight and strength.

I caught sight of Johnson's rigid face again and again, and saw his teeth set hard, and his eyes showing a ring of white all round. But it could not have been from fear, for he held on in the desperate struggle, his hands fast on either side of the dog's collar, while in the midst of the hoarse growling and many snaps and barks he did not make a sound.

Such a fight in such a place could not last long. It seemed to take some considerable time, but some say a minute's space was the full extent before the two combatants went down together, rolling over and over, with the dog seeming to make dash after dash at the boy's throat. Then the brute got up on all fours again, while Johnson made an effort to stand,

but was still down on one knee when Hector reared up like a horse, shaking himself furiously as he burst into a savage howl, and then gave a tremendous spring.

It was made from close to the edge, and the boy and dog went down, to be perfectly visible as they struggled till they rose with the water foaming around, and Johnson still holding on.

The next minute the surface was stained with blood, for a boat in which two of the men had taken refuge went to the boy's help, one fisher paddling, the other standing in the bows with a boat-hook, which he held lance-fashion, and struck down so surely that the iron spike was driven into the dog's skull, and he lay kicking feebly as Johnson was dragged in and sculled to the steps, up which, with a little assistance, he climbed, Miss Baring standing at the top to seize his hands.

"My poor, brave boy!" she cried. "Oh, tell me, tell me, are you bitten much?"

"Ca—can't talk," panted Johnson, breathlessly. "Don't think I am, but oh!—has he bitten you?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mr. Henley, excitedly, as he forced his way through the crowd, closely followed by the doctor; "for heaven's sake tell me, Helen, are you hurt?"

"No, no, I think not," she cried.

"Hah!" came like a groan, and Henley turned to the fisherman, who had rescued Johnson.

"Did you kill the dog?"

"Yes, sir; same as I would a shark; the brute was mad."

BOY AND DOG WENT DOWN.

"Yes, mad, mad; and so must I have been to buy the brute."

"My darling," said the doctor gently, as he placed his arm round his child to lead her away, and she broke down sobbing now. "Quick, one of you! Run to Mr. Lester's, and ask him to come up at once."

A dozen of us ran, and we brought up the surgeon, armed with caustic pencils ready for the wounds.

"I always thought that a dangerous beast," he said to us, as we all trotted up the hill together, I feeling bitter and angry with the strange thoughts within, and when we reached the house it was to find that Johnson had been carried up ready to be attended to first, for Miss Baring declared herself unhurt.

"I don't think I'm bitten either, sir," said Johnson bravely, as the doctor well sponged his face.

"Oh, we'll soon put you right. But not bitten, my lad!" he said. "Why, the brute seized you by the lip—it's bleeding freely, though, I'm glad to say."

"No, sir; that's where old Ranby hit me."

"Then I'll cauterise that," said the doctor; and he did.

* * *

It was a marvellous escape, for no one was the worse for the adventure. There was one thing I did not like, I remember, and that was the tone in which Henley called Miss Baring "Helen"; and I liked much less the way in which they afterwards spoke to each other. For it came to pass that the former quite carried out my plans of becoming the doctor's partner; while I——well, I grew older, and wiser, too.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Highgate
J H Garrett

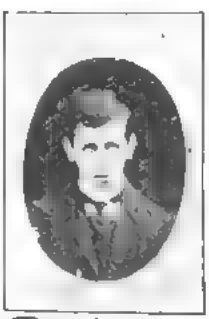
Westminster F T Barrington-Ward.

Leys D. Green

Loretto C W Wordsworth.

Rugby Duncan Campbell

Bedford C T Williams.



Repton
G F Mortimer

Blundell's School
Tiverton
Herbert W.S. Francis

Bath
E.F. Watermeyer.

(SECOND SERIES.)

Truth and Honour.

In that fair order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men.
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time—
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king.
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need know.

KEATS.

∴ ∴ ∴

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW.

∴ ∴ ∴

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

∴ ∴ ∴

If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame.

GEORGE HERBERT.

∴ ∴ ∴

Would ye learn the bravest thing
That man can ever do?
Would ye be an uncrowned king,
Absolute and true?
Would ye seek to emulate
All we learn in story,
Of the noble, just, and great,
Rich in real glory?
Would ye lose much bitter care
In your lot below?
Bravely speak out when and where
'Tis right to utter "No!"

ELIZA COOK.

∴ ∴ ∴

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justify'd by honour:
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

BURNS.

∴ ∴ ∴

Honour's still the same,
Whether we win or lose the game.

∴ ∴ ∴

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight.

TENNYSON.

∴ ∴ ∴

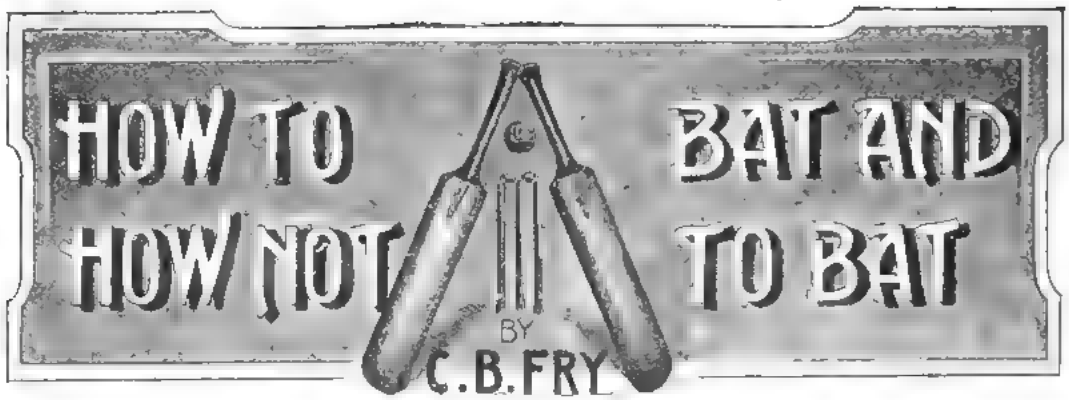
There is no surer way our honour to preserve
Than never from our plighted word and faith to swerve.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

∴ ∴ ∴

One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better
Sleep or wake.

BROWNING.



I.—THE CONTENTS OF YOUR CRICKET-BAG.

You have, doubtless, noticed that chapters on the art of batting usually contain some advice on the requisite equipment. Indeed, most writers begin with such advice, and earnestly recommend close attention thereto. To judge by results, however, most readers either study this part of the subject unintelligently, or else skip it altogether; for, among all save experienced cricketers, to see proper articles in use is the exception rather than the rule. The fact is, that though these articles are neither numerous nor complicated, you cannot get the proper sort unless you know the points to exact, and unless you take the trouble to exact them. Be assured, however, that it is well worth your while to obtain the knowledge and take the trouble; for experience proves incontestably that errors in the detail of equipment severely handicap the progress of a cricketer. From carelessness you must save yourself; the following remarks are a genuine attempt to save you from ignorance.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Boots, pads, gloves, and bat are the essential items; the first and last being the most important.

First, however, a word about trousers, shirt, and socks; for you may just as well as not have everything correct. Cricket trousers are, as a rule, badly made. Most tailors cut them exactly like ordinary trousers, so that, in spite of the loops and the strap and buckle, they are really only suited to be worn with braces, being too high in the waist and too tight across the hips. And even when cut right, the strap and buckle are in the wrong place, and inefficient. The top two inches of cricket trousers should fit level and close like a belt just above the hip-bones; the straps should spring right from the sides, *i.e.*, just above the pockets, and should, when tightened, coincide with the lower inch and a-half of the top two inches aforesaid of the trousers. The rest of the trousers should fall free and loose over the hips and thighs, and should be so arranged as not to bundle up in big folds where the straps are buckled. Your shirt should be loose, especially about the shoulders and armpits, and should be of that particular length that is long enough not to work up from where it is tucked, yet not so long as to be difficult and cumbersome in stowage.

You should wear either very thick woollen socks or two pairs of thinner ones. Otherwise, on hard grounds, you will get sore feet.

You will not, perhaps, make more runs merely because you wear suitable clothes, but you will, at least, have the satisfaction of feeling workmanlike and comfortable.

THE RIGHT SORT OF BOOT.

Your batting average, however, as well as your bodily comfort, will be affected according to whether you do or do not have proper boots, because, as we shall see later, it makes the whole difference in batting how you stand and use your feet.

The chief points about cricket boots are that they fit comfortably, have stout soles, and be furnished with suitable nails. And it pays in every way to have a proper pair made to fit you. The finest material beyond doubt is best buckskin. It costs twice as much as ordinary leather, but out-wears it four times over: it

keeps its shape longer, is softer to the feet, and looks better. Be sure that you have real buckskin, cut from the back—not the belly—of the hide, as the latter stretches. Ordinary brown leather is better than imitation buckskin, which wears badly, loses its shape, and is only good for show—and that not for long. A pair of real buckskin boots by a good maker lasts three or even four years; good brown leather lasts well, too; sham buckskin rarely lasts out a season.

The soles should be at least a third of an inch think; half-an-inch is better—in fact, as thick as possible without being heavy or clumsy. Thin soles do not carry nails properly and are conducive to sore feet. The welts, to give a good tread, should project an eighth of an inch clear all round the foot.

The boots should lace up with holes, not hooks; and the top hole should be half-an-inch below the top of the boot, to prevent the laces slipping over on to the leg.

The best kind of nails are stout, peg-like brads, with heads an eighth of an inch square; they should project about a quarter of an inch from the sole, with enough length buried to ensure a firm hold. These brads can be obtained if you insist; do not accept your bootmaker's tin-tacks or spear-heads. If you have too many they only clog; eight or ten in the sole and three or four in the heel suffice. It pays to keep a personal supply of these brads in your cricket bag, and to have any that are from time to time missing replaced at once.

The ordinary bootmaker does not supply proper cricket boots unless you make him understand clearly what is required, and that you are not accepting any other article. And, be assured, proper cricket boots are worth the trouble of getting.

YOUR PADS, TOO, MUST FIT YOU,

and be properly made. Bad leg-guards are very common objects, the chief faults in them being due to faulty design by people who do not know which part of the leg needs protection. A little thought will show that (in the case of a right hand batsman) the outside of the left leg and the inside of the right leg are more exposed than any other part. Hence it is necessary that the pads should come well round accordingly; much farther round, in fact, than most pads do. The knees should be thoroughly protected, so that no injury to them is possible; especially the inside of the right knee. The extra padding should begin well below the knee-joint, but should be so arranged as not to hinder the play thereof. The flap above the knee should run well up the thigh. Pads must sit well down on the insteps, with side pieces to protect the ankles, and the hinging part must be exactly in the right place for your knee-joints. Any good maker will supply a pair to measure and to taste. It will save you trouble if you make sure, to start with, that the straps and buckles are sewn on securely and in the right place. The essentials of

BATTING GLOVES

are that the glove part fit your hands, that the rubber be stout yet pliable, and be fixed firmly over the parts of your hand exposed to blows, and that there be no needless flaps or excrescences. The commonest faults in gloves are for the rubber to be mere flimsy piping, that is no protection, and for it to be so placed, especially on the thumb and on the finger-tips, that the parts most exposed are just not covered.

When ordering cricket gloves from the firm you deal with, send an old kid glove for size, ask for thick black rubber, and mention what kind of fastenings and finger-slips you prefer. Tape run through the rubber and sewn to the finger-ends strengthens and improves the gloves.

AS TO YOUR BAT,

please recognise the supreme importance of selecting a proper one. Two conditions it must fulfil—it must be a good one, and it must also suit you. A bat that is perfection to W. G. Grace is useless in the hands of W. G. Quaife, and *vice versâ*. A bat may be a beauty, yet not be suitable for you. Do understand that!

The goodness of a bat depends upon material and shape.

The suitability of a bat to you depends upon size, weight, and balance.

All the well-known firms make good bats, and they all make bad ones. The former go to those who know how to choose, the latter to those who do not. But a good name ensures willow, and not pitch-pine. The best wood is the white and the cinnamon-coloured. The grain should run straight down the face. Close-grained willow is often excellent, but is liable to split; the broad-grained is generally hard. About eight or ten grains to the face is the safest pattern. Avoid knotted or irregular faces. *You can tell at once whether a bat drives by knocking a ball up once or twice a few feet in the air.* Bats are cut in various shapes, which

cannot be minutely described. Avoid, however, those that are disproportionately thin by the splice, and those with very thin edges. Though the centre of the blade, from end to end, should be thicker than the edges, and though there should be more weight about six inches from the bottom than anywhere else, the wood should be distributed gradually and proportionately rather than lumped in one place and sliced away in another. But the real test of shape is balance, to which attention is called further on.

Every writer on the game lays emphasis on the necessity of using a bat of the proper size and weight. But boys, as a rule, pay no heed whatever to this point. They seem to prefer full sized bats, which is absurd. Many well-grown boys of seventeen years old and upwards can use these, it is true. But it is a matter of strength and growth. A full-sized bat is meant for a full grown man of average height and strength. Alec Hearne and W. G. Quaife, for instance, do not use full-sized bats. Why should small or medium sized boys?

THE PROPER HEIGHT OF A BAT

may be judged as follows: Stand upright, with the bat upright against the side of your leg; let your arm hang at full length; then the top of the handle should be level with your wrist-joint, or the marks round it known as bracelets. This is a rough standard, by which, however, you will not go far wrong.

The weight of a full sized bat should be between 2lbs. 3½ozs. and 2lbs. 5½ozs. Some Goliaths fancy heavier weapons, but I think they do not gain thereby. Most men find 2lbs. 4ozs. the best weight; no ordinary wrist can use a heavier with quickness and ease. But much depends on balance; for a well-cut bat of 2lbs. 5ozs. feels lighter and handier than an ill-cut club of 2lbs. 3ozs. It must be confessed that the difficulty of getting a good bat increases with every ½oz. of diminished weight. But a boy fit to use a full-sized bat requires one of from 2lbs. 2½ozs. to 2lbs. 3½ozs. Of the smaller sizes one cannot give exact weights, but they should, of course, be proportionately lighter.

Balance is really the most important point in a bat. A well balanced bat is sure to be well-cut, and almost sure to be a good driver. You must judge of balance for yourself. Proceed thus: Having made the vendor produce as many bats of the size you require, and of approximate weight, select a bat, stand as if at the wicket, lift back the bat as if you were preparing to drive, try some strokes with it, and then lift it similarly three or four times till you know the feel of the article. Repeat the performance with six or eight bats or more. You will find that one or two "come up" much lighter and handier than the rest; when you lift them the well-balanced seem to move up of their own accord, whereas the badly-balanced seem all the time to press down. *Do not be put off; go on trying bats till you find one that looks a good one, and drives, and also "comes up well."* If you cannot find such a bat do not trade, but try elsewhere.

GOOD UNDER-SIZED BATS

are rather difficult to get. I am strongly of the opinion that at every school some cricketer of authority connected therewith should find out what bats are being supplied to the boys, and should veto the sale of rubbishy articles. *Bat-makers will supply good small bats when boys cease buying bad ones.*

These preliminary remarks may seem rather lengthy, but be assured that unless you pay great attention to the details of equipment you start handicapped, and this far more heavily than you may imagine.

Next month you shall have the best available hints on the science and art of batting.

C. B. Fry.

(The second article of this series will appear in No. III. of THE CAPTAIN.)

THE RED RAM

BY

ASCOTT R HOPE

Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

SYNOPSIS.—(Chapters I.—II.).

"Cambridge Hall," a private academy, receives a football challenge from a public school in the same town. Dr. Worgler, the Principal of Cambridge Hall, who for some time has been burning to meet his haughty rival "in fair field," accepts the challenge with great satisfaction, and immediately proceeds to train up his team for the contest. He sends off a mysterious telegram, and late in the afternoon of that day there arrives at Cambridge Hall a "new boy"—a big, rough-spoken, uncouth fellow, of apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, who is promptly dubbed "The Red Ram," on account of the colour of his hair. The new boy, whose name is "MacGubbin," makes himself at home with astonishing ease, but pays no respect to the assistant masters, and very little to the Principal himself. He is allotted a bed in the biggest dormitory, and at the end of Chapter II. is snoring loudly.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning, the bell rousing us at the usual hour, with more or less alacrity we tumbled out of bed and fell to splashing in our basins by the grey November dawn. But from behind that screen where the new fellow lay there came no sound of stirring. So Josephs, as captain of the room, offered a hint of authority.

"It's time to get up!" he informed the invisible MacGubbin, who gave back a sleepy grunt.

"Aren't you going to get up?" repeated Josephs, putting his head round the screen.

"Aye!" was the answer, at the end of an audible gape. "By-and-bye! It's no that bad this, for a bed; I could do with a bit more of it rightly."

"But you have got to get up," insisted the prefect.

"You've got to mind your own business, and keep your mouth to sup your own parritch, my mannie," growled back MacGubbin.

"Well, if you are late it will be your fault," said Josephs, and turned away, not caring to press the matter further against such a muscular mutineer.

"I'D NERDN'T BE FRIGHTENED OF HIM, IF HE WAS TWICE AS UGLY!"

Our prefect felt he had been snubbed, and, by way of vindicating himself, looked about for someone on whom he might venture to exercise the virtue of his office. This Josephs was the biggest bully and not the least dunce in the school, but such as him it was Dr. Worgler's policy to put in command, perhaps by way of bribing them to obedience. A quiet fellow like me, though I was actually the head of the school, so far as work went, had no pretensions to be made a prefect under our constitution. And as ill luck, or carelessness, would have it that morning, I had spilt a little water on the floor, which Josephs treated as a high misdemeanour, unless when such an accident happened to himself.

"What do you mean by making a mess all over the room?" he demanded of me, with a cuff on

the ear. Then, as further correction, he took to twisting my arm till I cried out.

"I say!" cried MacGubbin from his corner, "how's a chap to take his snooze out if you play pig-sticking like that?"

"Oh, don't!" cried I, as Josephs continued his torture without heeding this remonstrance. Then out came the new fellow, with nothing on but a much patched and faded flannel shirt, which did not suggest a young gentleman of fortune, and his red hair stood up in a mop that gave him quite a ferocious aspect.

"Quit it!" he roared, when he saw what my tyrant was about. "That's a friend of mine, I tell ye. I'll not have him bullied—'deed no!"

And, as Josephs sulkily let me go, my new champion suddenly pinned him in turn, twisted him round, trussed up his arms behind him, and shoving his fat face forward, held him out to me as a helpless victim.

"Here, you clout him about the lugs till he cries out he won't meddle with ye again. Tit for tat, that's fair play! I've got him tight—ye needn't be frightened of him, if he was twice as ugly!"

In vain the captive bully wriggled in this masterful grasp. He could not get away, and MacGubbin went on exhorting me to assault him, while some of the small fellows chuckled with delight to see the tables turned on their oppressor. But I shrank from taking the vengeance thus offered me, and presently MacGubbin released him with a kick that sent him sprawling over the nearest bed

"I'll give ye something more if I catch ye meddling with a lame chap! Man, ye should think shame of yourself!"

Whether in shame or anger, the prefect's cheeks glowed as redly as if I had indeed had the heart to smack them, and he did not say another word, but finished dressing without trying any more tricks of a licensed bully MacGubbin coolly went back to bed, as if disposed to take his own time for getting up.

I believe Josephs reported him as late to Dr. Worgler, who took no notice of this shortcoming for the first morning. But at breakfast-time the new fellow duly turned up, looking as if he had spent little time on his toilette. To-day he was not favoured by a seat at the "high table," but had his place appointed next to me, near the end at which Mr. Delaney presided. It was pretty clear that these two had taken a dislike to each other from the first, and now the master had soon a chance of snubbing such an undeferential pupil.

Our breakfast consisted of bread and butter, coffee, and a rather small helping of bacon doled out by the Principal. MacGubbin fell on his portion like a healthy gorilla, and had quickly gobbled it up. Then he surprised us—*à la* Oliver Twist—by asking for more. This he did by making vigorous and audible signs to the maids, till he drew Dr. Worgler's attention, who, instead of a rebuke, supplied him with a second helping—a privilege usually confined to the masters.

"Another drink of coffee, too," he demanded. "And, I say, a lot more sugar in it than last time, if you and me is to be friends, Biddy, Betsy, or whatever you call yourself."

This in an aside to the maid, who could hardly refrain from giggling, even with her mistress's eye upon her.

"You seem to be hungry," remarked Mr. Delaney, with his most superior air.

"I am that—pretty well always," answered MacGubbin, cheerfully. "I can take my meat rightly when I get it. But if this is all you are going to give a chap, ye should let me begin on porridge—they're fine for filling up corners!"

"We feed horses on oatmeal in England," quoth the master.

"Aye, and it's fine for donkeys, too!" retorted MacGubbin, with a chuckle that provoked Mr. Delaney into saying:—

"Is that what makes the Scotch so coarse in their ways of eating?"

"Scotch, your granny!" spluttered the new fellow, with his mouth full. "Who's he calling Scotch? I'm from ould Ireland, man!"

"From Ireland?"

"Aye, am I! From Belfast, if ye want to know. I've had a year in Glasgie, but it doesna' mak' a man a horse to bide a bit in a stable. Na! Na! It's Paddy I am, and the shamrock for ever! And I'll tell ye what, my man, I'm thinking you are an Irishman yoursel'?" he said, looking Mr. Delaney in the face.

This was the truth, but our young master, who fancied himself quite acclimatised on this side of the channel, hardly felt proud of it, and was annoyed at having betrayed his birth by any slight trace of accent. He did not answer, but confessed by silence.

"I knew it!" exclaimed MacGubbin. "Your tongue let it on as well as your name. 'Ye'll not get over the brogue if ye try to speak ever such fine English. And are ye ashamed of being Irish?"

"I should be ashamed of not knowing how to behave myself at table," snapped Mr. Delaney, firing up, when he found it vain to try standing on his dignity with this reckless barbarian.

MacGubbin burst out into a hearty roar of laughter, which drew general notice upon him. Dr. Worgler had been watching our end of the table uneasily, and he now abruptly gave the signal for rising, to cut short this unseemly disturbance; but MacGubbin did not move till he had cleaned up his plate with a piece of bread, and then helped himself to another slice, at which we left him munching.

The new comer excited more interest than ever when we heard that he was an Irishman, though he seemed to speak broad Scotch. Young Bloxam's imagination at once went to work, and before school-time he had set afoot the notion that this was a daring dynamiter, just released from fourteen years' penal servitude, a story soon discredited on consideration that its hero could have hardly got into knickerbockers at the date of his crime. Some of the boldest spirits presently laid hold of MacGubbin himself, and sought from the fountain-head an explanation of his late coming to school; but to all questions he winked back jovially with the unsatisfying answer:—

"Ask at the master. Mebbe he'll tell ye, and mebbe no!"

To me he was only a little more confidential. He seemed to have taken a fancy for me, perhaps as his first acquaintance in the school, and presently he sought me out where I sat in a corner, looking over a page of "Homer," presently to be construed to Mr. Nunn.

"You're the only one of the lot that looks like learning," he greeted me. "Mind, ye promised to give me a help if I was wanting it."

"I should think you were very well able to look after yourself," smiled I, with a glance at his long arms and burly shoulders.

"Heth!" laughed he—a favourite interjection of his, which I understand belongs to Belfast. "I'm terribly frightened of being in a school, though! A fellow doesna' like to make a fool o' himsel', ye see."

"But you have been to school before?"

"No since I was a wee little kid. Eh! What's them queer twirly letters?" he asked, staring at my Homer.

"It's Greek—don't you know?"

"Greek!" said he, taking it up and handling it gingerly. "It'll no bite a body, eh? And ye can read the like o' that? Let's hear a bit."

"*Ton d'apameibomenos prosephee podas okus Achilleus*," rolled out I, not sorry to astonish this simple scholar.

"Gosh! And what's all that meaning?"

"'And him answering, addressed the swift-footed Achilles.'"

"Was he a player, then? Was it the referee he was answering back?"

"I don't think they played football in those days, if that's what you mean. Achilles was an ancient Greek—fighting was more in his line."

"'Deed, and I've seen footer come to fighting, whiles. And ye know what all that stuff has to say for itsel'?"

"Yes — with a dictionary," I confessed, but hastened to let him know that I was no common Grecian. "I got the prize for Greek last term."

"And to think of ye talking to the like o' me!" exclaimed MacGubbin, with such a quizzical air that I couldn't be certain whether he spoke in admiration or in sarcasm.

"Didn't you ever get a prize when you were at school?"

"If there had been a prize for lickings I'd have got that fast enough," he declared.

BEGAN TO TAKE SHOTS AT THE BROAD CLEAN COLLAR OF A BOY WHO SAT WITHIN TEMPTING REACH.

"What are you going to do?" asked I. "Latin—Euclid?"

"Och! I'm not that sure—just whatever's going. If they'll give me a copy to write I can do that fine; but I never was a don at the counting."

Here our conversation was broken off by a messenger bidding MacGubbin repair to the private presence of the Principal. When, in a few minutes, the bell rang for school the general curiosity remained still ungratified. The new pupil came following Dr. Worgler with a sheepish air, as if for once abashed by the ceremony of school-time, when we now sat in silent rows, all agog to know who should have this strange companion of studies. But he was put into no form to play Triton among the minnows. A separate table and chair were set for him close to the head master's

desk, and there he remained apart all the morning, so far as we could see, engaged in writing letters to himself, like the great Mr. Toots.

Some such employment at least had been assigned him; but he spent a good part of his time in sharpening a pencil, chewing his penholder, sticking the pen into the table, dabbing patterns of dots on the blotting paper, and other fidgety tricks that seemed to show him little used to literary occupation. When he did address himself to writing he would settle his chair with a great creaking, spread out his arms on the table, cock his head on one side, shove his tongue into his cheek, and shut one eye to bring the other to bear fixedly on the unfamiliar task. Then, having accomplished a line or two, he drew back to survey his handiwork from a critical distance; after which he would treat himself to the reward of an interval for looking round at what the other fellows were about. They, for their part, kept staring at him much more than was desirable in the interest of their own work. With open eyes and nudging elbows, they watched his proceedings, taking it for quite an oasis in the desert of grammar and exercises as often as he made a blot, when he would stoop down to lick it up with his tongue, and turn round to spit into the fire.

Our dignified doctor's seat was a little in front of the new pupil's place, so that he could not easily keep an eye on it. From time to time, disturbed by some of the fellows' restless movements, he looked round, but usually then MacGubbin contrived to be caught in an attitude of profound absorption, to the great amusement of those in a better position to observe him. Twice or thrice, the master came down from his throne to examine this solitary scholar's progress and give him directions in a low voice; but he was not called up for any public exhibition of his acquirements, as some of us had hoped; and we could guess that even our despot felt some delicacy in commanding such a strapping subject.

When an hour or so had passed MacGubbin appeared to have more and more difficulty in sitting still, or keeping his stiff fingers at work. He fell to gaping, to shuffling with his feet, to rubbing the top of his pen among those ram's-head curls of his, or meditatively scratching his beefy nose with the point. If he caught any fellow looking at him he would wink back jovially; but these signals were not so ludicrous as the air of open-mouthed innocence he assumed as often as a master's eye turned upon him. He hit on the idea of recreating himself by jerking penfuls of ink into the fire; then, growing bold, began to take shots at the broad clean collar of a boy who sat within tempting reach. Sometimes, tired even of this occupation, he laid down his pen, tilted back his chair, and, with his eyes fixed on the roof, gave himself up to twiddling his thumbs. In short, never had such an undisciplined pupil outraged the scholastic proprieties of Cambridge Hall.

From where I sat assisting a class (two strong) of Greek beginners, there was a somewhat unpeeled view of his goings on; indeed, Mr. Nunn's form at the other end of the room were more out of range of this demoralising influence. But Mr. Delaney's urchins were posted so as to be fully exposed to it, while their teacher had his back turned to the cause of a distraction and restlessness that kept him showering threats, rebukes, impositions, and detentions. Dr. Worgler, too, found so much cause for complaint that he grew "thunder-and-lightningy," as we termed his grand way of being out of temper. Altogether the atmosphere became charged with a degree of electric tension that must have made the masters, as well as the boys, glad of a temporary relief.

This came at eleven o'clock, when we had a quarter of an hour's freedom — very useful for opening the windows as well as clearing the mental air. Usually, while the masters retired for rest and refreshment, we ran out into the playground to shake off the incubus of study. But this morning being wet, some of us stayed in the schoolroom, clustering round the new fellow, who seemed likely to offer us so much novel amusement. He, as soon as we were rid of the restraint of authority, coolly mounted the Principal's desk and flung himself back in the august seat of office, giving forth a long pent-in yawn that was more like a howl.

"Och! That master o' yours can't teach — no more than a bull can play the bagpipes! 'Let me have no more of this lower-school childishness!'

'I shall be seriously displeased, unless I see some improvement to-morrow!' 'Next time I must inflict a severe punishment!'" he repeated, mocking the Principal's dignified tone of remonstrance. "There wasn't any 'next time' with our old dominie, I can tell ye. He would have knocked your head off for half as much. You chaps want a teacher that'll make you play up.'

"Where were you at school?" asked Croft, who, as our football champion, took a special interest in the new comer, given out to excel in this line.

"In ould Ireland. That's the place for everything good — schools, shillelaghs, potatoes, and pigs."

"How many fellows were there at it?" put in someone else.

"Couple o' hundred, and near as many lassies — it was the biggest school in the town," he answered; and we dimly perceived that he must be boasting of a Board school, or something of that sort.

"Did they have blue coats and yellow stockings?" remarked Josephs, in the background, taking care not to be heard by the object of his sarcasm.

"And why have you come to this school?" was a more audible inquiry.

"Eh! that's telling! Just to get a polish on me, mebbe," replied the Red Ram, with a sly wink, as who should say that not much was to be made out of catechising him. "Heth! I'm tired o' sitting by the fire, like an old wife's teapot!" he suddenly cried, swinging his legs over the master's desk and bounding on to the floor. "Who's got a ball? Let's have a game at something."

"We mayn't," someone informed him from the group that had gathered round this puzzling personage.

"Balls not allowed in the schoolroom," added Croft.

"And ye're feared to go out in the rain? Fine lot o' lads you—made o' sugar, I'm thinking. Heigh-ho! What's a body to do?"

With this he coolly drew out of his pocket a dirty black pipe and a box of matches.

"You are not going to smoke here!" exclaimed Croft, half in amazement, half in admiration of such audacity.

"The doctor will be back in ten minutes now," another fellow warned him.

"Who's smoking?" retorted MacGubbin, playfully scraping a match on his rough breeches and flinging it into the speaker's face. But he was so far amenable to remonstrance that he put back his pipe. "I don't think much o' that doctor o' yours, as he thinks o' himself. Look here, chappies, I'll show ye a grand trick to play on him."

And before the eyes of the very prefects, who were supposed to be answerable for discipline, he began breaking off match heads, which he proposed to strew on the floor where Dr. Worgler would presently tramp on them. I, who was no prefect, but a kind of pupil teacher, as I have told you, felt that it did not become me to look on at any such treason. So I turned away to my own place at the other end of the room, and all I knew of the Red Ram's plot was a great laughing and chuckling that went on in the gathering round the Principal's desk.

When the bell rang we had to take our places, then came Mr. Nunn and Mr. Delaney, bringing the chaos to order; last of all entered Dr. Worgler, who liked to appear in professional dignity, and to be received by the whole school rising to their feet. This ceremony was neglected only by the new fellow, who, for once sat still in the pose of a diligent pupil, with elbows on the table and hands spread in front of his face, as if to focus his attention on the book before him.

CRACK! WENT SOMETHING UNDER HIS FEET.

Bearing his cap like a sceptre, his gown waving around him, the little doctor strutted across the floor, but his swelling mien was disturbed by a start as *crack!* went something under his feet. For a moment he stopped, peering down and looking frowningly around, then resumed his progress with the manly resolution of one not to be put out by a trifling accident. But when he came to set foot on the steps of his throne another alarming snap took place, and another, till, forgetting all dignity, our potentate skipped up to his seat amid a crackle of petty explosions, echoed by a cackle of suppressed giggles from the benches near.

He dived beneath his desk like a jack-in-the-box, and when for a moment his countenance was out of sight our tickled merriment could no longer be restrained, but burst into a volley of laughter, spreading from one desk to another. Even those who had been out of the room when MacGubbin laid his mine soon caught the infection, guessing what the matter was; and for once our master had the rare experience of finding himself a laughing-stock.

But when he popped up his head above the desk again it was red as that of Mr. Punch, and we who knew his moods saw a look on it that soon sobered this unusual outbreak. On the floor beneath he had gathered up a small handful of match heads, which he exhibited with a theatrical gesture, as if calling gods and men to witness that such things were. His feelings did not allow him to speak, but he bounced down from the desk and swept out of the door. We needed no words to know what he had gone to fetch, and during his short absence the assistant masters had an easy task in restoring order, while we sat looking on one another in expectation of a tragic scene.

A dead silence fell, in which presently we heard Dr. Worgler hurrying back along the passage, swishing his gown with the cane, as his way was on such occasions; for our high-minded ruler, fiercely as he talked at times, had no hard heart, and found it needful to lash himself up to a proper point of righteous indignation before he could effectively perform a function more familiar to an older generation of school masters. Armed with his cane, as with a drawn sword, he now stormed into the schoolroom, and all eyes went from him to MacGubbin, who had fallen to calmly whittling his penholder, as if quite unconcerned in what was about to be enacted.

"Now!" gave forth the exasperated Principal, drawing himself to his full height, with a sounding whack on the desk, to proclaim that the court was open. "Sit down, everyone! Silence! Now, let me know who is to answer for this. Never in all my scholastic experience have I been the victim of such a scandalous, such a dangerous, such a disrespectful, such a childish, such a vulgar outrage! You know what I mean without further words; and I am determined to punish the offender in a way that will be a lesson to him. Stand up, instantly, the boy or boys who have forgotten that this is a school for gentlemen!"

In reply to such peremptory invitation no one moved. MacGubbin went on hacking at his penholder, and, out of the master's view, wagged his red head at the fellows in front of him, apparently quite at ease under this storm of wrath that went on pealing from the Principal's desk.

"I can well understand that he shrinks from facing me. But his cowardice shall not serve him. The whole school must suffer unless the offender gives himself up. He may as well come forward at once to be made an example of. This is emphatically a case for the rod!"

Each of these denunciations was punctuated with a sounding smack, that should have gone to the culprit's heart and curdled it into jelly in his guilty skin. But still no one stood up. Dr. Worgler sat down, as if to put a fresh point on his indignation. His next appeal was:—

"Let everyone stand up who can honestly declare that he has taken no part in such a disgraceful plot!"

This time the whole school briskly rose to their feet, till all were standing except two persons, one of them the Principal himself. He glanced round the room, and his eye reached the new fellow, who, with his nose for once in a book, presented that glowing poll, wreathed with snakes of carroty curls, which, like the Medusa's head, had the effect of petrifying our Principal's wrath.

"MacGubbin!" he faltered.

"Aye!" quoth the Red Ram, looking up. "I doubt it must be either you or me, for all the rest's standing."

"Do you mean to tell me that a young man of your age knows no better than to play such a senseless trick?"

"I droppit a wheen spunks. Is that what all the work's aboot?" asked MacGubbin, as if only now realising the cause of the commotion; and he met the master's glare with unshamed eyes.

"You—!" gasped Dr. Worgler—but we noticed how he let go the cane like a red-hot poker; and we could appreciate his reluctance to undertake the correction of such a brawny rebel. Evidently putting strong restraint on himself, he went on in a tone of subdued severity. "Well, as this is your first offence I will overlook it for once; and I trust it will be the last time I have to find such serious fault with one who should set a good example to his school-fellows."

"I'll never do't again," mumbled MacGubbin in the manner of a naughty child; but a sly look aside nearly set some of us off laughing afresh, and we could see that he was not at all terrified by the doctor's fulminations.

For the rest of the hour, however, he did sit pretty quiet without causing any further perturbation. His main employment now, so far as I could see, was the chewing of a piece of india-rubber till it was soft enough to squeeze up little bubbles of air, the cracking of which promised him further amusement. The sight of the cane lying handy on the master's desk kept others on their p's and q's, so that all went well till twelve o'clock.

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CHAPTER IV.

When we were dismissed for the morning the Red Ram bolted out, as if anxious to avoid any further colloquy with his ruffled shepherd; and the rest flocked after him into the playground. I followed in a few minutes, having stayed behind with Mr. Nunn; then I found that bold despiser of authority making himself quite at home among the boys, who looked on him with fresh wonder now that they had seen how the very Principal seemed afraid of him. To some, he was nothing less than a hero; and others, while they turned up their noses at his clownishness, could not but feel an interest in this mysterious character.

He had already set a party playing at a game called "touch wood and iron," one novel to us, something after the fashion of "prisoners' base," if I remember right. But before this noisy romping had gone on more than a few minutes out came Dr. Worgler, and held up his hand as a signal for it to stop. We all noticed the mildly insinuating tone in which he expostulated with the Red Ram.

"Don't you think that these childish sports are a frittering away of time? I discourage all such. The boys should give their whole energy to football. Could you not organise a practice match at once?"

"If you mean get up a game, that's just what I was wanting them to do. If the match is coming on to-morrow, I'd like to see their form," agreed MacGubbin.

It seems that some of the big fellows had been a little supercilious when he proposed football; and Mr. Delaney, who directed this branch of studies, not putting in an appearance, the usual practice had hung fire. But now, under the Principal's eye, the whole troop moved off to the field adjoining our playground. They did not stop to assume proper costume, having hardly an hour to spare before dinner, and some of them having only one football shirt, which to-day was

at the wash, that our school colours might make a becoming display before the College fellows.

I was out of it, of course; and Dr. Worgler sent me with some letters to the post, which made my usual mid day exercise. But at dinner-time I heard nothing but praise of the new comer—the clever goal he had kicked, his prowess at dribbling, tackling, and the rest of it. Whatever might be thought of his manners and appearance, there could be no doubt of his being an accession to the school team, and with such a champion on our side we might well hope to make a good show in the match with the College. Of course, he must play for us. Even Croft was strong on that point, who as I gathered, showed himself a little jealous of the way this recruit had at once taken a lead, laying down football law to the nominal captain quite as masterfully as Mr. Delaney. The only voice raised against MacGubbin as a player was Josephs, who had cause for dissatisfaction, since he would probably be left out of the team to make room for this champion.

HIS PROWESS AT DRIBBLING.

"Far better lose the match than have the Cauliflowers think us cads!" he protested; but the general opinion went against him, and he took care not to give his to the Red Ram's face.

That free and easy personage took his popularity as a matter of course, and had such a good appetite after his exertions that at dinner-time he employed himself mainly in eating, which kept him tolerably quiet, so that Mr. Delaney could not find the chance to snub him for which he seemed to be watching. We observed how the young master had been attiring himself in his smartest style since school-time; then, before dinner was over, he rose and left the room, after making a polite bow to Mrs. W., as he did by way of setting us an example of manners.

The reason of this hasty disappearance was naturally discussed, and somehow or other it came out that Mr. Delaney had got a half-holiday for himself to go to a great football match at a town a few miles off. When MacGubbin heard of this match he pricked up his ears and announced his intention of being present.

"But you won't get leave," he was informed.

"Aye, then I'll just have to take it! Is a chap no to have a holiday after sitting in school till the toes of him are like lumps o' lead? Where will I get the master to ask at him?"

"He's having a nap—he always does after dinner, and is as savage as a bear if anyone disturbs him. You must wait till he wakes up."

"And miss the train, likely! I'll be late for the kick-off even now. So ye can just tell him that I'm no for any more learning the day."

Half amused and half amazed, we saw this undisciplined lout hurry off towards the station, breaking bounds as lightly as if they were cobwebs. The question now was, what would the Principal say on coming to know of his evasion? Our ruler had first to receive another shock when, a little later, appearing at the entrance of the playground, his eyes met a spectacle that seemed to him nothing less than scandalous. Croft and one of the other big fellows were found gravely and vigorously bounding, side by side, over a skipping-rope, turned for

them by two chuckling urchins in the centre of an interested circle.

"Is this an establishment for young ladies?" exclaimed Dr. Worgler, with that wonted gesture of throwing up his hands in indignant protest. "Croft! Be ashamed of yourself! The captain of my team to set so unmanly an example, when every spare moment should be given up to preparation for this match on which so much depends! Away with that childish toy!" he commanded, striking a Cromwell-like attitude. "Who taught you such effeminate tricks?"

"The new fellow, sir!" panted Croft, so red and hot from his exercise that this scorching rebuke seemed to make no impression on him.

"MacGubbin—impossible! Rough he may be, and rude in our ways, but at least he is a manly companion, from whom you have all much to learn. Where is he?"

"Indeed, he did, sir. He takes a skipping-rope about everywhere in his bag, because it's an *awful* fine thing for *suopling* the joints," quoth Croft, with sly imitation. "He says that the best players always use one in training, and that the whole team should practise with it as often as they can."

"Oh! Ah! Eh?" gave forth the Principal, staggered out of eloquence by this turning of his athletic authority against him. "MacGubbin might have consulted me before introducing such a questionable innovation, which, to my mind, ranks below peg-tops and marbles. What has become of him? Let him know that I desire to speak to him."

We glanced at one another in tickled embarrassment, till Croft made bold to break the facts of the case.

"He is gone off to see a football match."

"To see a football match?"

"He told us to say that he had taken a holiday, sir," put in Josephs, mischievously, willing to make the matter as bad as possible for the absentee, but he hastened to add, as he saw a dark cloud gather on Dr. Worgler's countenance: "We told him he ought to ask leave."

"Leave, indeed! Croft, as senior prefect, why did you not prevent him from taking such an impertinent liberty?"

"How could I prevent him, sir? He does just what he likes."

"Gone to see a match! Taken a holiday! This is too much! But there is some excuse for him. He hardly understands the public school discipline of this country as yet," said our master, with a manifest effort to restrain the lava flood of his displeasure, which next moment broke loose, most unjustly, upon us. "All in, every one of you, this moment! Ring the bell for school!" he ordered me.

My belief is, in the light of what I knew afterwards, that he had meant to give us all another half-holiday, to be spent on football practice for the great event of the morrow. But when he found that crack player gone, Mr Delaney, too, *hors de combat*, he must have changed his mind, angrily driving us into school, where we did not make much progress at our studies that afternoon, with one master short, another cross, and a general feeling of restlessness in the air. The only thing that made for peace was MacGubbin's having communicated his vulgar trick of chewing india-rubber, which at once became the rage among small boys whose teeth were a stronger point than their brains.

At least we had no longer that headstrong Ram to stir up commotion in the flock. He remained absent at tea-time, thereby giving the lie to a new romance invented by Bloxam, that Dr. Worgler had got into debt, and that this independent stranger might be a bailiff put into possession of the premises. When the evening passed on, and still he did not return, it began to be rumoured that he had run away, after such short trial of the school discipline which he took so easily. Dr. Worgler was out that evening, and we fancied he must be hunting up the truant. We were lost in fresh conjectures; even the coming match did not fill our heads like the question, who he could be and what brought him to Cambridge Hall.

It was not till most of the boys had gone to bed that he thought necessary to present himself. After supper some dozen of the oldest of us, I among them, were allowed to sit up for another half-hour in the schoolroom, on excuse of doing extra work. More often this was spent in chatting, skylarking, boiling cocoa over the fire, or other idle pastime; and to-night we sat discussing the Red Ram in confidential conclave.

"I tell you the fellow is a beastly bounder, whatever else he is; and we must do something to take the cheek out of him." Josephs was giving his opinion, not for the first time, when all at once an unearthly sound startled us to our feet

"What's that?"

What indeed! From the darkness outside rose a horrible screech, as if some mad cat were giving up the ghost. Even in the gaslight it made one shudder, so shrill, harsh, and blood-curdling was it; and if timid Mrs. W. had heard such a cry in the dark it might have frightened her out of her wits.

Again came the mysterious sound; first like a discordant wail, then rising into a hoarse shriek, apparently proceeding from just outside one of the windows, and the glass rattled as if it would break. I could not have believed that any creature was capable of making such a horrible noise.

We rushed to the window, straining our eyes out into the night. Now the screech ended in a boisterous laugh, which let us know this to be our strange school-fellow's manner of announcing his return, put out of doubt as a voice now familiar to us broke into a lusty carol outside:—

"Oh, Paddy, dear, and did ye hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.
Sure it's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green!"

In another moment we heard the tramp of his

heavy boots in the passage; then he flung open the door and strolled in, as if treating himself to a half-holiday were quite a matter of course.

"Well, chaps!" was his jovial greeting to us. "What for are ye all sitting whustling on yer thumbs like a pack o' puggies in a cage? I've been keeking in at ye. Och, and didn't I give ye a fine fright?"

"How on earth did you make that noise?" we might well ask him.

"Wi' a cork. Are ye no up to the trick?" grinned he; and, indeed, it was a fact of physics new to me for one, that a wet cork drawn over a pane of glass will have such an ear-splitting effect. "Heth! I'll teach ye a dozen others fit to drive the auld dominie mad. Ye don't learn much at this school, I'm thinking," quoth the Red Ram, whose idea of school life seemed hardly to go beyond that somewhat old-fashioned one, to say the least, of playing tricks on the master.

"Where have you been all day?" was our next question.

"Just in my skin!" quoth he, cheerfully.

"Did you go to the match?"

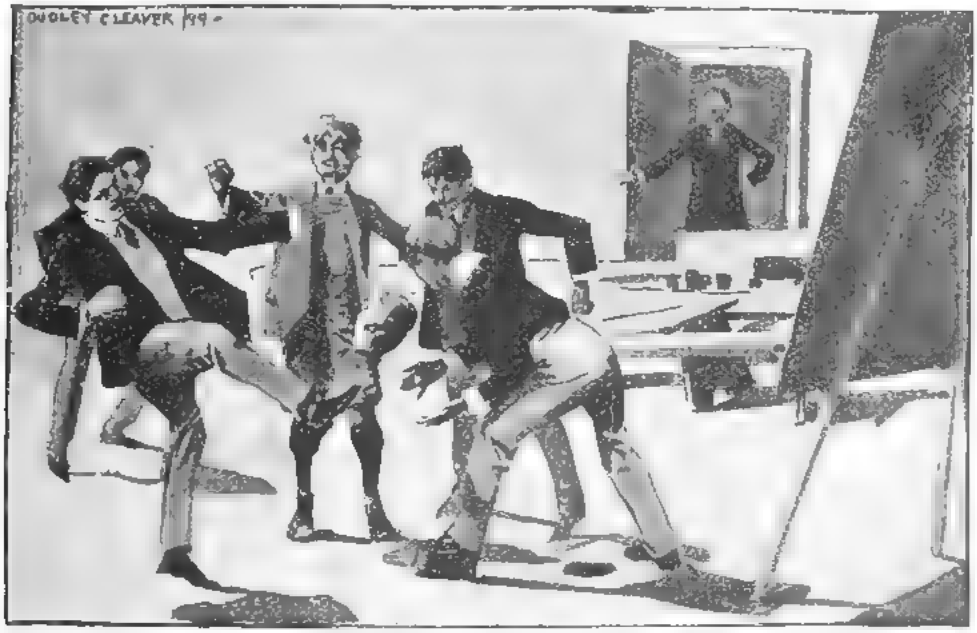
"Match? Aye—a very scratch game and a lot o' cripple duffers! I could play as well as yon wi' one leg tied up."

"Have you seen Gurgler?" This was our irreverent nickname for the Principal—whose scorn for skipping-rope practice was now reported by two or three speaking at once. "What will he say to you?"

"Heth! I dinna care a snuff what he says!" answered the Red Ram; and to work off the exuberance of his spirits hit upon a dirty sponge used for wiping the blackboard. Tossing it into the air, he gave a drop-kick at Croft, who retorted by flinging it back at MacGubbin's face.

"None o' your handling!" cried he, as he deftly caught the sponge on his bristling head. "Who's for a bit of fun, boys? Let's organise a game, as the old billy says! Hooroosh! come along!"

Most of those present were prefects, supposed to be responsible for our sticking to work, or at least keeping quiet at this hour. But these officials did not take their duties very conscientiously when left to themselves, and, aware of the Principal being out, we allowed ourselves then to be infected by MacGubbin's uproariousness, and fell to playing bear-garden football with all the zest of doing something out of order.



"HOORAY! WE'RE DRAWING A GATE!"

Forms were hastily dragged away to clear a field; at one end of the room the blackboard stood for goal, and the map-stand was shoved across at the other to serve the same purpose. Even I joined in as goal-keeper, and, with shouts of noisy glee, the others went kicking and struggling and tumbling after that bit of sponge, soon growing too excited to remember that our riot must be heard all over the house.

And indeed such a din had not gone on long when it was broken in upon by Mr. Nunn, who, in the Principal's absence, had the charge of seeing that we went to bed in proper time. At the sight of him standing in the doorway, surveying our wild pranks through his rebukeful spectacles, most of the players left off, trying to face it out with a laugh, but the reckless Ram only bawled:—

"Hooray! We're drawing a gate! Saxpence entrance, and saxpence extray to the stand, sir, unless mebbe ye'll be referee!"

Mr. Nunn took no notice of this facetious invitation, but addressed us in his quiet tone:—

"Is this the way you sit up to work?"

"And a fine way, too!" MacGubbin answered for us, who were not prepared to go the length of defying authority.

"No more of it!" said Mr. Nunn, putting authority into his voice. "The house is not to be disturbed at this hour!"

For answer our ringleader took a kick, aimed at his shirt front, which made quiet Mr. Nunn give a start backwards.

"Throw it in, sir! It's our 'on'!" exclaimed MacGubbin, without the least show of deference.

"Go to bed this instant!" demanded the master.

"Go you, and be hanged!" the Red Ram bluntly bid him.

We stood aghast at such a bold defiance to a master who, though far from popular, had made himself respected by his conscientiousness and force of character. Poor Mr. Nunn, unused to open impertinence, started again as if stung, but quickly recovered his composure. Taking no further notice of the mutineer, he looked round on our hot faces and dusty jackets, and repeated:—

"Go to bed. You will have to settle with the Principal for this; and I advise you not to make matters worse for yourselves."

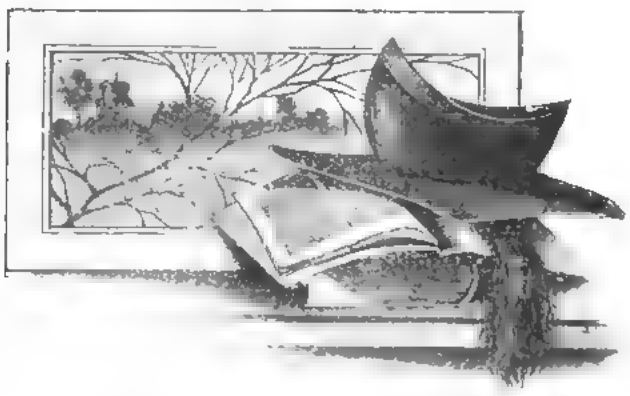
There was no gainsaying him. The rest of us, more broken into obedience, filed out under his eye without a word. Only MacGubbin stayed behind, who put his hands in his pockets and lounged off to the fire, whistling loudly to assert his independence. Indeed, as we went upstairs we heard him once more break out into song:—

"I met with Nappy Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
'And,' says he, 'how's poor ould Ireland, and how does Ireland stand?'"

Here the door was shut.

What now passed between him and Mr. Nunn we could only imagine. We had enough to talk of and to think of in the scrape our queer schoolfellow had got us into; and as we cooled down from that outburst, it began to appear plainly that the Red Ram had led us astray. The prefects gloomily considered that they would be called to special account for the unwonted disturbance. The least any of us could expect would be having our privilege of sitting up taken away. But all precedents or conjectures failed us when we asked what would be said or done to a fellow so lost to scholastic decorum as to bid a master go and be hanged. The worst of it was that in a manner we had made ourselves his accomplices. It seemed indeed that the Principal, for some reason or other, was rather shy of tackling this unmanageable pupil, but it did not follow that we should enjoy the same immunity from discipline.

(To be concluded.)



Public School Mutinies

AN ORGANISED rebellion among the scholars of, say, Rugby or Rossall, would in these days be deemed altogether impossible of accomplishment, and altogether wicked even if it were possible. And rightly so, too. Schoolboys of this generation are ruled wisely and well. Their masters and assistant masters are no longer—as was too often the case formerly—beings inaccessible, 'frigid,' towering, afar off. It has been recognised that boys, equally with men, have their rights and privileges, upon which it is neither just nor expedient to attempt to trench.

But the science of governing boys—for it *is* a science—has had to be elaborated, slowly, painfully, and with much friction. Sometimes this said friction has been smoothed over by concessions, allayed by kindly and judicious words of warning or of explanation; at other times it has been sternly repressed by brute force; while yet other instances have occurred in which the spirit of insubordination has been allowed to grow and grow, until it has passed all bounds, and a general uprising has taken place, which, for the time being, has defied all efforts to restrain or suppress it.

One of the most famous of these mutinies in miniature was that which broke out at Eton College in the autumn of 1768, and which has ever since been known in the school annals as the "Great Rebellion." It seems to have originated in a dispute between the assistant masters and the sixth-form præpostors, on the always delicate subject of "bounds." The præpostors exercised monitorial authority over their schoolfellows, and, almost from time immemorial, were wont to punish summarily any lower boys whom they might chance to come across outside the precincts of the college. This naturally implied an exemption for themselves from observing the ordinary limits, though, as a matter of form, they used to "shirk" the assistant masters. In October, 1768, however, the masters began to claim the right of sending sixth-form boys back to college; a claim which was strenuously resisted.

The discontent was brought to a head by the public flogging of a præpostor—an unheard-of thing up till then. The whole of the sixth form came "out on strike." The spirit of insubordination quickly spread downwards to the fifth and fourth; and, in the end, no fewer than 160 boys broke bounds, threw their school-books into the Thames, and marched in a compact body to Maidenhead. Here they partook of a sumptuous repast at "Marsh's Inn." The original bill for this unique dinner—surely one of the most extraordinary ever consumed—is still in existence. The total reckoning amounted to £55 18s. 3d., and the items include dinner for 160 at 5s. a head, £40; beer, £2 1s.; wine and punch, £12 13s. 3d.; fires, £1; and cards, 4s.

The truants stayed all night at the hostelry, but the following morning wiser counsel appears to have prevailed. At all events, the bulk of the lads marched back to the playing fields, and eighteen of them had a conference with the masters in the upper school, with a view to bringing about an amicable arrangement. Dr. Foster, the then head master, insisted, however, upon an unconditional surrender. A panic set in among the mutineers, and it very quickly became a case of *sauve qui peut*. "Three of the ringleaders," says a contemporary writer, "to their eternal infamy, made peace at the expense of their own honour." Others submitted sullenly, refusing all apology, and taking their floggings without a murmur. A few ran away home. Among the latter was William Grenville, afterwards Prime Minister of England. He was sent back to take his birching, and was then removed from the school for good. Lord Harrington's son, who was one of the most active of the mutineers, swore a solemn oath that he would never submit, and took coach to London. But his father, who would only hold converse with him through the key-hole of the street door, insisted on his immediate return to Eton. The two sons of the Marquis of Granby met with a warmer reception, for they were regaled with dinner, and afterwards taken to the play by their father. On the morrow, however, the bluff old soldier saw them himself to the coach that was to carry them back to Eton—and a sound flogging. Another, but not nearly so serious a mutiny, broke out in 1773, the malcontents securing the flogging-block, and wreaking their vengeance on it with red-hot pokers. It was then split up and distributed among the boys, the youthful Marquis of Huntley securing the largest fragment, and carrying it home with him as a trophy to Gordon Castle.

Second only to the Eton rebellion in public school annals, is the great uprising of the Marlborough College boys in 1851. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the unpopularity of a certain worthy named Peviar, a well-known character in those days, who acted as gate-sergeant. It was his duty to report in a book upon such bad language or breaches of morals or discipline as came within his cognizance. He did his duty to his employers well; so well, in fact, that he succeeded in earning the bitter hostility of the boys. The climax was reached one October evening in the year named, when the whole school, already seething with discontent and insubordination, made an organised attack on the little one-storeyed brick box at the gate, and practically demolished it, Peviar himself being badly hurt in the *fracas*.

PEVIAR HIMSELF BEING BADLY HURT IN THE FRACAS.

Of course the affair was taken serious notice of by the authorities, and eventually, failing the surrender of the leaders, the entire college was "gated." This wholesale punishment, as might have been foreseen, only added fresh fuel to the flame. For four days the boys did no

work, broke out in the evenings whenever possible, and pelted and hissed with delightful impartiality any master who attempted to restore order. On November 1st the authorities, probably realising by that time the futility of attempting to keep in the entire school, rescinded the obnoxious order. But this concession by no means ended the mutiny. On the contrary, the 5th of November was fixed upon for a general uprising, the conspirators even naming a time—five o'clock—for the commencement of the rebellion.

"Punctually at that hour," says an eye-witness, "we saw a rocket shoot up into the air from the centre of the court, and knew that the revolution had begun." Thousands of squibs and crackers had been laid in by the malcontents, and these were let off everywhere—not only in the grounds, but in the college building as well. Peviar was fought and soundly thrashed by the cock of the school. The racquet court was fired. The desks, forms, punishment registers, and flogging blocks were dragged out into the square and burned. Eventually, of course, order was restored; as, in the end, order always will be. But, ere things resumed their wonted course, expulsions and withdrawals had deprived Marlborough of nearly all its more daring and chivalrous spirits.

Rugby has had several minor uprisings, but hardly one of them can be truthfully designated a mutiny. On one occasion a three hours' riot was brought about by the interference of some big fourth-form boys in a fifth-form fight. On another, the great Dr. Arnold himself came perilously near to losing, for the time being, his grip on the school. The bother on this latter occasion was *re* the subject of fishing. Rightly or wrongly, the boys claimed the privilege of netting the Rugby side of the Avon. The riparian owners objected, and deputed keepers to hunt off the lads. The latter retaliated by netting more than ever, and also seized one of the keepers aforesaid, and ducked him in the deepest part of the river. A complaint was laid in due course, and Dr. Arnold called the whole school together for identification purposes. "Probably," says an old Rugbeian, "Arnold's power of ruling was never put to so severe a test, for the whole college was against him, and the præpostors for the week, instead of stilling the tumult, walked up and down the big school calling out 'S-s-s-s-ilen-s-se!'" However, the doctor prevailed. Five of the ringleaders were identified, and there and then expelled; and what might have easily developed into a dangerous and disastrous mutiny was nipped in the bud.

Harrow's most famous mutiny—curious it is that all our old public schools cherish the memory of at least one big rebellion—was brought about in 1771 by the appointment of Dr. Heath to the head mastership. His chief crime seems to have been that he was an Etonian, which, in view of the close friendship (and friendly rivalry) now existent between the two colleges, sounds somewhat strange. The principal incident in this protracted struggle was the wrecking and burning of Dr. Bucknall's carriage on Roxeth Common. Eventually the disorders were quelled, but public feeling concerning them and their origin ran high, and Harrow lost, either by expulsion or withdrawal, some forty of her most promising pupils. Among them was the great Marquis of Wellesley, then a youth of eleven, who was taken away by his guardian, Archbishop Cornwallis, and sent to Eton. He seems, however, to have been somewhat impenitent, for we read of him as entering the venerable archbishop's apartment waving wildly aloft one of the tassels from Dr. Bucknall's wrecked carriage, and shouting "Victory!"

Old Radleians tell to this day of the nipping in the bud of a rebellion that was planned at the commencement of Dr. Sewell's term of office. This great disciplinarian—the Arnold of Radley—took over the reins of government when the school was in a thoroughly disorganised state. It appears to have been the custom in those days for the head master to address the boys seated in a big chair at the top of the school. The legs of this chair were sawn through, and the collapse of it and the warden was to have been a signal for a general uprising. But, either through some traitor in the camp of the rebels, or because of the almost preternatural acuteness engendered by the perils of a schoolmaster's life, Dr. Sewell was aware of the conspiracy, and never sat down at all—or, at all events, not on the "doctored" chair. Afterwards the leaders of the projected mutiny, or some of them, were called on one side, and asked frankly about their grievances. Exactly what transpired never came out, but a truce was declared which soon ripened into a firm and lasting peace. Neverthe'ess, from that day to this, the wardens of Radley College have always addressed the boys standing.

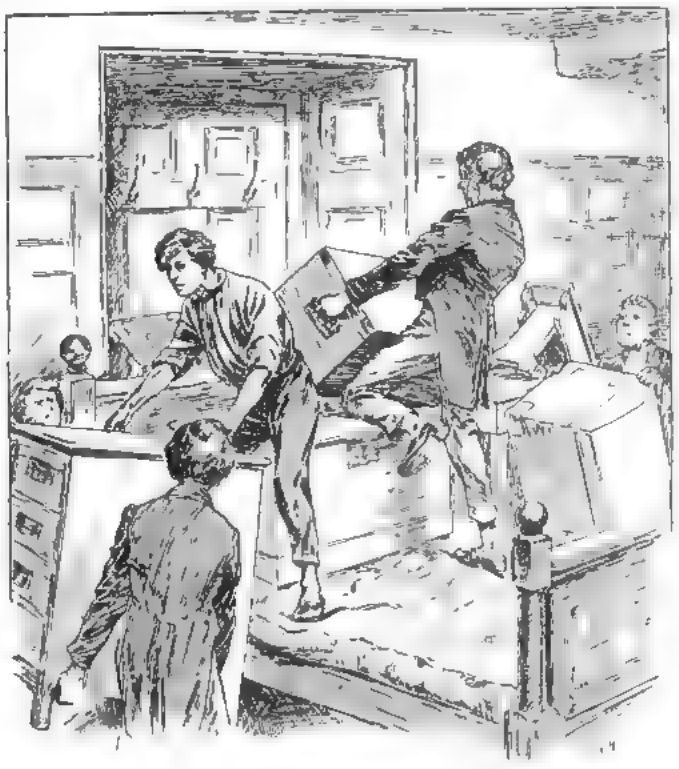
An incident which forcibly recalls that related above concerning Dr. Arnold and Rugby, occurred at Rossall school during Mr. Osborne's head-mastership, only that in this case the præpostors—or monitors as they were called there—resigned in a body. Mr. Osborne, however, settled the question by simply saying, "Gentlemen, you are monitors, and you will

SEIZED ONE OF THE KEEPERS, AND DUCKED HIM INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE RIVER.

Google

continue to be monitors." On another occasion, in 1864, the mysterious and wholesale cutting off of the buttons of every peak cap in the school in one night was held to be the signal for a rebellion. There really were, it is currently held, some grounds for this suspicion. At all events, the masters were thoroughly alarmed, and for days afterwards a mutinous spirit was only too evident. Nothing serious came of it, however.

No fewer than three great rebellions are recorded in the annals of Winchester College. The first and most serious broke out at Easter, 1793, the immediate cause being that fruitful subject of school discontent, the stoppage of "leave." Its suppression proved to be a bigger and tougher job than anyone could have by any possibility imagined. The townspeople sided with the lads, who victualled themselves as for a regular seige, barricaded themselves in their rooms, armed themselves with muskets and pistols, and openly threatened to burn down the entire college rather than submit. The military were called out, and for a time, incredible as it may seem in these days, it really looked as though bloodshed was inevitable. In the end, however, wiser councils prevailed, and a truce was patched up. It proved but a very temporary arrangement, however. Forty-eight hours later, hostilities were again resumed, and, eventually, practically the entire school was either expelled or had resigned.



BARRICADED THEMSELVES IN THEIR ROOMS.

A second mutiny, which broke out in 1818, ran a similar course. The military were again called into requisition, the Riot Act was read—fancy reading the Riot Act to a parcel of discontented schoolboys!—and for a while things looked very serious indeed. After two days' palavering, however, the uprising was put an end to; but by a trick which, to say the least of it, reflected no great credit on the college authorities. The boys were promised a fortnight's holiday and a free passage to their respective homes if they would surrender at discretion. This they agreed to do. But no sooner did they evacuate their defences than they were surrounded and made prisoners by the soldiers. The wholesale floggings, and still more wholesale expulsions, which followed, sufficed to strike terror into the hearts of the stoutest, but the flower of the grand old school was lost to it for ever. Among the many boys who were expelled on this historic occasion, and who afterwards became famous men, the names of Bishop Mant, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton, Lord Chancellor Hatherley, and Sir Alexander Malet stand out pre-eminent.

The third rising occurred in 1848, and began, like that at Marlborough College, by an unauthorised firework display. On the following day the boys barricaded themselves in their rooms and refused to come out. But seldom or never, even in the history of school mutinies, has so ludicrous a *fiasco* resulted. There was no summoning of soldiers this time. No ringing of alarm bells, nor reading of Riot Acts! Instead, the authorities, in their turn, simply barricaded the malcontents in their rooms, and cut off the supply of provisions. By ten o'clock the smaller boys were clamouring for breakfast. At dinner-time it began to dawn upon all and sundry that further resistance was hopeless, and by four in the afternoon the mutineers were only too glad to surrender at discretion.

A Donkey-Boy of Cairo

By Lieut. Colonel John Macgregor.

Author of "Through the Buffer State," "Toil and Travel," etc., etc.

Illustrated by George Soper.

Hafsan Khan was an Arab boy a street Arab, or a desert Arab, just as you please, for he was both by turns.

Donkey boys in plenty are to be seen in Alexandria and Port Said, and are the delight and admiration of Jacks ashore, and of British youths in general, when visiting the land of Egypt, which has of late years, more than ever, become the pleasure ground of travellers. But these seaport towns Hassan Khan had never seen. He belonged to the ancient and royal city of Cairo, and was as much superior to the donkey boys of Port Said and Alexandria as a first-class London thief is superior to a mere provincial one—but in a different way.

On his features, as on those of some more of his fellows, were indelible marks of one of the ancient curses of his country—the Plague of Flies. You may doubt the other plagues of Egypt if you like, for they have come and gone, but you cannot doubt this one, for the plague of flies goes on for ever in Egypt, like the brook in the poem. Well, Hassan was a victim to this plague. He basked in the Egyptian sun of his early childhood, the flies gathered round him as if he were a lump of sugar-candy, inoculated his eyes with their noxious virus, and Hassan Khan was deprived of the sight of one eye, like many of his good ancestors before him. But this is anticipating.

As we were marching to our quarters on first arrival in Cairo, fresh from home, we were honoured with a large escort of donkey boys, in addition to the common or garden welcome of the regimental bands. Conspicuous among the rest was what afterwards turned out to be Hassan Khan, jauntily mounted on his princely donkey, nearly as big as a mule, with gay tassels dangling from its ears, and jingling bells round its throat while Hassan himself was arrayed in a turban, the tail end of which floated like a streamer in the breeze behind him.

Save for the said turban, Hassan was not overburdened with personal adornment. A loin cloth of cotton yarn, partly flung over his left shoulder, comprised the rest of his Oriental raiment. And there he sat, with his long brown legs hanging loosely by the sides of his donkey, quite disdainful of the primitive stirrups that flapped freely about as the donkey jogged along. Conspicuous though he was, I did not then think that Fortune or Fate should throw us afterwards so much together.

"Have a ride, sah, have a ride," he shouted after me the next time I met him. "My donkey name *Sirdah* very good donkey, *Sirdah*. Look, sah, look, look!"

And with that he tossed himself off his donkey, measured the ground repeatedly by tumbling head over heels, after which he flung himself to the saddle back again with the sprightliness of a fairy. I was young and impressionable then (I am not very old now), and I could not help taking a certain liking to this free and easy child of the desert.

"Very good donkey, *Sirdah*. Have a ride, sah." But before I could embrace the opportunity of a ride on such a distinguished animal as the *Sirdah*, other donkey boys rushed up, equally vociferous in proclaiming the merits of their own beasts, with equally renowned designations.

"*Mafish*, no, sah," exclaimed a bigger boy. "*Sirdah* no good donkey. *Sirdah* bite, *Sirdah* kick, sah. Ride my donkey, *Cromah*, sah—no bite, no kick."

But whether Hassan's donkey could really bite and kick as his rival declared, it was evident his master could, judging from the prompt way he drove the bigger boy and his donkey, *Cromah*, off the ground, to the intense amusement of the other donkey boys round about.

"Good boy, Hassan," one of them shouted. "Good donkey, *Sirdah*. But my donkey, *Abdool* very good, sah!" And up came his donkey, braying in such tones as might have come from the unmentionable place, where such as Abdool are supposed to be punished. Who, indeed, could resist the temptation of a rollicking ride on such high-sounding donkeys, and with such jovial postillions as Hassan and his half-naked companions coming on behind?

Off we gaily went, young Porter and Parker and I, on *Sirdah* and *Cromah* and *Abdool with the Epithet*, away, away to the Sphinx and the Pyramids, quite a little distance from headquarters. And many a twist the tails of these worthy asses received by the way, for the purpose of precept and guidance.

As we sat on the ridge surrounding the sandy excavations that reveal the Sphinx, Hassan Khan crept up to my side as if to say something important, holding his donkey by its primordial bridle of hempen cord.

"Sah," he said, inquiringly. "Know that, sah?"

"Know what?" I replied.

"Know that *janwar* (animal)," he returned, emphatically, pointing with his *khadeeb*, or whip.

"The Sphinx, of course. What do *you* think it is?"

"Sah," said he, "that's Pharaoh. Pharaoh very bad man, very bad king. Moses very strong. He beat Pharaoh with rod, and Pharaoh turned Eshphenix."

"Well, and what then?"

"When other man come, stronger nor Moses, he beat Eshphenix with rod, and Eshphenix will be Pharaoh again and be king of the world."

"Oh, indeed," I said. "And why don't you try it on yourself with your *khadeeb*?"

"*Mafish*, no, sah. Me no strong—me no big—like Moses and Pharaoh."

"And what, pray, will Pharaoh do with the donkey boys of Cairo?" I naturally inquired.

"Pharaoh beat white mans with rod, make white mans donkeys, and make donkey boys pashas." And therewith Hassan Khan reverted to his donkey, *Sirdah*, with a leery smile, in anticipation of the happy days to come.

It was on our return from this outing that the adjutant reminded us (by order) that it was not considered the proper thing for the young subalterns of the Royal Fencibles to be seen gallivanting on donkeys in the direction of the Pyramids, followed by a rabble of ragged Arab boys. Yet I have since seen very important people incapable of resisting the temptation, including an admiral on half-pay, and a live, fat-legged bishop away from the critical eyes of his diocese. For downright innocent laughter, inspired by the twisting of tails, and seasoned by occasional tumbles, commend me to this form of amusement—when out on the loose.

But though the unpretending moke was tabooed us, it was far otherwise with the rank and file of the regiment, among whom Hassan Khan and his precious *Sirdah* became special favourites.

Time passed, and both Hassan and I had grown bigger and older, when we found the Royal Fencibles under orders for the scorching Soudan. Transport rose to a high premium, not only in the shape of mules and donkeys, but also of their drivers. What more natural, therefore, than for Hassan Khan and his *Sirdah* to be taken on the strength of the camp followers? For in that department we could not at that time be very particular about the absence of a mere eye or so in either the animals or their attendants.

That slippery customer, Osman Digma, had been giving no end of trouble to our advancing troops. His cavalry scouts came from nowhere, and apparently returned there on several occasions, after sudden rushes and surprises, in which they managed to loot a considerable amount of our supplies, and kill in driblets not a few of our men. We were forced at last to halt at El-Tabor, within forty or fifty miles of Luxorab, one of his temporary headquarters of which we then knew next to nothing. General Brindle decided on this step in order to discover, with some degree of confidence, the whereabouts of the enemy. Flying columns were therefore sent out in various

directions to reconnoitre the country round about, as no reliable information could be obtained from the Intelligence Department, Osman Digma's force being apparently as light and movable as the mirage of the Soudan desert. In one of these flying columns was the company of the

general was anxious to deliver a more decisive blow with the main body of our troops.

Off we tramped, accordingly, for the prescribed three marches which were to form the limit of our journey, and were bivouacking for the night within a mile of the banks of the river. The

"A ROAR AND RUSH OF DERVISH HORSEMEN."

Royal Fencibles, of which I happened to be the junior subaltern, and so was Hassan and his *Sirdah*. Our orders were to follow the course of the Tarata River for three successive marches and report on the country, but to avoid, if possible, an engagement with the enemy, as the immediate locality was grassless and treeless to a degree, and owing to late rains, the loamy soil was so sticky that our trenching tools proved almost useless. Unable, therefore, within the time at our disposal, to make anything like a proper zareba, we had to be more than usually

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wary, as we bivouacked on the open ground, without any tents, and with only the sky for a canopy.

But our vigilance on this occasion availed us little. Suddenly, at about four o'clock in the morning, I was disturbed from my slumbers by the shrill music of the bugle sounding the alarm. And before its echoes could have died away, there was such a roar and rush of Dervish horsemen through our camp that every one was for the moment thrown into confusion.

In this hand-to-hand conflict our Maxim and two field-guns were of no mortal use, as friends and foes were inextricably interningled with one another. The lancers who were not cut down in the first rush made a gallant effort to mount and charge the enemy. Formation was impossible, and each trooper had to fight for his own hand as best he could. The Fencibles, I need scarcely say, hit out valiantly, but only, like the lancers, to die. The violent impact of the horses, the clash of opposing arms, and the bang! bang! or rather the continuous whir-r-r-r, of the repeating rifles, combined with the shrieks of the combatants, made the welkin ring again. But there was little time left for thinking; I received a crushing blow on the head from one of these mounted marauders, and dropped senseless to the ground.

I recovered consciousness in the zareba of Luxorab—a prisoner of Osman Digma. All our detachment had apparently been cut to pieces, as had already happened on a larger scale to the troops under Hicks Pasha in a previous campaign.

But, besides myself, there was at least one exception, in the person of none other than the doughty Hassan Khan, who was lying on a litter of Nile rushes a few feet away from me.

"Hassan," I weakly whispered, "where are we? What has happened?"

"Prishners, sah," he replied. "Kill all last night. Kill us to-morrow—cut throats." And therewith he made the sign manual across his weasand as to the way we should be executed with an expression of ineffable horror depicted on his saffron features.

Hassan, I noticed, had a bullet wound through his naked right arm, but seemed to have nothing else seriously the matter with him, except the near prospect of death, which he did not at all appear to appreciate. I discovered also that, though I had been stunned myself by the blow, my strong helmet had saved my life; and, notwithstanding a somewhat severe flesh wound in my left shoulder, I felt my strength and vigour returning rapidly after my recovering consciousness. Yes, I was so young, and, to confess the truth, so hopeful and ambitious, that I thought it was hard to die. But if I were to die at all just then, I should infinitely prefer to have died in the first encounter, sword in hand, rather than wait cold, premeditated murder in this way, with all the horrors that might accompany it. Neither were Hassan and I entirely alone in our misery, for a third prisoner, lying on the same litter, made known by his groans that he also was one of the doomed. We three—Corporal Crookfoot, Hassan Khan, and I—were, so far as we knew, the only survivals of that fatal fray—only for the purpose, probably, of being put to a more cruel death shortly after.

But whatever Osman Digma intended to do with us, he certainly did not put us to death. On the contrary, little notice was practically taken of us, as the Dervish general supposed us to be more seriously wounded than we really were.

Osman Digma suffered from a very prevalent weakness of untutored warriors, a weakness which he shared with his superior lord and master—the Khalifa himself. He was (and is) a fearless fighter, but lacked the vigilance that is the outcome of discipline, and one of the main secrets of permanent success. It was through this want of watchfulness that the Khalifa's captives from time to time got away, and it was doubtless to the same cause that we also had to be thankful. Osman, in fact, took very little trouble about us, and his catch-'em-alive myrmidons for the most part followed his example.

No doubt his intention was to keep us as hostages in order to benefit by doing so, and if not, to kill us in the end, with the addition, perhaps, of ignominious details. Hassan, however, being one of themselves, and mistaken for somebody else with one eye, was immediately told off to attend on the mules—a duty for which he was eminently qualified. To this piece of good luck, added to the carelessness of our captors and the ingenuity of our fellow-prisoner, Corporal Crookfoot, we all owed our liberty, and probably our lives.

Osman and his hordes were repeatedly scouring the country in various detached parties, looking out for loot or slaughter on a small scale, while anxious to avoid a general engagement. His camp at Luxorab we found surrounded by a deep trench, with an inner defence of earth and brushwood which it was impossible alike to scale from within or rush from without. There were only two openings to this strong zareba, one on each side, north and south, and these were jealously guarded by sentries placed over them. How to get through these sentries was the question, when an original and divine idea struck Corporal Crookfoot.

Hassan, as I said, had charge of some mules,

three in number, as it happened on this occasion, and had the free privilege of the other mule-drivers when they went to water the animals at a neighbouring pond outside the stockade, which they did at irregular intervals night and day, as parties came and went on their different errands.

"If me an' my mate was together," observed Corporal Crookfoot, in an absent-minded mood —"If me an' my mate was together, we would try to escape." And he brushed away a tear from his soldier's eye at the thought of his lost comrade. He and his "mate," however, so far as we could then see, would never be together again, as the latter had apparently been slain in the late conflict, so that there seemed very little chance of their ever meeting on this side the spiritual Jordan.

"Who was your mate, Corporal?" I asked, "and what could you do to ensure your escape?"

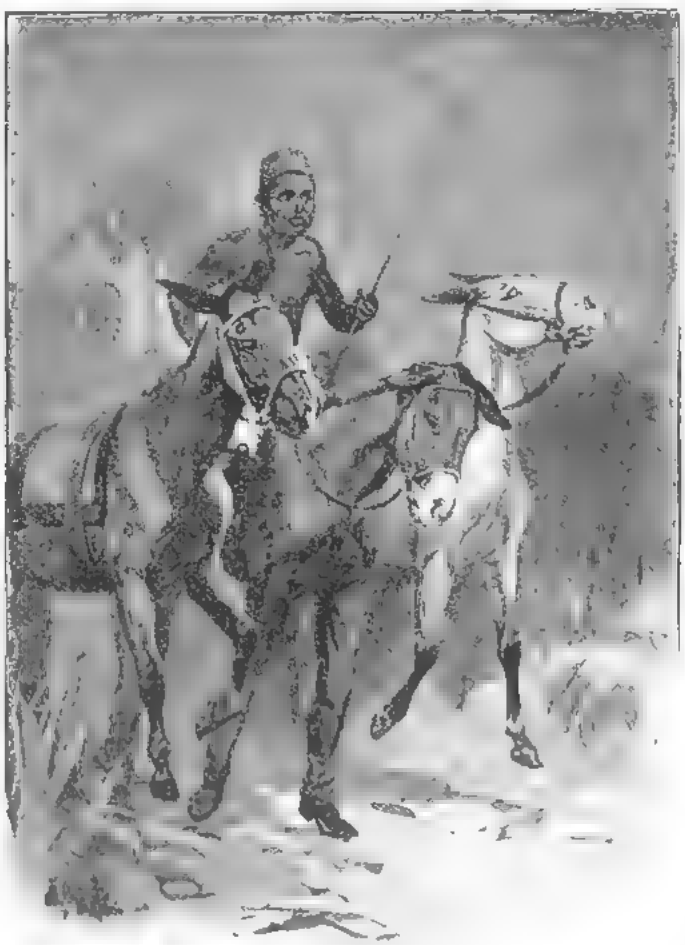
"Me an' my mate," he replied, "was boys together in Cripplegate fore we 'listed same day, as we was to live an' die together, sir."

"And so you may," I rejoined, "though it is not very likely."

"No, no," he said, sadly. "I saw my mate fall, 'fore I was knocked down myself by the catch-'em-aliver."

"You are still living though, and so may your mate be. But what could you do to escape if your mate were with you that you cannot do now?"

"Well, it's this-like, sir," he explained. "Me an' my mate Bill was a mule in the pantomime at Drury Lane, when we was boys, 'fore we 'listed, an' we would make a mule an' escape if my mate was 'ere." And again he sighed for the loss of his comrade, whom he himself was likely enough to follow without undue delay.



MOUNTED ON HIS MOCK SUMPTER.

The drift of his plan suddenly dawned upon me. He and his "mate Bill" would simulate a mule, as they had previously done in the pantomime at Drury Lane, and so would escape under the disguise. Could it not be done without the particular aid of his "mate Bill"?

It was a plausible idea, and no time was to be lost, for we were both too young to die without an effort put forth to save ourselves. How to manage it became our one dominant thought. The ground of the extensive zariba was literally strewn with all sorts of material looted here and there. And among the rest of the ill-arranged rubbish I discovered the skins of both mules and donkeys alike, drying in the scorching sun by day, and wetted in return, like Nebuchadnezzar, by the dews of night. These skins had been flayed off the backs of their previous owners, which had either been killed or had otherwise died from the hardships of warfare, and they were ostensibly preserved for the purpose of providing *mussocks*, or water-

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skins, to be borne across the backs of the *kheesties*, which was the only means of water-carriage that these rough and ready marauders possessed.

To see and to appropriate (not to use that nasty word "steal") were as cause and effect. Darkly, secretly, at the dead of night, we made our preparations, stuffed the skin with the dwarf-palm leaves and rushes of our litter, and stretched it fore and aft with a broken piece of tent-pole which came in handy, and which imparted to our mock mule a degree of firmness which it would otherwise lack. We were able to sew it up roughly by means of material out of the corporal's knapsack, after which we again disembowelled our make-believe creature, hid the skin under the litter, and watched the progress of events.

It was certain that if Osman came to an engagement with our troops and lost the fight, which he was likely enough to do, we should at the same time lose our heads, which was anything but a pleasant prospect before us. But at the time, detachments were continually on the move in and out of the zareba at all hours of night and day, accompanied by not a few baggage animals, carrying their temporary supplies and loot when procurable.

It was not therefore without beating of hearts that Corporal Crookfoot and I found ourselves engaged in performing the functions of the fore and hind limbs of a mule, the rest of which was made up of padding. Dark and dreary was the night when one of Osman's lieutenants returned from a vain attempt to surprise our line of communication, and the animals, with others, had to be watered after their return at the outside pond, while Hassan Khan was one of those told off to do the duty.

It was our opportunity—or never. We took the precaution that one of Hassan's three mules—the usual complement—should be left behind, and the mock mule placed between the other two; thus we were more likely to escape observation. There, among a crowd of others, the really faithful Hassan, the donkey boy of Cairo, jogged doggedly in front of the mules, each of which was tied by the nose to a rope behind him.

His conduct was the more praiseworthy inasmuch as his own life was in no immediate danger at Luxorab, though ours were, and that detection spelt certain death for him as well as for us. He had started, mounted on his mock sumpter, which dared not either kick or bray, though the poor corporal and I felt nearly suffocated in our strange and strained position. Moreover, the tent-pole began to creak unpleasantly under the weight of Hassan, and the side mules, not quite liking their new companion, began to kick violently in such a way that whatever fun the entertainment might prove to them, it was anything but fun for the strange mule between them.

Hassan had therefore to dismount, which fact relieved us considerably, from a physical point of view, at any rate, though our mental anxiety grew almost unbearable as we approached the gate at which the sentries were placed, with Hassan Khan in front of us. By good luck there was no preconcerted order for passing through. Each muleteer dragged his mules by the nose after him as best he could, while the corporal and I bent our knees a bit, as the mule of which we constituted so important a part was otherwise likely to loom somewhat above the average level of the mules around us.

One of the sentries on duty actually noticed the strange mule in a kind of sleepy, unconcerned way, and made a casual remark in bastard Arabic to Hassan, who was just beginning an explanation in the name of *Allah*, when the right-hand mule on the side of the sentry kicked up such a bobbery that the sentry was glad to get rid of it at any cost. It was thus we three passed the dreadful ordeal of the Luxorab sentries, and though we were by no means out of the danger of detection, yet our hopes rose. We followed for a little while in the direction of the other mules, gradually slinking to the rear, and then made a dash towards the river whence we had come, leaving the two mules to look after themselves.

Where could our friends be? was our next concern. They could not, we fancied, have passed the neighbourhood of Luxorab without some sort of engagement, or, at any rate, without their presence in the immediate vicinity being known at least to Hassan, who mingled freely with Osman's people. We decided, therefore, to retrace our steps back again along the banks of the Tarata river.

We were weary and footsore when there came a clear, ringing challenge through the darkness:—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

The check was so sudden and unexpected that for a moment it quite took us by surprise.

"Friend!" I shouted, regaining my self-possession.

"Give the countersign," was the next order.

"None that we know, but 'God Save the Queen!'" I returned.

"'God Save the Queen!'" was the answer, which, strange to say, was actually the countersign that night.

"'God Save the Queen!' Pass, friend, and all's well."

I saw Corporal Crookfoot make a sudden

dart, while the sentry instinctively pointed his rifle at the intruder with bayonet fixed

"Bill! Bill!" cried the corporal "I thought you was dead."

Bill was startled for a moment, but suddenly recollected the voice that spoke. He then threw his rifle on the ground in great excitement (which was quite contrary to army orders but let that pass) and rushed to embrace his comrade.

"An' hit's you, Crookie. Hit's yourself. I thought you was killed, an' 'twas your ghost. But, hit's yourself, Crookie, an' no mistake," said Bill, hugging Crookie, as he called him, in a transport of joy

It was, in short, the main body of our troops continuing their march after the news of our disaster: and "Bill" was one of those who escaped from the carnage, and was on picket duty once again.

Three days afterwards we entered the zareba of Luxorab. But both the fox and the cubs had escaped; and, before doing so, we should certainly have been slain, had we waited that event.

We afterwards pushed on and took an important part in the crowning victory of Omdurman, where we fought side by side with the gallant Ross-shire Buffs. Soon afterwards Sirdar Lord Kitchener came to learn the story of Hassan Khan and his donkey, *Sirdah*, called so loyally in honour of himself. The tale greatly amused the genial Sirdar, who soon promoted Hassan Khan for his gallantry to be a duffedar of muleteers,

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

and made a colour-sergeant of Corporal Crookfoot.

Thus it happened that though Hassan Khan, the donkey boy of Cairo, has not yet seen the Sphinx re-converted into Pharaoh, yet he has seen at least a couple of his white taskmasters transformed, for the nonce, into a mule, if not into a donkey. He has, also, himself realised the first step of promotion towards the dignity of a pasha, which will not now be long in coming, while Corporal Crookfoot has recovered his lost friend—and all of us our liberty.

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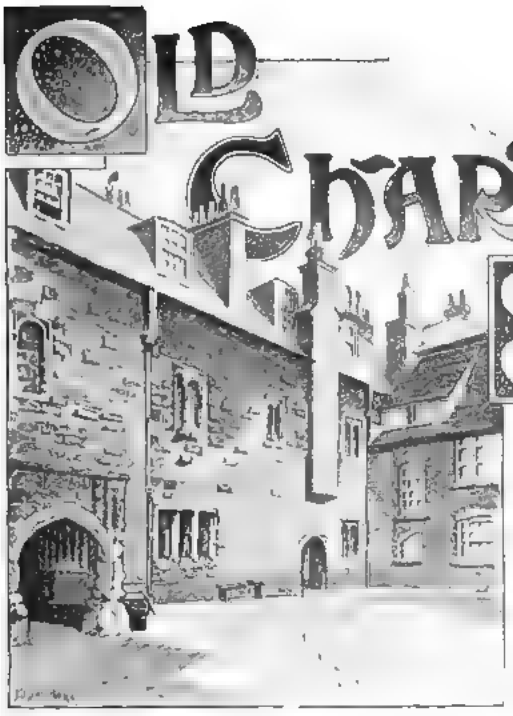
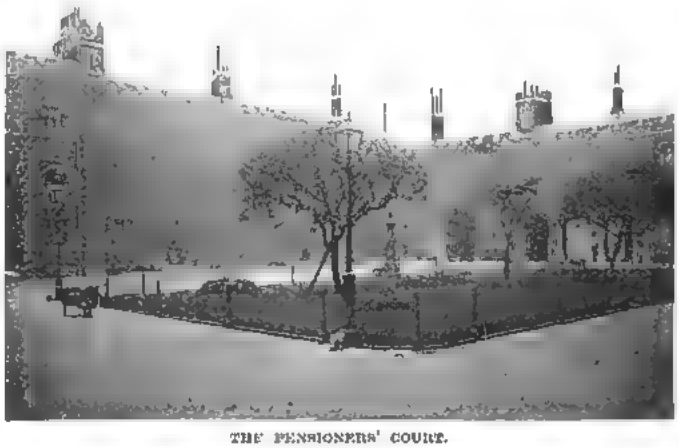
Old Charterhouse School



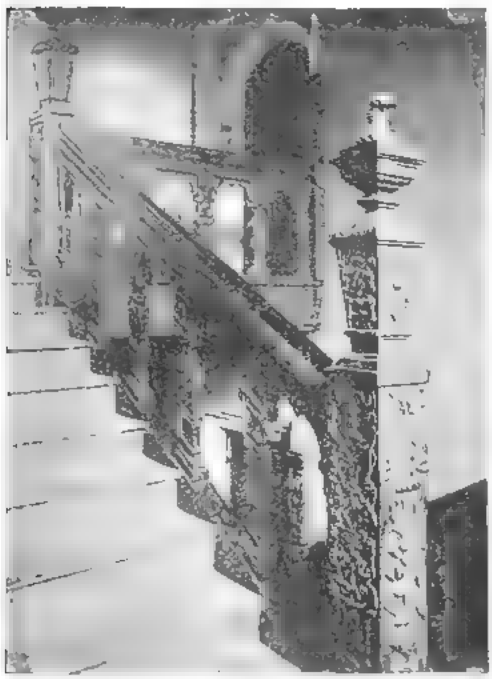
By the Editor of the "Carthusian."

Public schools change character with time, and alter their constitutions as the spirit of progress demands. Of the truth of this assumption Charterhouse affords a striking example; it has suffered many transitions and has been carried far from the original design of the founder. To-day the name of Charterhouse brings breezy impressions of Surrey hills, and its chronicles are found in the University lists and Association Football records. In numbers, in character, in place, it affords a most glaring contrast to the institution which was founded three centuries ago on the site of a Carthusian monastery in the green fields which have given way to the streets, the warehouses, and the stores of Smithfield. Yet, if the school of six hundred boys on the hills of Godalming differs from a charity which gave education and board and lodging to forty poor boys, its difference is one which is the mere result of growth; so, while leaving the reason of development to the philosopher, let us now regard the true home of Charterhouse as it existed in the plans of the founder. Modern Charterhouse, or more correctly, the most modern form of Charterhouse (for old and new Charterhouse are one and the same), stands in its own grounds, a building of yesterday, spacious indeed, but without story or tradition of its own. In Old Charterhouse the boys learned



THE PENSIONERS' COURT.

their lessons in the panelled hall and mullioned chambers in which the Norfolks, the Norths and the Suffolks, the ruffled nobles of



THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

Queen Elizabeth's age—aye, and even the queen herself—had danced and rustled in proud silks and velvets. They played their games against the walls, or in the cloisters in which silent Carthusian monks once paced solemnly up and down. It was a fine building in which they lived, and one rich with historical associations, whether we regard it as a Carthusian monastery, a nobleman's palace, or the sober house of a hospital. It has passed through all three stages. As a monastery it found its birth in the time of the Black Death; in 1348 that plague devastated England, and to provide consecrated burial-ground for the bodies, which lay in thousands rotting in the narrow streets and crowded alleys, Sir Walter Manny acquired thirteen acres of ground, devoted them to a burial-ground, and settled thereon, for the first time in London, the Carthusian order of monks. In this burial-ground, and in one of less extent made by the Bishop of London, no less than fifty thousand victims to that fearful scourge are said to have been interred. In the dissolution in 1534 this monastery of Chartreux was dissolved with great cruelty, and the Prior, John Houghton, was executed at Tyburn, and his head impaled on his own monastery. His name is remembered at Charterhouse because a small oblong court, known as Washhouse Court, which he constructed, still survives, and bears on the wall the initials, "J. H.," in white bricks. After the dissolution, the monastery buildings were for the most part pulled down, and upon their foundation, Lord North, and subsequently the Duke of Norfolk, built a handsome palace, which was furnished with lavish care. Noble rooms with panelled walls and ceilings, mullioned windows, ornately carved chimney pieces, tapestries and hangings still remain, but the neat Italian gardens and the laboriously constructed wilderness, of which we have notices, have passed away. The mansion was twice honoured by royal visits from Elizabeth and James, and its whole tone was of such richness that Lord Bacon, in a letter adverse to the founder's charitable scheme, urged that "to design a palace fit for a prince's habitation for a hospital is as if one should give a rich embroidered cloak to a beggar."

This beautiful house (known as Howard House, in Charterhouse) Thomas Sutton transformed, in 1611, into a home for aged men and boys. The days of the revival of learning—and with them the movement which gave us Dean Colet's School at St. Paul's, the Queen's School at Westminster, Harrow, Rugby, Uppingham, Christ's Hospital, and the many grammar schools that are dotted about the country—had by this time passed away, and, in consequence, the institution which Thomas Sutton planned was of a different character, and disposed to meet a different need from that which the founders of the former schools had intended to supply.

The establishment was known by the title of the "Hospital of King James, founded in Charterhouse." Sixteen governors, chosen from the noblest

FIREPLACE IN THE GOVERNORS' ROOM.

in the land—kings, prelates and peers—nominated in rotation the pensioners and the scholars, and held the whole control of the institution. The

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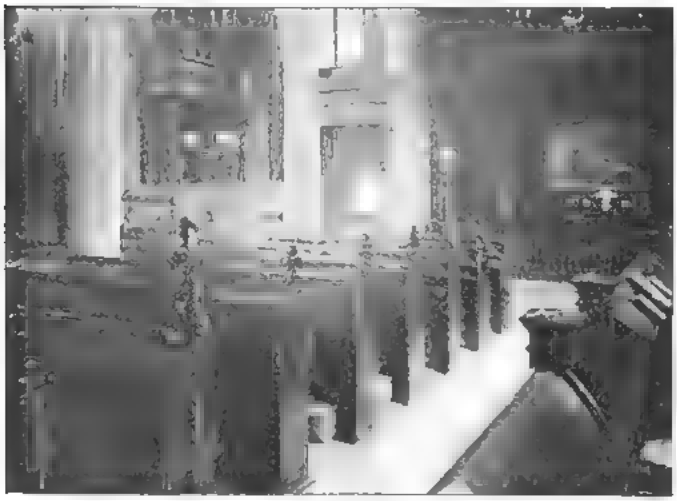
OLD CHARTERHOUSE, FROM THE SQUARE.

actual hospital was presided over by a master. A preacher saw that Church services were performed, and a schoolmaster and usher were in charge of the school. The characteristic of the place was, in all matters, one of sober solemnity, appropriate to the monastic associations from which it derived its name.

. By the founder's will provision was made on the foundation for sixty decayed gentlemen and forty boys — "the children of poor men who want means for bringing them up." Considerable latitude has always been shown by the governors in observance of this rule when they nominated the scholars, or as they were afterwards known— the gown-boys. The Duke of Wellington once observed that of the many requests made to him none were made with greater frequency and persistency by his friends than for a nomination to the foundation of Charterhouse, of which he was a governor. In the very beginning of the school, day-boys supplemented those in receipt of the founder's bounty, and the latter became known as "gown-boys" from the gowns which they wore. The name still survives, though the gowns have been dispensed with from the time that competitive examinations took the place of the governors' nomination. On the other hand, the pensioners became known, for no discernible reason, as "old Codds," and as such have been glorified by Thackeray's pen, and they have

THE MASTER'S HOUSE.

preserved their name with their nomination. The establishment was richly endowed with a revenue



THE CHAPEL.

amounting to £3,500 at its commencement, and one that has increased ever since. And it is now time to say something about the man who accomplished, as old Fuller puts it, "this masterpiece of true Protestant charity."

At the time that he founded Charterhouse, Thomas Sutton was considered the wealthiest man in England. Born of a good family in 1521, he had passed an eventful life and fulfilled many high offices, in each of which he had shown himself a capable man. On doubtful authority, he is said to have been educated at Eton and Jesus and Magdalene Colleges, Cambridge. Thence he travelled abroad through France and Italy, and, entering the service of the Earl of Warwick, and subsequently of the Earl of Leicester, he became in time Master of the Ordinance at Berwick, Paymaster of the Northern Forces in the campaign against Scotland, Commissioner for Sequestration of the Northern Rebels, Victualler of the Navy, and Commissioner of Prizes.

In this last position he is said to have won a Spanish prize worth £20,000, and to have fitted out a barque, "Sutton," which assisted in the defeat of the Armada. But if the story which is told in Charterhouse is true, he did a greater service by weapons of finance than with actual arms. It is attributed to him that, acting on the advice of Sir Francis Walsingham, he drained the bank of Genoa of money at the very time that Philip applied to it for funds to complete the preparations of that huge expedition, and thus delayed the whole Armada. He anticipated the ways of modern finance again in a scheme which never took effect, of founding a bank in London.

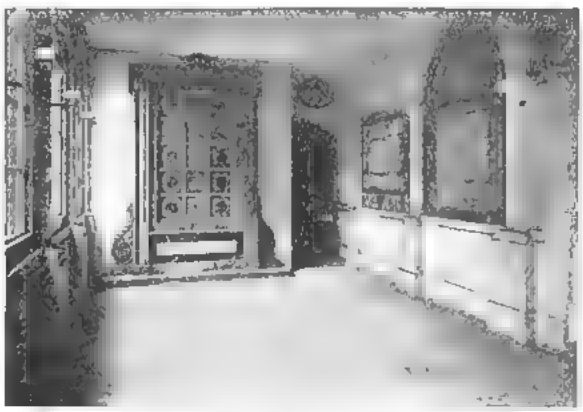
Sutton was offered a barony if he would consent to name the Duke of York (afterwards King Charles I.) his heir, and Ben Jonson was asserted by his enemies to have traduced the character of the merchant in the person of Volpone. The scheme was often in danger of being defeated. Lord Bacon likened it to the heaping up of "a stack of mud," and only a thinly-veiled, but timely, bribe of £10,000 prevented the king from appropriating the whole endowment.

The history of Charterhouse, when once it had made good its hardly-won foundation, has been even and placid. Early records deal with pecuniary matters, and we find the school being defrauded of £8,000 by one master, and losing £1,600 in the stormy time of 1649. None the less, within fifty years of its foundation its

ANTE-CHAPEL, WITH MEMORIAL TO W. M. THACKERAY

revenue had risen from £3,500 to £5,500. Once only has it entered into the history of England,

and then on a proud occasion. The story has been told by Macaulay, how the master, Dr. Burnet, in 1687, refused to admit to the number of pensioners James II.'s nominee, Andrew Popham, a Papist, and only the barest facts need repeating here. On Dr. Burnet's representation that the admission of a Roman Catholic was contrary to the will of the founder and to an Act of Parliament, the governors, in spite of the storming of Jeffries, refused admittance to Popham, at the same time stating their reasons in a letter to the king's minister, the infamous Sunderland. The king was exceedingly incensed, but even he, as Macaulay says, was cowed by the signatures, which included those of Ormond, Halifax, Danby, and Nottingham, and, contenting himself with threats, he turned away to the persecution of Magdalen College, Oxford.



ANTE-CHAPEL

In the previous revolution, however, of 1641, Charterhouse was distinguished for a different expression, and the usher, Robert Brooke, was ejected for refusing to take the league and covenant. On the Restoration he was reinstated, and his name lives still at old Charterhouse and new, in the title of the master's room, which has ever since his time been called "Brooke Hall."

During the Protectorate, Cromwell, Ireton, and all the chief Roundheads were governors, and a letter is still extant, in Cromwell's handwriting, appointing the son of one of his old officers to a place in the school.

During the seventeenth century Crashaw and Lovelace, the poets, and Cavaliers Addison and Steele, and Dr. Isaac Barrow, a learned divine, received their education here; and in the next century among the pensioners we find Ethanah

THE HALL (EXTERIOR).

THE HALL.

Settle, the city poet, who only lives in Pope's rhymes. After his death a play was acted at Charterhouse, entitled as "A Dramatic Piece in Memory of the Powder Plot, performed at the Charter-house November 6th, 1732," wherein much ridicule is laid upon the Pope. It has been with every reason attributed to the prolific genius of Settle. This is not the only play of which Charterhouse have been the progenitors. In 1844 a rhymed play, entitled "Bubble and Squeak," describing, with vigorous action, a last night of the quarter orgie, in which masters, monitors, and fags come into conflict, was written by four boys. One of these was named Venables, a relation of Mr. Venables, Q.C., who was a great friend of Thackeray's at Charterhouse, and is reputed to have broken the novelist's nose in a fight. Nor was Settle the only dramatist who has joined the pensioners; for of recent years there died at Old Charterhouse Maddison Morton, the author of "Cox and Box" and countless other farces. During the eighteenth and nineteenth century names from every form of pursuit are found among Carthusians: Blackstone of the Commentaries; Wesley, the earnest divine; Lord Ellenborough, the judge; the Earl of Liverpool, Prime Minister; Manners Sutton, the Archbishop of Canterbury. These last three held their posts at the same time, when Carthusians could boast of a lord chief justice, a premier, and a primate. There followed Thirlwall and Grote, two names, linked together like Addison and Steele, alike in school and in literature; Leech; Thackeray; General Havelock; Sir A. Eastlake, the P.R.A. While at Charterhouse Havelock displayed that earnest temperament for which he was afterwards conspicuous, and was known by the name of "Old Philos," a corruption of philosopher; and Leech drew sporting pictures at the age of nine, some of which are preserved at Charterhouse; and Thackeray wrote ballads and made comic drawings in his school-books. So the characters of each of these great men, at any rate, were clearly foreshadowed by the child. Then come Canon Liddell; Earl of Dalhousie, of Indian fame; H. Nettleship; Palgrave; Edmund Lushington; and Professor Jebb—all of scholarship renown. Other Old Carthusians were, and are, Baron Alderson, Julius Hare, Thomas Mozley, Sir R. Webster, Basil Champneys, Canon Elwyn, Forbes Robertson, Cyril Maude. Of the masters who educated these famous men we can find none to equal the fame of Busby. The most original was Dr. Russell, who held the supremacy at the time Thackeray was at Charterhouse, and who has —in common with the old Codds, the founder's

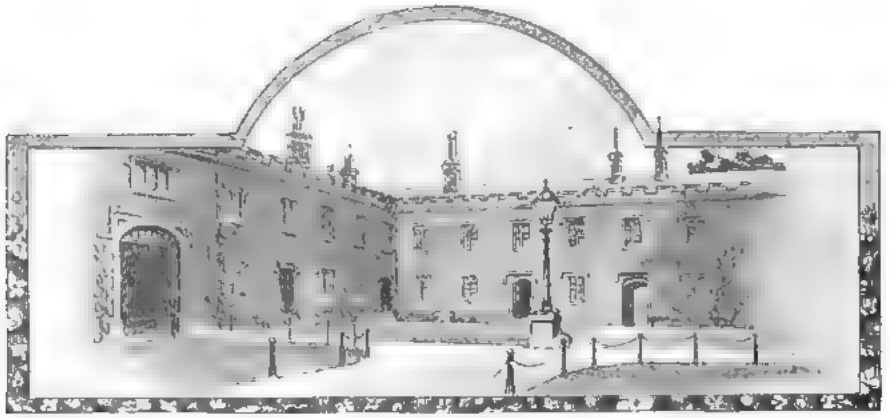
service, and the gown-boys—been sketched with affectionate memory by that writer. A little before Dr. Russell's time the monitorial system came into vogue, and Dr. Russell utilised it to an alarming extent. With only eight masters he instructed six hundred boys, and this he achieved by making the sixth form do the work of masters and take lower forms. The system paid as far as popularity went, for he changed the numbers of the school from 150 to 600. Thackeray did not like the man, nor was he particularly happy at school. He sketched ceaselessly, and was not a particularly learned scholar, giving apparently to his masters little promise of his future greatness. Dr. Liddell, he used to say, spoilt his scholarship by doing his verses for him. In later days Thackeray used to come down to Charterhouse and distribute gold, silver, and copper coins for the boys to scramble for. In his time flogging was in great favour as a punishment, and Dr. Russell was famous as a hard hitter. The number of floggings received constituted a point of pride to the boys, much as a Red Indian boasts of his scalps. It was, however, a painful process, and, as one authority states it, the fourth, fifth, and sixth cuts hurt abominably. In his lecture on Steele Thackeray describes the "swishing block." There is a story about Dr. Russell that he once substituted fines for punishments. To the boys the measure was uncompromisingly hateful; their bodies they were ready to sacrifice, but their purses—no.

THE PORTER'S LODGE.

The head master beat a firm retreat; he addressed the assembled school in the hall, and at the close of the speech sackfuls of birches were brought in for instant use. Martin Tupper, who also spent his years of boyhood at Charterhouse, and not particularly happy ones, as it seems, tells how he once saw Dr. Russell "smashing a child's head between two books until his nose bled." The memory of the head master rankled. "If Russell was made a bishop I should leave the Church of England," Tupper declared. It is said in Westminster that shortly after this time, when Charterhouse challenged Westminster to annual matches, Westminster refused, assigning as their reason that it was a rule with them never to play with private schools. The story does not redound either to the politeness or truth of the Westminster of the day, but the conditions are changed now. The school shop was known as "Crown," owing to a crown, painted by Lord Ellenborough in his school-days, as a goal for hoop-driving. In his late years the famous judge visited Charterhouse, and, seeing the great letters still existing, burst into tears. Even Leigh Hunt would have been mollified at such a sight. There was one inconvenience at Old Charterhouse. During a London fog no light penetrated to the schoolroom, and masters and boys used to provide themselves with tallow candles ("tollies"), by whose light they did their work. The flickering candle-flames made a strange, uncanny light, it is said. By this time the numbers had rapidly decreased, owing to the unhealthiness of the situation; and they continued decreasing until it became an imperative necessity for the continuance of the school that it should be moved into the country. The measure met with the most spirited opposition from the boys, who considered removal tantamount to destruction; but under the able management of Dr. Haig-Brown the bold scheme was effected in 1872, and attended from the first with the utmost success. Among the many great qualities possessed by Dr. Haig-Brown not the most insignificant was his power of happy repartee, which was evinced very successfully, as the following story records, at the very commencement of his career at Charterhouse. An over-fervent Old Carthusian congratulated the doctor upon his election, saying that he should be greatly honoured since he was the first head master who was not an Old Carthusian. The response of the doctor came quick: "And was the first head master an Old Carthusian?" The pensioners continue to reside at Old Charterhouse. In spite of the forebodings of the earlier Carthusians, traditions have not been lost, and the change of place has not only effected no change of feeling in those who call themselves Carthusians, but not even in the nomenclature of the surroundings. Cricket grounds are still known as Upper

and Under Green; and there still exist, though in altered circumstances. Scholar's Court, Cloisters, Middle Briers; the rooms in the houses know no other name than Hall or Upper Long, and Long Room or Writing-school; the shop is yet designated Crown; and there remain, transplanted but unchanged, many more such names, each bearing a reminiscence of the old school.

H. S. Oppe.



The Man with a Great Big Heart.

He was sweating and running about like mad,
  And straining each nerve to "save the four,"
"Oh, the game must be lost!" and the other ten had
  Long ceased to care two-pence about the score;
So I asked who he was, and, crisp and tart,
Came the answer: "A fool with a great big heart."

I met the said fool again next day.
  "It isn't all over," he said, "as yet
There's more than an hour still left for play,
  And only a matter of sixty to get."
So he worked like a horse from the very start,
And he got 'em—that man with the great big heart.

And again I was watching. The best men in—
  The bowling to pieces—the wicket plumb.
There were only twenty-two runs to win,
  And half of the side were yet to come.
But they bade him try; and the batsmen's art
Succumbed to the force of that great big heart.

Poor fellow! He never knew when he was beat—
  The belle of the season he sought to wed;
She listened—then made for the door in retreat.
  "He cannot be sane, poor man!" she said,
When she found he had nothing with which he could part,
Excepting the love of a great big heart.

Yet possibly she'll be wise in time,
  For males are so many and men so rare.
But a truce to the moral that's hid in rhyme,
  Though I wonder if some of us are aware
How important in cricket and life is the part
That is played by the man with the great big heart.

Philip C. W. Trevor.

Google

Some Quaint Replies.

In a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there is a highly interesting article on the "Humours of School Inspection," from which we quote a few of the most amusing replies given to the inspector in answer to his questions.

A class was being examined in the geography of the British Isles. "We were going through the English lakes," says the author, "and had elicited the well-known list of Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, Wastwater, and so on. But we finished up with '*Bayswater*,' the topical temptation proving too much for a London child."

On being asked what he knew of St. Paul's Cathedral, a boy replied that it was "*near the Meat Market.*"

After quoting several other replies received in answer to geographical and arithmetical questions, the author turns to history, and the following are good examples of the sort of answers he received :—

"'Julius Cæsar invaded Britain 55 B.C., and converted the natives to Christianity.'

"'Richard I. went to Normandy, and was shot through the eye by a Mormon while capturing the castle of Chaluz.'

"'The Salic Law was an enactment that provided that no one descending from a female should ascend the throne.'

"This is a girl's answer; so is the following: 'Queen Mary died of dropsy. Her death was greatly hastened by the neglect of her husband, Philip, Emperor of Germany, who afterwards became King of France. Feeling weary of the English people she returned to France, and died at Madrid! At the post-mortem examination of her body, the word "Calais" was found engraved on her heart!' Of course this last sentence is a clear case of a confusion of ideas

"'Sir Isaac Newton was the greatest orator and statesman England ever produced. His best oratorio is called "The Messiah." His essay on criticism and essay on man are the best didactic poems in the language; his "Dunciad" and other satires have never been equalled.'"

In endeavouring to explain the above, the author says: "Can it be that this young lady (for the fair sex is again responsible for this biographical blunder) got up what she thought was a sketch of the life and works of Sir Isaac Newton from a text-book, out of which the leaves intervening between the leaves *N* and *P* had been torn out, and that she had been thus innocently attributing to Newton what really related to Pope? Pope's version of Virgil's 'Pollio' might be said to have some reference to the Messiah. The candidate recollected that 'The Messiah' was an oratorio, and then, perhaps, put to herself the question, 'What ought I to call a writer of oratorios?' and answered herself to her satisfaction."

Questions on physiology elicited the following: "The bowels are five in number—namely, a, e, i, o, and u, and the humer*ous* is the funny bone."

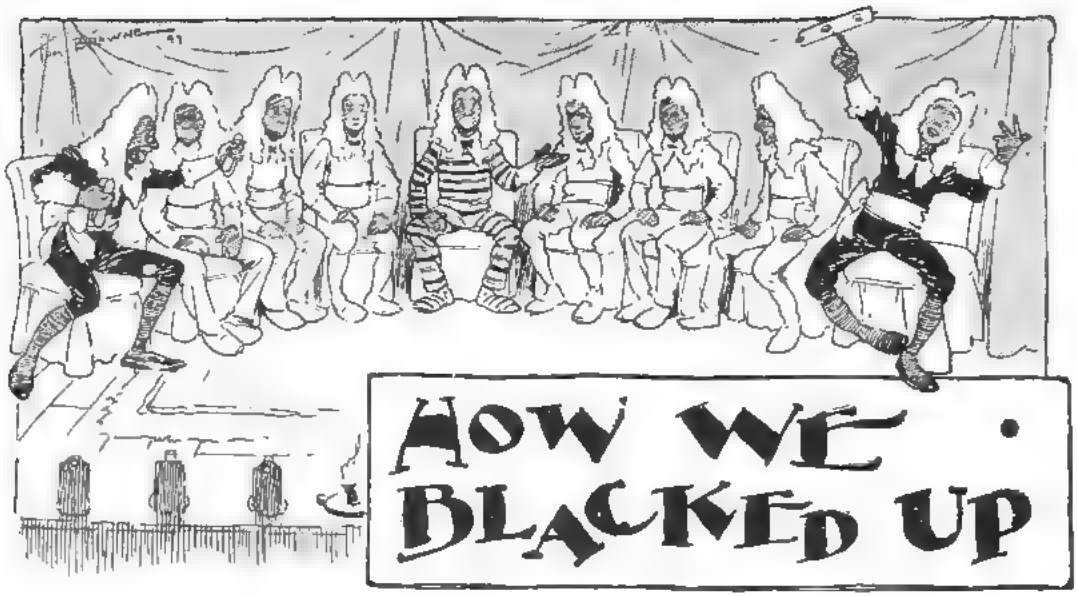
When asked what was the best food for infants, the following reply was received: "Oxigen, hydrogen, and a little carbon."

It appears that one head master keeps a diary. He refers frequently to the health and behaviour of his school. One of the entries "refers to the head master's recent marriage, of which it would seem he had made a formal announcement to his pupils. It runs thus: 'The event marriage, on August 10, caused a hearty outbreak of sympathy on the part of the scholars.'

"A Sunday school teacher, after having explained to her class that only the patriarchs were allowed to have more than one wife, went on: 'But, children, in these Christian times how many wives may a man have?' Upon which a little girl eagerly put up her hand and cried: 'Please, 'm, two only is generally necessary to salvation.'"

The article finishes with the subjoined verse, which is supposed to have been written by a pupil after having reiterated from day to day "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

> "The way was long, the wind was cold
> The minstrel was infernal old;
> His harp, his sole remaining joy,
> Was carried by an organ boy."



How We Blacked Up

An Account of a Very Great Nigger Show.

Illustrated by Tom Browne, R.B.A.

OUR house for many years had been famous for its theatricals. It was our dear friend Lulley who first grew discontented with scenes from Shakespeare. We were discussing as to what we should do at the end of the Easter Term—we always had a show of some sort at the end of the Easter Term in our house—and somebody suggested the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Lulley sighed so melancholy a sigh that I gently reproved him.

"I was only wondering," he said, in his most resigned-dog-like manner—"I was only wondering whether we should ever catch up to date."

"Well," rejoined Bunsey, who, I expect, had proposed the "Merry Wives," "what do you suggest? It is so easy to find fault."

"I think we might do something," said Lulley slowly, "which necessitates a certain amount of jumping about and snapping of fingers."

"A sort of monkey show," rejoined Bunsey.

"Or the street Italian business," added Ruts.

"Or a nigger farce," suggested Willie le Morgan.

"You've hit it," said Lulley, looking so hard at Willie le Morgan that he made him blush all round his collar. "My suggestion is a nigger show. Gentlemen, what offers?"

We meditated in grimmest silence for about two minutes. Then up spake Watt, than whom none in the school possessed a voice more squeaky. He said:—

"I've got some bones."

That settled it. We nodded approvingly; and Bunsey, who had presumably given up the "Merry Wives," wrote down in his pocket-book, "Watt—bones."

"If a Jew's harp is any good," volunteered Willie le Morgan, "I can play one a little."

Bunsey made another entry. Then we proceeded to appoint centre and corner-men. There was a good deal of discussion on these points.

"Lulley," I said, "ought to be the centre-man. It was his idea, you know."

The others readily assented, but Lulley didn't seem to think very highly of the honour.

"It has struck me," he said, "that the centre-man is invariably the worst kind of fool."

We were all off our guard. We ought really to have deprecated the implication, but we just nodded.

Lulley rose.

"I must thank the meeting," he said, in a tired voice, "but leave it."

Of course we couldn't allow that. We pointed out to him that our offer was made in excellent

part, and eventually he allowed himself to be persuaded to resume his seat.

We couldn't settle all in a minute about the corner-men, several people advancing excellent reasons why they should fill that position. After some slight noise and moving of furniture we eventually decided that Sammy and Tuffey—as being rather big and decidedly tricky with their hands—should occupy the coveted seats.

We made Bunsey secretary to the society and appointed Henry as treasurer. Several members spoke to Henry's honesty, and paid him compliments on his ability for figures. He didn't take these compliments as gracefully as one could have wished, but he was always a restless fellow.

Next we drew up the programme. We gave Sammy the first choice of songs. He said we might put him down for "Daddy," "Love's old Sweet Song," "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road," "The Children's Home" (with dance), "He always came up smiling," "The Garden of Sleep," and "Mr. Kinketty Konk." Then, in the event of encores, he thought——

I'm not at all sure that Tuffey was right in acting as he did. When a gentleman, you see, falls heavily off a form backwards he might do himself some hurt, and if he is as big as Sammy he is almost sure to injure somebody else. Besides, a general scrimmage in a class-room is apt to raise a lot of dust

But to get on with the programme. Some members were really quite diffident about the matter. Willie le Morgan, for instance, has a very pretty little song that he often sings at home. I believe it is called "Oh, Mumsey, come and kiss your little boy," and when Mrs. Willie le Morgan came over to the sports she told us about this song, and how sweetly pretty Willie used to look, standing on his "'itty" bed in his "'itty" pyjamas, and singing that ditty. I shouldn't wonder if they taught him some action to go with it.

But he absolutely refused to give the song. We pressed him repeatedly, but he remained firm. So we eventually put him down to eat the burning cotton-wool when Vealey did his great conjuring trick.

PERSUADED TO RESUME HIS SEAT.

Altogether we drew up a list of some twenty turns, and came to the conclusion that the show would really be first-rate. We decided to charge one shilling for the reserved seats and sixpence for the back of the room. The masters were to pay half-a-crown; strangers three-and-sixpence; the proceeds to be devoted to the Curate's Stipend Fund.

The next thing was to get leave for the show from our housemaster. This was merely a formal matter, and he scarcely took the trouble to look at the programme. We decided not to bother him with details, and we always used our own class-room—a fair-sized place—for the performance.

The rehearsals went off merrily, and everything promised well. Ruts turned out to be a first-rate pianist, especially in the trick line. He could play tunes with his feet, and also, blind-folded, with his nose. We made him spend a lot of time practising that last trick.

When the great day came round we were in a general state of excitement. We had rigged up a sort of stage in our class-room, and it looked quite secure from the front. Of course, we knew which parts of it were safe to walk on, and there

was one particular spot just over a large tub which would even admit of dancing. But it wasn't safe for the artist to move off that spot.

The curtain was worked on the brick-and-bucket system. I don't feel called upon to enter into an elaborate explanation of its mechanical capacities here, but I know that it frequently did a turn of its own accord. It was a distinct addition to the caste.

The dresses were in excellent taste, although perhaps I ought not to say too much about that, seeing that I was mainly responsible for the designs. But really, when Lulley had enamelled his pyjamas a pale blue, with stripes of chocolate and carnation, and decorated his football boots to match, you would have been hard to satisfy if you hadn't been genuinely pleased with the rig-out of our centre-man.

BUTS COULD PLAY TUNES BLINDFOLDED WITH HIS NOSE.

Watt looked remarkably well as the Death's Head Moth, only the ink would keep wearing off his skin. Of course, we frequently replenished it, and I think, in the end, that that was what

made him catch such a shocking cold. The fit-out had the additional merit of being quite inexpensive.

I'm sorry I can't describe all the costumes, but I really must get on to the show. However, just one word as to our wigs. You see, when we appointed Bunsey as secretary, we thought he would make rather a smart man. We left him to order all the paints, and so forth, from those people in London, and we were much annoyed when, instead of the correct nigger wigs turning up—black things, with short plumes, you know—we received a parcel of powdered perukes, such as were worn in the days of Charles II. We had to use them, of course; but they didn't go at all well with nigger faces.

We remonstrated with Bunsey over his mistake, and he showed some rather nasty temper. We afterwards discovered that it was all a mistake of the people in London, who sent us some Stuart wigs that had been ordered by Lord Middleditch for his theatricals at the castle the same night. It was fortunate for them that they got our

POOR BUTS FELL ON TO THE AUDIENCE.

nigger wigs, as otherwise they would have had to act in their own hair, and they wouldn't have cared for that. Still, I don't know how nigger wigs would go with Stuart costumes.

We had an excellent audience. Bunsey, having recovered from what vulgar people might call his "wigging," consented to take the money at the door. He put on his black first, partly to save time and partly because it gave him confidence. Several gentlemen tested his complexion as they entered by smearing it slightly with their fingers, and that caused a good deal of amusement.

The opening of the performance was a trifle abrupt. The piano, you see, was on the floor in front of the stage, and when we thought the room was full we told Ruts to go out and play his overture. He said he would just see if everybody had arrived, and stood at the edge of the platform, peeping round the curtain. Sammy, who was a little excited, pushed him from behind, and poor Ruts fell on to the audience. Of course, he was rather annoyed about it, and got slightly bruised, but we managed to quiet him down. And, as Tuffey said, the great thing was to put the people into a good humour from the start.

Well, after the overture the curtain went up, and we were discovered in comic attitudes—all making jokes at the same time, and rattling about generally, because we wanted it to go with a snap from start to finish. Vealey and I had agreed to hit each other in turns, and at first it worked well; but when we got excited one of us went out of his turn, and that rather confused matters.

I SHOT DOWN A KIND OF AVALANCHE TO THE REGIONS BENEATH THE STAGE.

When we paused for a rest we found that Willie le Morgan was standing at the front of the stage, giving them his solo on the Jew's harp. Ruts was accompanying him on the piano—at least, I suppose you might call it an accompaniment, but, as a matter of fact, he played for half-an-hour right away from the time the show started, and

I don't think he followed the programme at all. Of course, they couldn't stand that, and he had to be put outside in the rain.

Willie le Morgan always says that he didn't get a fair chance, and I think there is some truth in that. A Jew's harp, you know, is not a very powerful instrument. It can only be heard really well in the dormitory at night, when everybody but the player knows that there is a master coming upstairs. *Then* it rings out splendidly. But on this occasion there was a good deal of noise, for, in addition to the fact that Ruts was playing the piano with the loud pedal down, Sammy and Tuffey were banging their tambourines—mostly on other people's heads—Lulley was hooting through the centre-man's speaking-trumpet, Vealey and I were doing our "business" in one corner, and all the audience were asking for "Oh, Mumsey, come and kiss your little boy."

And the solo came to an end in rather a curious manner. I think I mentioned that the mechanism of the curtain was so complete that sometimes it would work by itself. Well, that's just what occurred. It came galloping down in the middle of the Jew's harp turn, and, as Willie was standing quite close to the footlights, the heavy roller, of course, hit him on the head. We think that his Stuart wig, however, averted a really serious catastrophe.

Very soon after this—so quickly had the evening passed—we found it was time to dispense the refreshments. I'm rather sorry now that I suggested giving the audience oranges. I might have known that they wouldn't have anywhere to put the peel, and it made such a confusion when they had to throw it back to us. We had a large bowl of lemonade for ourselves, but it got so weak through the different performers tasting it on the sly and then adding water that Bunsey made a mistake—he was the only person who hadn't stolen any—and washed in it. We discussed that with him when we were settling up next day.

Immediately after the interval came Sammy's song and dance. He had finally settled on "Daddy," as Ruts said it went with a good swing, and he put a lot of facial expression into it. Of course, it was the great hit of the evening, and then he found the strong spot in the stage, and proceeded to do the dance.

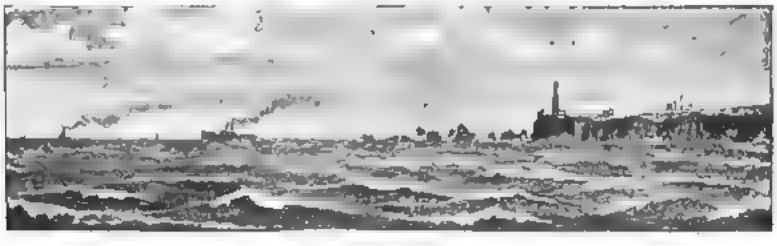
What made Tuffey so anxious to join in I don't know, but he says it was obviously absurd for one corner-man to dance and not the other. The unfortunate part of it was that the tub wasn't big enough to hold them both, and Sammy said, without stopping for even one moment, that he got there first and meant to stay there. I suppose that created a sort of antagonism between them, and they danced very close to each other, scowling hard all the time.

Now Tuffey rather prided himself on his high kicking, but it was foolish to try it at such close quarters. Anyhow, he did, and, of course, the result was that he seriously injured Sammy's nose, and Sammy, filled with indignation, proceeded to dance on Tuffey. In the course of this process they both got off the strong spot, and the next thing I remember is that the plank upon which my chair was flew up into the air, and I shot down a kind of avalanche to the regions beneath the stage. All the members of the company assembled there about the same time, so that, although the performance ended as abruptly as it began, the audience enjoyed a magnificent finish.

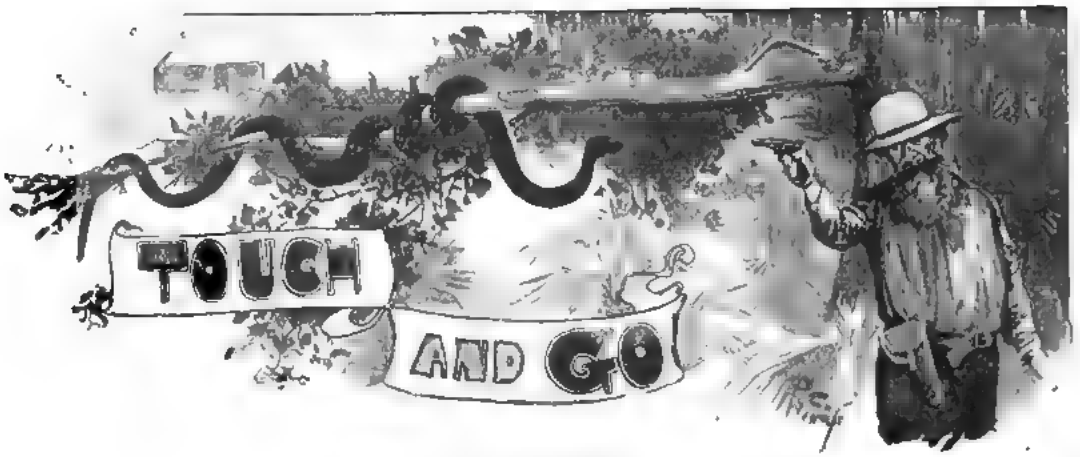
* * * * * *

I hope the poor little curate, by the way, didn't run into any extra expense before our balance sheet came out. We declared a deficit of 17s. 4d. Next year, in spite of remonstrances, we intend to revive the legitimate drama.

R. T. Baird.



THE BUTT OF LEWIS



By John Mackie.

Author of "They that Sit in Darkness," etc.

Illustrated by P. O. French.

It is the fashion for some people to smile when they hear of a snake or a shark story which seems to them a little more wonderful than usual, very often simply because they have had no personal experience of those things in wild Nature which appear to them so extraordinary, and because they may be opposed to all their preconceived ideas regarding them. Were the following snake story unique, I should be giving those sceptics a splendid opportunity for airing their scepticism; but I know of more than one case of a somewhat similar nature, although of none in which the victim ran such a double risk as I did.

Few men there are who have lived for years far beyond the pale of civilisation in the bush but can tell of some odd experiences with snakes. I, myself, have got into bed with one, and that a dangerous tiger snake; I have had one for my sole companion on the top branches of a tree in flood-time; I have trod on a death adder; and on a few occasions, which the readers of these pages may have heard of, I have been reduced to making them my staple food for two or three weeks at a stretch. And, let me say, by the way, that, contrary to my expectations, they were by no means bad eating; on one occasion, indeed, I actually picked up in condition, and grew to like them. But to my particular snake story.

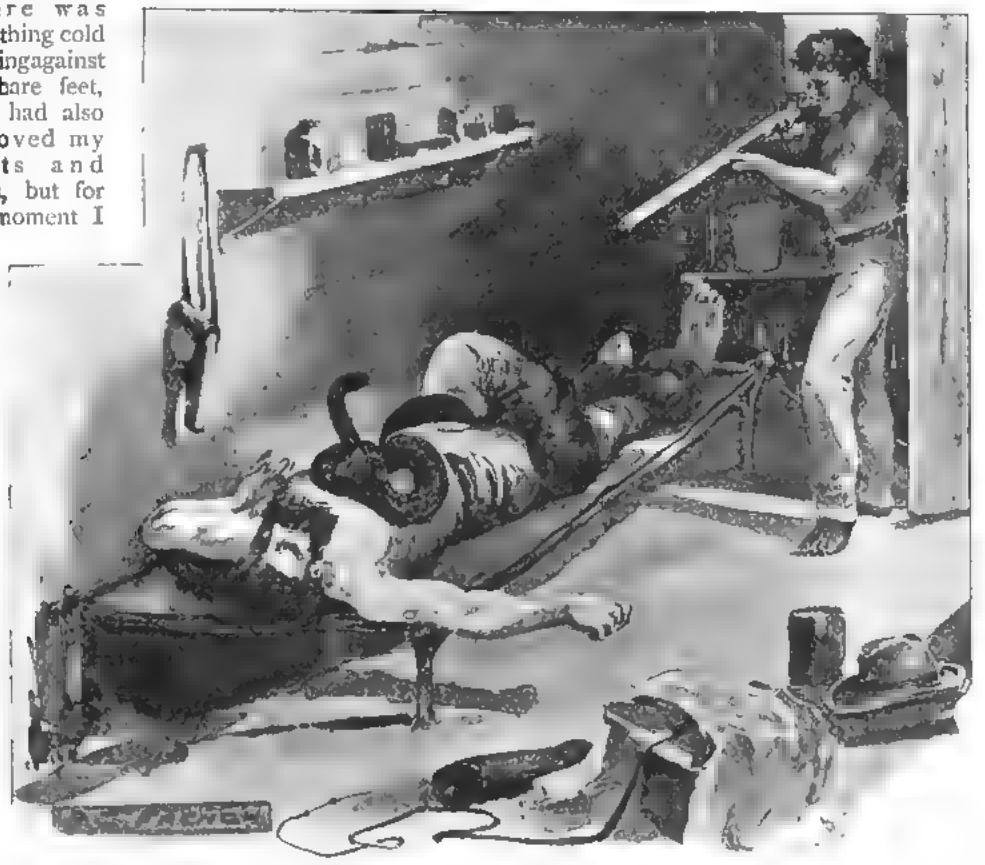
I was pioneering in the Gulf of Carpentaria, in tropical Australia, in the 'eighties, and had built a house and yards on a great river, which the Dutch, in the early days, called the Van Alphen, and which still bears that name upon the map. It was a terribly wild, rough place, and, what with fierce, cunning alligators in the rivers, and bold, hostile blacks on the mountain ranges—a spur from which came down to within a mile and a-half of my place—I had a lively time of it. But it exactly suited me in those days, and I gloried in having something of an exciting and risky nature to tackle and overcome.

One day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, I lay in the long, low, bark-roofed hut upon my bunk, which simply consisted of four forked sticks driven into the ground, with cross pieces and long, horizontal saplings, upon which my blankets were laid. The hut was of the most primitive description, being built of undressed round posts placed side by side, which certainly was a condition of things favourable to light and ventilation, but, unfortunately, also to rats, iguanas, lizards, and, occasionally, snakes.

The sun was right overhead, and the day was a typical January one in the Gulf, the air quivering with a fierce white heat, which registered 124degs. in the shade, and sweltering and close at that—a common enough state of things in that part of the world. My two white companions had gone to look after some horses up the river, and I lay alone in the hut. A couple of black boys were amusing themselves over in their own quarters, after the manner of their kind, by whittling their nullah-nullahs by means of broken pieces of glass. The mid-day meal was over; I had finished my

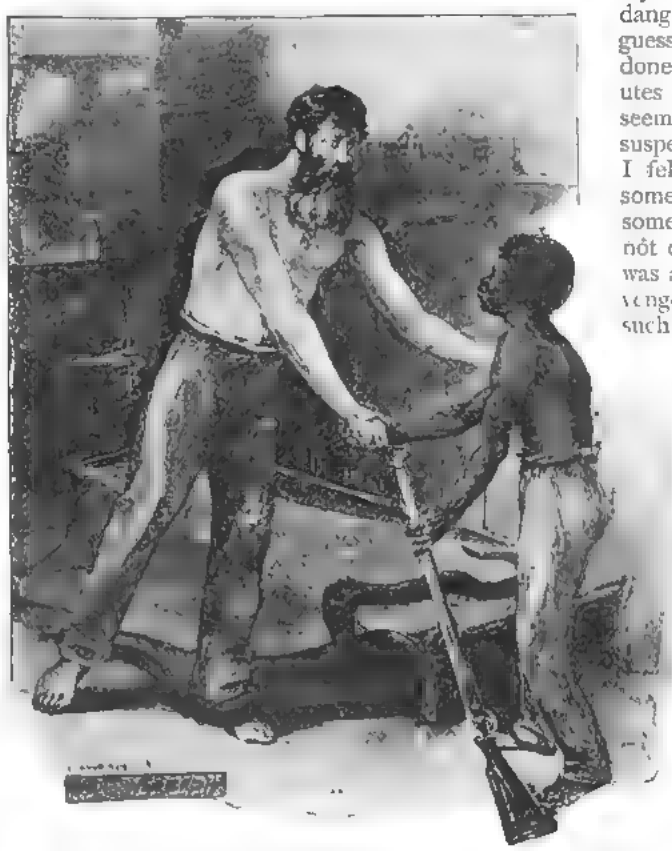
pipe, and lay back with my head resting on the pillow. It was so insupportably hot that I had taken off my shirt—a by no means uncommon thing to do in that go-as-you-please sort of country—and felt as if I would like to go to sleep—my revolver was in its pouch on a peg alongside.

I must have dozed off, for when I came to my senses I remember wondering vaguely what the matter was with the rats that they seemed to be scampering about in such a state of excitement. There was something cold pressingagainst my bare feet, for I had also removed my boots and socks, but for the moment I was so drowsy that it suggested nothing to my mind. With half-opened eyes I gazed lazily downwards; in another second my eyes were very wide open indeed, and I was as wide awake as ever I was in my life. Lying across my left foot, and slowly creeping up my leg, was a horrible black snake, one of the deadliest of its kind. It must have been between four and five feet in length. Now, snakes had always been my pet aversion, though, as I have said, I have hardly ever missed a sportive five minutes when the opportunity offered to fight them, and have actually been reduced to living upon them, so my enforced position may be better imagined than described. My first impulse was to shriek out and kick it violently from me, but for years my life had been one of continual schooling to face danger philosophically, and to retain my self-possession. I have owed my life to this self-restraint over and over again, though I am by nature of anything but a phlegmatic temperament. I instinctively realised that to make a move would be to commit a fatal mistake, for in a second that brown, flat, ugly, and repulsive head, with the glowing beady eyes, would be poised in air, and the jagged fangs would strike home with the rapidity of lightning. Again, if I called out to the black boys, they might, in their excitement, be guilty of rashness, and simply precipitate matters. My calling out, so far as the snake was concerned, would not matter, for I have often



"ALL RIGHT, MASTER! YOU JUST LIE PLENTY QUIET."

found snakes evidently quite regardless of the human voice. Another thing I have never been able to understand is, how a snake will on occasion quietly and leisurely crawl all over one, seeing and knowing that one is alive, and at another time, and as is usually the case, will hasten to make good its escape when anyone approaches. The only theory I can put forward is, that in the first place it depends upon the season and the mood of the snake, and in the second, its devilish cunning enables it to know when it can do this with impunity; for, so far as man is concerned, the only snake that takes the aggressive is the cobra.



"YARRY, YOU'LL HAVE A NEW SADDLE AS WELL AS A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

The smooth, cold feel of its loathsome brown body as it drew its sinuous coils over my feet I shall never forget as long as I live, and still, strangely enough, I had no time to be afraid. I only speculated mentally as to how long the reptile would prolong the agony of its presence, for I knew that if I were only able to sufficiently control my feelings and my actions, and no one appeared upon the scene, it would probably quietly glide off me again, all in its own sweet time. But the question was, could I hold myself in? I doubted it. The very feel of its cold, clammy body sent agonising and indescribable shivers shooting all through me.

Slowly it crawled up my left leg—I was lying on my right side—and then I felt its cold coils settle down on my bare skin upon my left side. What was the evil reptile going to do? Did it intend to remain there for ever? My right hand was under my head, and I had not budged a hair's-breadth since I became conscious of the snake's presence. Looking downwards and sideways, I could see its dark brown head moving leisurely and slowly from side to side, with forked tongue darting at intervals from its half-open mouth. I chafed with rage to think that I was lying there so utterly in its power, when, if I only had a few feet of open ground, and a supple stick in my hand, the game would be the other way about.

How long that reptile remained camped on my bare body it might be dangerous to hazard a guess. It may only have done so for fifteen minutes but at the time it seemed fifteen years. The suspense was too terrible. I felt that I should do something rash if help of some sort or another did not come at once, and it was a living death with a vengeance to be lying in such a position. I could endure it no longer. I cooed to my black boy, Yarry. The snake did not seem to hear my voice — at least, it paid not the slightest attention to it. In another second I heard the black fellow sing out:—

"All right, master! I'm coming."

Then I heard the patter of his bare feet, and as he reached the doorway I stopped him with my voice. At the same instant he saw the snake, and uttered a very pronounced ejaculation. He made a sudden movement.

"Hold hard!" I cried, feigning a coolness I cannot say I felt. "Don't make a stir, but do exactly as I tell you. If you don't, the snake will bite me. Whatever you do, don't touch it."

Looking down, I saw the head of the snake slightly lowered as it watched him intently. It recognised an enemy, and stood on the defensive. It coiled itself more closely over

my left thigh and side, and I could see it meant to remain there. With a lightning-like flash, an idea presented itself to me. The means were desperate, but any death was preferable to that by snake-bite.

"Is your hand perfectly steady?" I asked.

Being a savage, it took a good deal to shake his nerve, so he answered in the affirmative.

"Then, go quietly," I continued. "Behind the door you'll find my shot-gun, loaded. See that it's at full-cock. Get as close as you can to the snake, and blow its head off; but don't shoot me, if you can help it. Now, Yarry, be a good boy, and I'll give you a new suit of clothes if you kill him first shot."

"All right, master! You just lie plenty still," said he.

Yarry was a most excellent boy, and a splendid shot; nevertheless, the risk was very great. The snake's head was right over my heart, and if Yarry should become just a trifle nervous at the critical moment it might be all up with me. Certainly, a charge of shot through the heart meant nothingness in the twinkling of an eye; but death by the poison of a black snake—the bare idea was too horrible!

"Now, then, Yarry. Get as close as you can, so that the shot won't spread; but don't frighten the snake. Let its head be perfectly still before you fire."

He crept forward stealthily, as only a savage can creep; his great dark eyes fixed on those of the snake. The latter had ceased to move its head, and had fixed on the black fellow a gaze appalling in its malignity. I honestly believe that such is the love of sport in the heart of the Australian aboriginal that Yarry thoroughly enjoyed the stalking of that snake.

Then Yarry stopped, knelt on the ground within a few paces of me, drew a long, slow breath, and brought the gun to his shoulder.

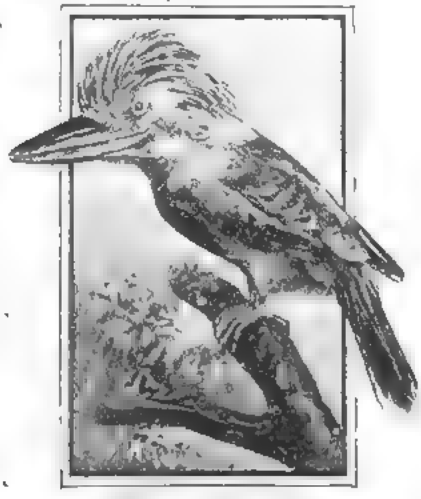
"Now, then, master, you lay quiet," he said, soothingly.

I held my breath. The snake raised its head. Would Yarry never fire? The suspense was terrible. Then a blinding flash and a roar, and I hurled myself from the couch.

He had blown the snake's head right off!

"Yarry!" I cried, as I shook hands with him—I have never lost anything by treating black people as fellow beings—"you'll have a new saddle as well as a suit of clothes."

And I saw to it.



THE LAUGHING JACKASS.

From a Photo by Geo. Newnes, Limited.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON.

The G P O. is 300ft. in length. The site cost £320,450, and the building itself £17,000. The number of people employed in this great Government institution is 11,000

When You Leave School.

I.—The Home Civil Service.

To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. Youth is wholly experimental. The chief charm of that restless period is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life.

Almost every boy, at some time or other, desires to be something that maturer experience shows that he could not or ought not to have been. In the first number of this magazine various eminent people gave to the world their boyish dreams. One or two of them, it appears, were always eminently proper and correct, and their desires went hand in hand with their capacities, but by far the greater number had wild ambitions of all kinds, ranging from the glory and dash of a horse artilleryman to the more prosaic life of an omnibus conductor.

I, too, remember a time when my chief ambition in life was to be a chimney sweep, though later, when loftier conceptions prevailed, I decided that the woolsack must be my destination. From the dreams of early boyhood to those of early youth is a far cry. The young man is as likely to over-estimate his own abilities as the boy is to under-estimate them. The task of deciding on what particular calling he shall follow is very often fraught with the greatest difficulties for him. He has probably only a very vague idea of the possibilities and chances that various vocations afford, and he is as likely as not to make a wrong choice. It will be the object of these articles to set forth quite plainly the advantages and disadvantages of various professions and businesses for gentlemen, and also the best means of entering them.

Of course, these articles will not apply to those lucky ones whose vocations are at once decisive and precise—to the men who are born with the love of pigments, the passion of drawing, the gift of music, just as others are born with the love of hunting, or the sea, or horses. These are predestined: if a man love the labour of any trade apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him.

But most of us are conscious of no certain inspiration. We have to make our vocation as we go along, and often painfully carve out a niche for ourselves (to change the metaphor a little) in a world which could get on very well without us.

But for those who like to find a niche ready prepared for them, employment in the Civil Service, with its many branches, offers great attractions.

The life of the Civil Service clerk has been compared to the fountains in Trafalgar Square—one of play from ten till four. It may have been so in the good old days of patronage, before examinations were the rule; but now that almost all the appointments are thrown open to public competition, and promotion depends upon capability rather than favour, the conditions have somewhat altered.

The Home Civil Service, which gives employment to no less than sixty thousand people, covers an exceedingly wide range—from the lower appointments in the General Post Office to appointments in the highest divisions of state. It offers many attractions to the young man who is undecided about his career. It may not, indeed, give scope to the highest ambitions, but it offers, at all events, to the man of average ability an assured income for life. Her Majesty's Paymaster-General is very punctual in his payments, and the only fines or stoppages he makes are for income tax, which does not affect a man until he is earning £400 per annum.

In addition to an assured income, every civil servant is entitled to a pension on retirement. He is sure of a regular increase of remuneration as the years roll by, and he knows that promotion to the higher grades depends upon his own merit.

When it is also taken into consideration that, beyond the examination fees, employment in the Civil Service requires no outlay of any kind, it will be readily understood why so many men seek appointments under it. But perhaps the greatest charm of all that the Civil Service offers is the shortness of its hours of work. From ten till four, with an hour allowed for lunch, leaves only five hours work for the Civil Service clerk. After that he is free from worry or responsibility.

For a man with a hobby, an appointment in the Civil Service is a most desirable thing, and it is not by any means uncommon for employés in the Civil Service to considerably add to their incomes by literature, journalism, and other pursuits.

The branches of the Home Service may be thus stated: (1) First Division Clerkships, (2) Second Division Clerkships, (3) the Post Office, and (4) appointments filled by nomination and limited competition.

■

I. *First Division Clerkships.*—The appointments in this division comprise the small minority of directory clerks, and the qualifying examination is of a very stiff character. Many 'Varsity men go up for the examination after taking their degree at Oxford or Cambridge. The examiners are extremely rigorous, and allow no marks for any subject unless a good knowledge is shown in the examination paper. The limits of age are from twenty-two to twenty-four, and if the candidate is not a member of a university he cannot be admitted to the competitive examination until he has satisfied the Civil Service Commissioners that he is proficient in handwriting, orthography, arithmetic and English composition.

The subjects for the competitive examination are as follows:—

(1) *English.*—Composition; history; language and literature.
(2) *Language.*—Literature and history of Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and Italy.
(3) *Mathematics.* Pure and mixed.
(4) *Natural Science.*—Chemistry (including heat); electricity and magnetism; geology and mineralogy; zoology; botany.

Any number not exceeding three of these subjects may be taken.

(5) *Moral Sciences.*—Logic; mental and moral philosophy
(6) *Jurisprudence.*—Political economy.

The entrance fee for this examination is £5, and successful candidates may be placed in any of the following departments: Admiralty, Chief Secretary's Office (Ireland), Civil Service Commission, Colonial Office, Irish Constabulary Office, Customs, Ecclesiastical Commission, Exchequer and Audit Department, Home Office, India Office, Inland Revenue, Local Government Board (England and Ireland), Lunacy Commissioners, Patent Office, Post Office (Secretary's department), Record Office (England and Ireland), Science and Art Department, Board of Trade, Treasury, War Office.

None of these appointments are worth less than £150 per annum to start with. A great many of them have a commencing salary of £250 or £300 per annum, with a chance of rising to £1,000 or £1,200 per annum.

Candidates who are successful in the examination have the privilege of choosing, according to their place on the list, among the vacancies for which they are qualified. The posts with the highest salaries are offered first to those who stood highest in the examination. When new vacancies occur, they are offered in rotation to the qualified candidates on the list, who are free to decline them without forfeiting their claim to subsequent vacancies.

II. *Second Division Clerks.*—Since 1886, when the Civil Service was practically reorganised in accordance with the recommendations of the Royal Commission over which Sir Matthew White Ridley presided, the main body of clerks, termed Second Division Clerks, enter at the very small initial salary of £70 per annum. The examination, though not very severe, is very thorough, and the fact that there is keen competition for vacancies renders it necessary for candidates to be thoroughly proficient in every subject. As in the case of the higher examinations, a preliminary is necessary to weed out the "duffers."

Candidates must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty years, and must produce a certificate of birth when entering for the examination, as great importance is attached to the question of age.

In June, 1899, there will be some alterations in the subjects of examination. Latin will be introduced as a compulsory subject, and other changes will be made. Full particulars of the new regulations can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W.

The subjects for second division clerkships are:—

(1) Handwriting.
(2) Orthography.
(3) Arithmetic.
(4) Copying MS.
(5) Eng. Composition.
(6) Geography.
(7) Indexing or Docketing.
(8) Digesting returns into summaries.
(9) Eng. History.
(10) Book-keeping.

The examination, though not difficult so far as the subjects are concerned, is exceedingly "tricky," and the services of a thoroughly good coach are necessary for those who would make themselves safe.

An entrance fee of £2 is required from every candidate. The examinations are held simultaneously at London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and certain provincial towns, and notices of days of examinations are always advertised in the principal newspapers.

Appointments are offered in rotation to successful candidates, but the names of men who have reached the age of twenty-five without receiving an appointment are removed from the list.

As a rule, a considerable time elapses before the result of the examinations is announced, and the successful candidates generally have to wait a long time before they receive appointments,

although, while waiting, they are frequently temporarily employed as copyists.

TABLE OF SALARIES IN SECOND DIVISION CLERKSHIPS.

SALARY.					
£70	rising by	£5	per annum	to	£100
£100	,, ,,	£7 10s.	,, ,,		£190
£190	,, ,,	£10	,, ,,		£250
£250	,, ,,	£10	,, ,,		£350

Before a clerk's salary is increased from £100 to £190 he must obtain a favourable report as to his ability and good conduct from his official superiors.

Given average ability and good conduct, every second-class clerk will rise to a salary of £250 per annum; but there, unless he have special merit, he is likely to stop. Beyond these clerkships, there are staff posts, with salaries of £300 to £600: second-class clerkships rise to £500; first class clerkships from £400 to £600; and principal clerkships from £650 to £800 and £1,000 per annum, to any of which it is possible for second division clerks who show very special ability to succeed.

The second division of clerkships is largely recruited from boy clerks, who enter the Civil Service between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, at a salary of 14s. per week. These are chiefly engaged in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, in connection with the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, the Inland Revenue Department, and the Board of Trade.

III. *The Post Office.*—One great advantage of employment in the Post Office is that a clever man may easily work himself up from it into the higher departments of the Civil Service. An extension of five years is allowed in considering his age for other appointments.

CHIEF APPOINTMENTS IN THE POST OFFICE.

APPOINTMENT.	QUALIFICATION.	INITIAL SALARY.	HIGHEST SALARY TO BE OBTAINED
(1) Male Sorters in the G.P.O., London	Examinations in Handwriting, Orthography, English Composition, Arithmetic, and Geography (Exam fee, 1/-)	per week 18/-	per ann £113
(2) Male Learners in G.P.O.	ditto	12/-	£113
(3) Male Learners in Dublin, Belfast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Cardiff, Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne	ditto	6/-	£100

All candidates for appointments as male sorters must be not less than eighteen and not more than twenty-one years of age on the day of examination, and not less than 5ft. 4ins. in height; and must satisfy the Commissioners in respect of health and character. Male learners must be not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen years of age.

IV. *Nomination Appointments.*—To obtain any appointment where a nomination is necessary, a great deal of influence is required.

Candidates must have a first-class education, and a knowledge of one or two modern languages. Among the most desirable nomination appointments are:—

Clerkships in the Foreign Office.—To become a clerk in the Foreign Office, a nomination from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is necessary. The limits of age are from nineteen to twenty-five, and a clerkship in the Foreign Office offers better prospects for an ambitious man than any other appointment in the Civil Service.

A first-class education is necessary, proficiency in languages being especially requisite.

The remuneration of clerks ranges from £100 to £1,250 per annum; while in the Diplomatic Service a man may get anything from £5,000 to £10,000 per year.

Two of our most important ambassadors serving at foreign courts commenced their careers as clerks in the Foreign Office.

Another very desirable position is that of clerk in one of the Houses of Parliament. Nominations to these posts must be obtained from the Clerk of the House. The limits of age are from nineteen to twenty-five, and the prospects are very good, as the remuneration commences at £100 and may rise to £1,500. An examination in handwriting, orthography, arithmetic, English composition, history, and two other optional subjects, must be passed.

For appointments as assistants at the British Museum a nomination must be obtained from one of the three principal trustees—who are the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The initial salary is £120 per annum, rising to £450; while in the higher departments of assistant-keeper and keepers the salaries range from £500 to £750. Candidates must pass an examination in the usual Civil Service subjects, and show proficiency in one ancient and one modern language.

Full particulars about dates of examinations and necessary qualifications for all branches of the service may be had on application to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon Row, Westminster, S.W., and I shall be pleased to give any information on the subject to anyone who desires knowledge. Address all letters to the Employment Department of the Editor of "THE CAPTAIN."

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

"When You Leave School" will appear every month in THE CAPTAIN.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

CLEAR through the still, sultry air of the Australian night came a peculiar, mellow, bell-like note. Such a sound under any other circumstances might not have been calculated to create alarm, or give rise to even a momentary uneasiness. But in this vast solitude, miles away from any human habitation, where, save for the occasional croaking of a bull-frog, silence reigned supreme, that sudden break in the death-like stillness startled and perplexed both Rowland and myself. Besides, it was in the early days of the Colonies, when I was a mere lad, and the bush was teeming with escaped convicts, bushrangers, and desperadoes of every description.

I pulled in my nag, whisked round in the saddle, and looked inquiringly at my chum. Bending from his horse, with his ear towards the ground, he appeared to be listening intently. As I watched him, that strange, mellow note was once more wafted to us through the hush of the night

"What is it, Rowland?" I asked, feeling a bit scared in spite of myself.

"A bloodhound," he said.

"A bloodhound!"

"Yes. That note came from a hound hot upon the scent. Escaped convict, most likely."

"There it is again! Judging by the sound, they are making in this direction. We may as well wait and see the fun."

We drew our horses to the side of the track, and though they were restless and fidgety, as if apprehensive of some approaching danger, we quieted them with hand and voice. As for ourselves, the prospect of viewing this man-hunt, if such it proved to be, and probably joining in it, kept us keenly upon the alert.

Nor had we long to wait. Presently, from behind a low ridge to the right, came a deep-mouthed bay, and the next second a huge, dusky form, with great, flapping ears, bounded into sight. It was the bloodhound!

On he came at a gallop, his heavy jowls close to the ground, making straight past the spot where we had halted. He held steadily on his course, without once raising his head or taking the slightest notice of us. As I glanced back to ascertain who followed, I saw a horseman top the ridge and come tearing towards us. Close at his heels were half-a-dozen others, station hands apparently.

As the foremost dashed past, the look in his face quite startled me. Even in the dim light I could see that his features were stern and white, as if he had some deadly purpose in view. His eyes were never lifted from the dog; and, so intent was he upon the pursuit, he appeared as unconscious of our presence as if we had been miles away. I put out my hand and grasped Rowland by the arm, for I had recognised that rider. It was Harry Mowbray, the son of one of the largest station owners in the district.

Like a flash the whole troop swept past, one or two throwing a hasty, sidelong glance at us. Wondering what this wild chase meant, I shouted:—

"What's the row?"

One of the riders screwed his head round, and placed his hand to the side of his mouth.

"Bushrangers!" he called back. "Two o' the Dorans!"

I looked at Rowland to see what he thought of it, but he had already wheeled his horse round after Mowbray's party. Without a word being exchanged we each brought our spurs into play, and away we went in hot pursuit of

the flying troop. Our nags being fresh, we soon caught up to them, and then learned that the Mowbray station had been fired that very evening by a couple of the notorious Doran Gang.

LIKE A FLASH THE WHOLE TROOP SWEPT PAST.

It appears that old Mr. Mowbray had incurred the displeasure of the bushrangers by refusing to supply them with provisions and ammunition when called upon to do so. This was a course which, in those days, few of the settlers dared to adopt; they deemed it better policy to submit quietly to the outlaws' demands. In the present case the miscreants were not slow in taking vengeance for the rebuff. That evening two of the gang made their appearance at the station, brutally assaulted the owner, and left him for dead on the ground. Then, when they had seized the firearms, they set fire to the house and decamped.

An hour or so later young Mowbray rode in. He had with him a fine bloodhound, which he had brought out from England some time before. When he discovered what had happened he got together the station hands, put the hound upon the scent, and away they went after the bushrangers.

This information was jerked out in short, abrupt sentences by one of the younger men, as I galloped along at his side. Whether it was due to the indignation which this dastardly deed aroused, or to the mere recklessness of youth, I cannot say; but, at any rate, I entered keenly into the spirit of the chase. My blood was up; that wild, mad ride seemed to intoxicate me; I thought of nothing else but to overtake those two scoundrels.

An hour's hard riding brought us to a spot where the track ran through a dense patch of shrub. Suddenly a furious baying in front warned us to be upon our guard. It was not the bushrangers, however, but the carcase of a horse, which had dropped dead in its tracks. A little further on we came across the other animal, standing still under a tree, its head hanging down, its knees tottering, and evidently in the last stage of exhaustion. The saddles and bridles had been carried off.

"On, on!" roared Mowbray. "We have them now! They can't be far off!"

The bloodhound bounded forward, and away we went again after him. Presently, through the trees in front, I caught the glint of water; and in a few minutes we emerged upon the borders of a lake. As we pulled up our reeking horses on the bank, the hound threw his head into the air and bayed furiously. The reason of this was obvious. Far out upon the lake, where the starlight glittered upon its placid surface, we could see two dark specks moving slowly towards the opposite shore. The bushrangers were swimming across—already they had covered three parts of the distance!

"Divide, and gallop round by the shores," shouted Mowbray. "I will swim my horse across after them. Quick! There's not a moment to lose!"

"QUICK! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!"

The lake, or lagoon, as I afterwards learned, was situated some ten or fifteen miles from Sydney. A long arm of the sea ran up to within three miles or so of the place, but had no visible communication with the lake. The latter was oblong in shape, so that a boat could get across it in half the time that it would take to ride round by the shore.

Mowbray dashed into the water, while Rowland and I followed close upon the three men who diverged to the right. We made slow progress, for the ground was soft and swampy, and the obstructions caused by the roots of trees very nearly brought more than one rider to grief. Still we floundered on, eager to be in front of our fellows on the opposite shore.

Suddenly, as we urged our horses through that treacherous swamp, the silence of the night was rent by the most awful, the most unearthly shriek that ever sounded in human ears. It came right from the middle of the lake, out of the blackness which hung like a pall upon the water. That cry, so weird, so appalling, had never come from a human being. Young as I was, I knew what it meant; it was the scream of a horse in mortal terror.

With white, scared faces, we drew up our steeds and listened. But the cry was not repeated; an ominous stillness had settled once more upon the lake. After a time we rode on, and in half-an-hour or so we were joined by the three men who had gone round in the opposite direction. They had seen nothing of the bushrangers; but they, too, had heard that appalling shriek.

As to young Mowbray, we could find no trace of him. He was nowhere to be seen. With heavy, anxious hearts we searched along the shore of the lake, but could discover no sign of him. He was gone; horse and rider had disappeared in a strange and unaccountable manner.

All through that long night we rode up and down, calling out to each other, and searching eagerly in every direction. The bushrangers were now forgotten; all our thoughts were centred upon young Mowbray. When morning dawned, we discovered the empty boat concealed among the reeds that bordered the shore. But of our late companion we could still find no trace; nothing even to indicate what dreadful fate had befallen him.

Some distance from the lake we discerned a small hut, to which we instantly rode. The owner was a rough-looking, surly individual, from whom we did not succeed in eliciting the

slightest information. Though we strongly suspected him of being in league with the bushrangers, we could make no hand of him. He grudgingly supplied us with tea all round, and we took our departure again.

It was arranged that Rowland and I should go out in the boat, and station ourselves in the centre of the lake. From this point we could keep watch on every side while the others searched the shores. It was thought likely that the bushrangers might still be lurking somewhere among the reeds; and if we caught sight of them we were to signal at once to our companions.

The morning was a glorious one, I remember. As we pulled out across the clear, blue water, it was hard to realise that this tranquil lake had been the scene of some terrible tragedy the night before. On reaching the centre we laid down our oars, and sat for some time in silence, keeping a sharp look-out on every hand.

Presently, as the sun rose higher in the heavens, the heat began to tell upon us. The water looked so cool and tempting that I jumped up and whipped off my coat.

"Come along!" I cried to Rowland. "There's nothing stirring yet, and we'll have time to refresh ourselves with a dip."

My companion was just as keen upon a plunge as I was. In less than a minute we had both undressed, and were standing upon the thwarts of the boat.

"Now then," I said, "wait till I give the word. One—two—three—and away!"

No sooner was the last word past my lips than we each took a header over the side. The instant I was below that treacherous surface an indescribable horror—a sickening dread—took possession of me. Like a flash the meaning of that awful shriek the night before was revealed to me. *The water was salt!*

"BACK TO THE BOAT! I YELLED TO ROWLAND.

"Back to the boat!" I yelled to Rowland, the moment we came to the surface. "Quick! for your life! Splash—kick out—lash the water with your feet!"

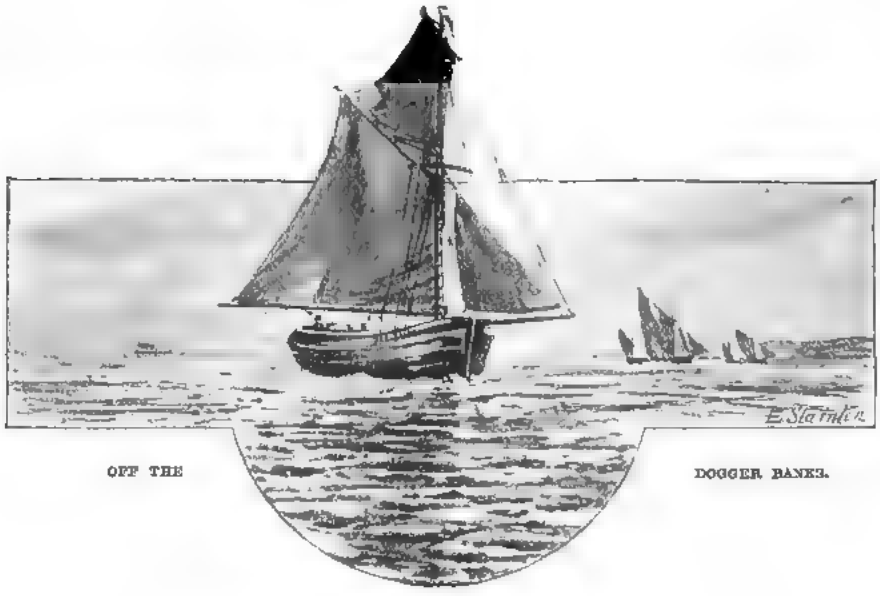
In an agony of terror I glanced around; and there, about thirty yards away, I saw something that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. It was an ugly black fin, that cut through the water with deadly swiftness. I knew well what it meant: *the lake was alive with sharks!*

In springing off we had kicked back the boat, and it had already drifted to some considerable distance. With desperate strokes we made for the spot, every second expecting to be seized from below by those sharp, cruel teeth. Oh! the agony of those few short minutes, during which we swam for our lives! We kicked, we splashed, shouted at the top of our voices, and even roared for help. Once, as I glanced beneath, I thought I saw the dull, white gleam of the monster as he turned over on his back.

To this day I cannot remember how I reached the boat. All I know is, that I gripped the side at last, and the next moment found myself sprawling at the bottom. Picking myself up, I seized an oar, and commenced to lash the water furiously, for Rowland was still at the mercy of the monster. When he was safely over the side, we both went down, all of a heap, in a dead faint.

Not until the fierce rays of the sun began to blister our bodies did we manage to pull ourselves together. Then we dressed hurriedly, and rowed away towards the shore. Mowbray's awful fate was now clear to us, and in our secret hearts we could only render thanks for our own deliverance.

The bushrangers must have been pulled down by the sharks ere they reached their goal; they were never seen or heard of again. Five-and-twenty years later I visited that same lake. It was no longer the wild, solitary spot where I had experienced such a narrow escape of death. The borders had been cleared, houses had sprung up around it; there was a comfortable hotel, and a newly-erected landing-stage. Upon the latter I noticed a board, which bore the significant warning, "Beware of Sharks!"



OFF THE DOGGER BANKS.

WHAT TO PAY FOR STAMPS.

By H. M. Gooch.

The question of "what to pay for stamps" involves certain precautions which the young collector especially will do well to regard. Stamp-collecting—like other pursuits—offers chances for the practice of deception by the knavish, although stringent measures which have been taken of late years have done much to expose the tricks of unscrupulous dealers, and prevent the sale of forgeries and other rubbish to those who are unable to judge the nature of what they are purchasing. Counterfeits, fac-similes, issues of real or imaginary local-posts, and barefaced reprints of certain stamps, have all had their day, or it is to be hoped that such is the case. Anyway, the junior collector may be certain that if he uses a reliable stamp catalogue he may pin his faith to the issues listed therein, as fraudulent issues are being exposed and dropped out of the catalogues. Thus it should be a matter for the exercise of common sense only to keep the collection free from rubbish.

Don't purchase or pay for anything offered at a tempting price unless the nature of the "bargain" is trustworthy. Quite recently there appeared upon the market a pretending set of stamps emanating from Bolivia, and supposedly issued to commemorate the opening of some railway. Dealers and collectors alike entered heartily into the noble cause which was being perpetuated! Due inquiries were instituted, and the whole business was laid bare as a swindle. The stamps were "bogus," being manufactured away from the supposed country of origin, and after having been despatched to a confederate in Bolivia, were distributed to the entire stamp-collecting world as genuine. "Bogus" stamps, however, are of uncommon issue, although the boy collector must be warned against parting with his money for that which in the end will give anything but satisfaction.

VALUE £20.

Of quite another character are the *forgeries* which at times are foisted upon the juniors, although no deception need be feared from reputable dealers, in whom alone the young collector is cautioned to confide. The early days of stamp-collecting were rich in their yield of "fakes," mostly, however, of such a poor nature that no mistake could be made as to their intent. Present day forgeries are mostly confined to rare stamps, or genuine stamps which have been operated upon to form a rare variety. The cheaper varieties are so numerous that forging them is not worth the candle.

Reprints are a class of goods which are more generally dealt in, although the leading stamp firms, to their credit be it said, now advertise, "We do not sell reprints." The large number of Heligoland, Suez Canal, early Argentine Republic, Sardinia, Alsace and Lorraine, and other issues figuring so prominently as "gifts" with some cheap packet, belong exclusively to this class, and are, of course, worthless. And here let me urge upon young collectors the caution of taking *cum grano salis* those advertisements which figure in certain quarters containing offers of stamps, which, if genuine, or in fine condition, could not possibly be supplied at the price offered. The aim should be to pay for quality and not quantity. This order is, alas! inversed, at least by many young collectors of the writer's acquaintance. Attention confined to genuine postage stamps in fine condition will be proof against ultimate disappointment and pecuniary loss.

VALUE £10.

So rapid has been the advance in price of certain stamps during the past two decades that it will be interesting and instructive to the young collector if we give a short table showing how stamps comparatively common twenty years ago are to-day rare and valuable. From this table he may gather something of the probable value of many stamps a few years hence which, in their turn, are likewise cheap and easy of acquisition to-day. The prices quoted in the following table are taken from three catalogues of the years 1876, 1886, and 1899.

Country and Issue.	1876		1886		1899	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Brunswick, 1852, 3s., gros vermilion	1	0	2	6	12	6
Canada, 1851-57, 10d., blue ...	2	0	7	6	30	0
Ceylon, 1857, 6d., brown ...	0	2	1	0	15	0
Dominica, 6d., green	0	4	0	6	6	0
France, 1849, 15c., green ...	0	6	1	0	10	0
Gt. Britain, octagonal, 10d., brown	0	4	1	6	7	6
Holland, 1852, imperf., 15c., orange	0	2	0	4	1	6
Nevis, 4d., orange	0	8	0	6	30	0
Nevis, 6d., grey (litho) ...	0	8	1	6	200	0
Nova Scotia, 6d., green ...	1	6	5	6	45	0
St. Vincent, 1869, 6d., yellow	0	4	1	6	50	0
Tuscany, 1, sol, yellow ...	2	6	3	6	45	0
United States, 1869, 90c. ...	1	6	10	0	50	0
West Australia, 6d., bronze...	3	0	6	6	50	0

Striking testimony to the stability of stamp collecting is afforded by the solid basis upon which its "market" rests. The stamp market provides ample opportunity for investment, with one advantage, the less favoured investor from

the monetary standpoint has an equal chance of realising good returns with the man of means; the rate of interest will depend in both cases upon the prudence of the investor and the amount of knowledge which he is able to display in the exercise of his predilections.

Various laws govern the financial side of stamp collecting. Whether the specimen be rare, medium-rare, or common, all the difference in the world will be made in its value if it be a poor copy or a fine one. The distinction applies especially to rare stamps. Illustration No. 1 furnishes ocular demonstration of two stamps, which we will take as subjects for explanation of this theory. The Ceylon stamp is a fine—but not unusual—copy of the early issue with "star" watermark, imperforate, 8d. brown. Its value in the condition as illustrated is £20. Now this stamp, or its duplicate, could possibly be purchased for £10, but only by the sacrifice of excellence in condition which is shown in the specimen in point; or, in short, it is a fine, lightly cancelled copy with fair margins, good colour, etc. The stamp at £10 might be more or less heavily cancelled, "cut close" as to margins, and with other defects would lose 50 per cent. of its real value. The same applies to the Winterthur stamp (Swiss Cantonal issue). It is a nice, unused specimen of this rarity, worth £10, this amount being assured by its large margins and the dividing ornaments shown on the top and left sides, which *might* have been sacrificed to the scissors, to its detriment.

The investor blessed with means for the acquisition of rare stamps will understand, therefore, that the question of "what to pay for rare stamps" will be best answered by the condition of the specimens he is brought into contact with. Be they *fine*, he may rest assured that time will prove a good return on his outlay, although the amount paid might represent "full value," or often the catalogue value. Let

FACE VALUE, 17s. 6D. MARKET VALUE, £27 10s.

him beware, however, and think twice before purchasing at any high price a rare stamp which could not take rank as a "fine" copy.

Our earliest recollections of stamp collecting, and the many aspirations which we enjoyed in building up the first collection, include a well-remembered desire for the acquisition of "bargains." How well one remembers the profitable exchanges with other school-fellows, who, alas! knew as much as we did about the question, and often more—to our loss! But, nevertheless, if the road to success is a little rough, we learn wisdom by experience. In illustration No. 2 we have a trio of stamps, from which a lesson may be inculcated upon the subject under consideration. In purchasing stamps—and the assiduous collector is recommended to expend upon his collection a regular sum monthly or annually, according to ability — it will be well

SURCHARGED.

STAMPS WORTH KEEPING.

to remember that unused stamps, especially of British Colonial origin, will always retain their original value, while they may increase considerably in proportion to their scarcity. As the market goes to-day, unused colonials of current issue can be purchased approximately at double face value for stamps up to 4d., face and a half for stamps from 6d. to 1s., a 2s. 6d. stamp for 4s., a 5s. stamp for 7s. 6d., 10s. specimens for 14s., and so on up to £5, and stamps of even higher face value in proportion. At these prices, or cheaper if possible, one must keep his eyes open. A safe investment is being made, and in the end one may be sure of reaping a fair return on his outlay, with the possibility of striking a mine through the judicious acquisition of certain stamps, which for some reason have "risen" in value. Fig. 2 shows three stamps of Lagos, of comparatively recent issue—1885-87—purchasable at the time for 17s. 6d. in the colony, or a little more in the home market. Their lowest value at the moment is £5 5s., £7 10s., and £14 each, respectively, or an aggregate of £27 for the three, which surely represents a fair rate of interest for twelve years on the original outlay? We leave the reader to work out the exact figures for himself. This is no isolated example of what may be done, and has

SURCHARGED.

been done, in stamp collecting. The moral is just this. The collector, regular and judicious in his expenditure upon unused stamps, should have nothing to regret in losses.

It may be asked, "Where are such stamps to be obtained?" The reply is: "Fix on a reliable dealer who, once he knows your desires, will study the same mutually."

Fig. 4 represents two stamps which enlarge the views just expressed. They are 5s. stamps, and both of them were purchased by the writer for a small sum above face value. At the moment of writing, each has been replaced by new designs, and, as they become obsolete, their value is at once enhanced, and may be relied upon to climb up rather than to fall. The St. Vincent stamp graces any collection—it is probably the handsomest specimen of the engraver's art which has ever appeared upon a postage stamp; while the Malta crown value with the representation of the Maltese Cross is unassuming but striking.

We proceed with our remarks, although sufficient has been said to impress the fact that even with the great increase in the stamp business to-day and the consequent large number of hunters in the philatelic field, yet, to the discriminating collector, the lucrative side of stamp collecting has not disappeared.

A *surcharge* frequently enhances the value of a stamp. "Provisionals," as they are called, are well worth acquiring while they can be obtained at a fair percentage above face value. As an illustration of this, the two stamps shown in Fig. 5 are examples. The St. Vincent stamp was issued in 1881 to supply a temporary lack of half-penny labels in the Post Office. The sixpenny label was perforated up the centre so as to form two halves, and upon each of these the required value—"½d."—was printed. Those who purchased at the time—as many did—have no cause to regret their outlay. The market value of the pair is £4 4s., in the condition illustrated; their original cost was 1d. Surely a good return, and well worth the price paid. The late British East Africa Company's stamps (the company has now been transferred to the Crown) is another example of the enhanced value of certain surcharges. For use in the territory administered by the company the current stamps of Great Britain were overprinted with the company's name and new values in "annas." We well remember the appearance of these stamps in 1890, the three varieties—½a., 1a., and 4as.—being at the time procurable at a little above face value. To day the stamp illustrated is worth £4, and the other values are scarce. Numberless cases could be cited of equal interest, some of greater, but the two stamps in point will be sufficient to point to the moral that money paid for surcharges is not necessarily thrown away. If it be asked, "What should one pay?" The reply is, it depends upon the stamp, the number issued, the price demanded, and perhaps more especially upon the sagacity of the collector. There are surcharges good and bad, profitable and unprofitable. The collector must learn to discriminate. If his knowledge be gained by a few losses he need not be discouraged; it will make him eventually a keener philatelist than he might otherwise have been.

MADE FOR COLLECTORS.

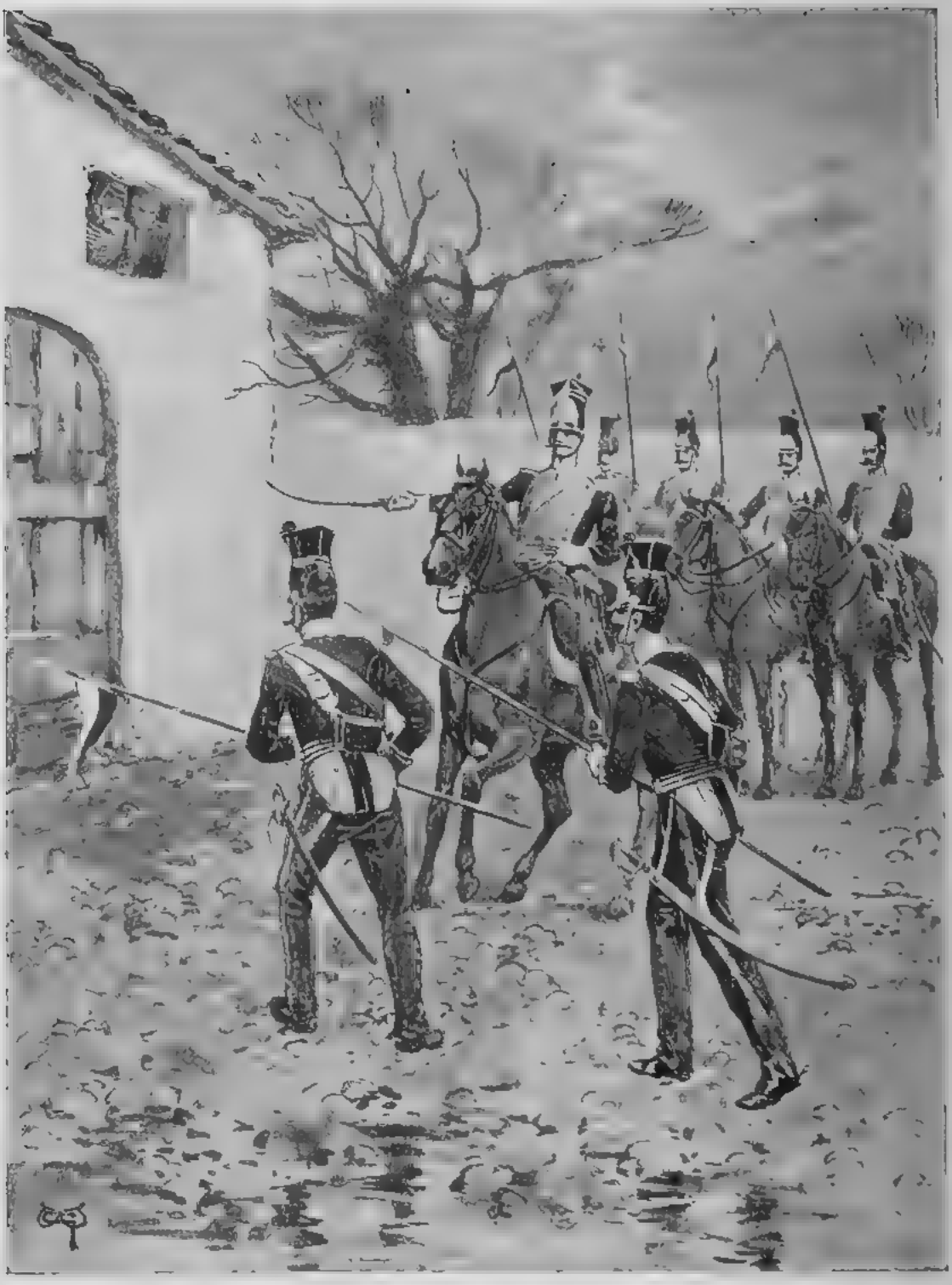
Coming down to the more ordinary varieties of stamps, we have an infinite number of varieties purchasable at ½d. to 3d. each, which the collector will do well to go in for freely, but remembering two points which, if learned, may save him ultimate disappointment. The first is, that a strict rule should be made not to purchase at any price a stamp in poor condition. By this term is meant a damaged specimen, a heavily-cancelled specimen, or one which could from any cause be classed as not fine. Make a point of choosing each stamp purchased, and let every specimen be such as could be termed "centre-clear," that is, used in such a manner that the design is free from blotchy and disfiguring obliterations. It may take more time to acquire such specimens, but the ultimate satisfaction will be great. No reputable dealer will endeavour to sell torn or unpresentable specimens. The second point is, bear in mind that the commoner varieties, if purchased in quantities, will be cheaper than when purchased singly, and as an illustration of this we might mention a custom pertaining to the stamp trade to-day which permits customers to purchase stamps priced in the catalogues 1d. each at 5s. per hundred, stamps priced at 2d. each at 11s. per hundred, 3d. each 17s. 6d. per hundred, and so on, but the collector will find that each dealer has his own method of transacting business, and will, as a rule, endeavour to meet his customer.

Stamps in *sets* also can often be purchased cheaply, and this method of adding to the collection can be made a lucrative one.

Used stamps of high value are well worth acquiring at reasonable prices. All denominations of the equivalent of one shilling and upwards should be specially sought for, and for the scarcer varieties of British Colonials a sum below the original face value paid for a fine specimen should not be considered thrown away.

One last piece of advice. Don't purchase stamps "made for collectors," unless disaster be courted.

A larger number exist; two are illustrated herewith. If such come across the path there will be no need to absolutely ignore them; they possess a certain interest, but don't purchase them. Needy countries are not above trading upon the good nature of the poor stamp collector; hence the long list of unnecessary issues which could be cited; but this is a subject in itself.



"SERGEANTS . . . BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR!" (See page 196.)

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SYNOPSIS.—(CHAPTERS I.—IV.)

IT is the period of the great Peninsular War, and Will Mortimer, the hero, is home from Westminster School for the holidays. He is wild to go a-soldiering, and the presence of a recruiting party in the village adds fuel to his desire; but his father, Squire Mortimer, will have none of it, and Will makes up his mind to enlist. News of the victory of Salamanca arrives by the coach. The village turns out, and Will, imploring his father for the last time, learns that the dear old pater has bought him a cavalry commission! His mother, his sister Patty, and her friend, the pretty daughter of the village parson, are terribly distressed at the intelligence, and Will's joy is considerably damped; but before he has time to realise his position down comes his uncle, Dick Datchett, a dashing captain in the 10th Hussars, with the announcement that Will has been gazetted cornet in the 1st Royal Dragoons, then serving in Spain, and that he must start at once for the seat of war. Captain Datchett is going with him, and, after a few hasty preparations, they ride away to London with the Squire, who has presented Will with a favourite black mare, Ladybird, which is to share his fortunes for good or ill.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH WILL SAW HIMSELF IN A GLASS, AND THE LAST OF LONDON TOWN.

IT wanted still a few minutes of eight as they crossed the green, and the squire began to trot.

Will leaned forward to gaze at the windows of the parsonage, in hopes that Mary Robin might be visible, but it was a forlorn hope, as he feared, Miss Mary being at the breakfast table in the sunny little room which looked out on the other side of the house, where the good old parson was shrewdly guessing in his own mind the cause of his daughter's pale face and unusual silence, though all unconscious that the cause was already passing at that very moment with a heart as full as pretty Mary's.

The green, the parsonage, the bridge over the brook, all faded into a memory as the squire held remorselessly on his way, and if Will had kept a diary of the next ten miles, I am afraid it would have been a very incoherent, blotted affair.

The "Peacock," seen for a moment and then gone—perhaps for ever from his sight—the old stonebreaker, of Burgoyne's Light Horse, seen for a moment crawling to his work and stopping, astonished, to pick up the coin Will dropped at his feet, and then *he* also gone—in *reality for ever*, as he died that winter—but back to the "Peacock" that morning with the shilling that was a fortune to him!

"Dead Man's Copse"—Long Hill—the rise that the coach had taken at full speed—were all left behind, and then the bend in the road shut out the last glimpse of the valley, and Captain Dick came up alongside him and began to chatter.

He chattered all the way up to London, a good thirty miles; he chattered all the rest of the day, and the day after; he was in the best of spirits, and why not, for the squire paid one or two pressing debts for him and performed various little good offices for the dashing fellow in blue and silver, which were afterwards repaid with interest to another dashing fellow in scarlet and gold when uncle and nephew reached the seat of war.

Will's uniform was a great success, and fitted him like a glove.

It was made according to the new regulation, which had just abolished cocked hats, top boots, and white braiding for the heavy cavalry.

Will viewed himself in the tailor's long mirror with pardonable satisfaction, and this is what he saw.

Upon his curly head a helmet of black leather with a gilt crest, from which hung a mass of horsehair halfway down his back, while the royal

monogram and crown glittered on the plate in front above the peak, and heavy gilt scales met under his chin to keep the whole in place.

A tight scarlet coatee set off his deep chest and broad shoulders, and was fastened by hooks and eyes, on either side of which—from the top of the deep blue collar to the crimson waist-sash—was a wide strip of gold lace with a blue line down the centre, which lace also edged the funny little hooked-back blue skirts that lay on each hip and gave him a curious perked-up appearance.

Round the hips was a white belt supporting the straight sword in its steel scabbard and the hanging sabretache of black leather, and across his breast, from the left shoulder-strap, a white cartouche belt carried the black box that felt strange at first as it kept tapping him in the back.

Trousers of blue-grey cloth, with a wide scarlet stripe at each seam, were strapped under his boots, and, holding the long gauntlets in his hand, he slowly revolved until he had drunk his fill, neither the squire nor his uncle being in any hurry to disturb him.

"I like it all but the head-piece," grunted the squire at last; "and that is too French for my taste."

"Better than the old hat, which lost its shape in a shower, though; and that horse-tail will turn a sword-cut," said Captain Dick Datchett. "Like it, Will?"

Will did not trust himself to speak, but nodded over the stiff stock, which hurt him, and drew on his gauntlets.

And, oh! the delight of stalking down St. James's afterwards, in uniform for the first time—ringing music out of the pavement with his spurred heels on one side of the squire, while Captain Dick kept up stride and jingle with him on the other!

They had been in town three days, and the horses had been sent down to Portsmouth in charge of the captain's servant.

The nine large trunk-mails, valises, and chests, which Mrs. Mortimer had packed with her own hands and forwarded by coach, had been duly overhauled, and a selection of their extraordinary contents stowed away in two small portmanteaus by the captain, and these, with two similar campaigning trunks for his own use, stood in the passage of his lodging ready for the post-chaise, which was to be at the door at nine o'clock precisely. The lad had already been down to Westminster, regretting bitterly that it was vacation time, and there were none of the fellows there to envy him; but he had visited Dean's Yard, and the familiar spots of his school days, and sent up his name to Doctor Page, of flogging celebrity, who had received him graciously, and said something appropriate in Latin.

DOCTOR PAGE HAD RECEIVED HIM GRACIOUSLY.

Will fumbled with the fringe of his sash, but could not recollect an appropriate reply until he had left. However, he had shown himself in the King's Red Coat, and said, "Latin be hanged! It's French I want in battalions, not books!" as he swaggered past the sentinels at the Horse Guards, who winked at each other, which was the only relaxation discipline allowed.

Lights began to twinkle in the streets—then much narrower than they are now—chariots, with powdered footmen behind them, rolled majestically along, bearing turbaned dames and dainty ladies to the play, or the rout, and many an admiring glance was cast at the young dragoon who was so soon to carry his gay trappings to the famous peninsula, the grandest theatre of life and death in which our armies have ever played their part.

Half a dozen officers had dropped in to bid farewell to Dick Datchett, among them some mutilated fragments of a light infantry major who had left a considerable portion of himself in the

breach at Cuidad Rodrigo, and was lamenting that there was not enough of him remaining to draw sword again.

The poor squire was wishing that the major's voice had gone with his limbs, for his reminiscences were loud and bloodthirsty, but the chaise drew up beneath the windows with a clatter, and Captain Dick cried, "Time's up!"

The next page in Will's mental diary was a vivid one, on which he often dwelt in the years to come.

A little crowd of passers-by, attracted by the four post-horses and the chaise-lamps; a bright light from the open door of the house, with the officers silhouetted against it, and the squire, bare-headed, at the chaise window, with a set face and a deep "God bless you, boy"; then someone saying "All right" to the postillions; a jolt and a grinding of wheels against the kerbstone, and Captain Dick crying, "Now we're off!" and off they were.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW CORNET MORTIMER RODE TO JOIN HIS REGIMENT AND MET WITH AN ADVENTURE EN ROUTE.

It was raining hard.

Not an honest, English downpour, but a pitiless drenching torrent which the wind whisked under your cape, and down your neck, and soaked into your very skin; never ceasing for a moment, but ever descending on the dreary Spanish plain until the ground could hold no more and was covered fetlock deep with a sheet of water that shivered at every gust.

"Pull up, Will! We've lost the road again," said a disconsolate voice. "I'm nothing if I'm not at my wits' end!"

"PULL UP, WILL! WE'VE LOST THE ROAD AGAIN."

Will pulled up, and the pair presented a picture of the most intense physical discomfort as they cowered side by side in the waning light of the November afternoon.

Will's new red cloak had become a dull crimson, and from the top of his helmet to the shoe of his scabbard he was spattered with liquid mud, which the rain washed down in brown rivulets to fall from him in great turgid tears into the water.

They were almost hidden by the steaming of their horses, and, with the animals done up, and night approaching, they were certainly in bad case.

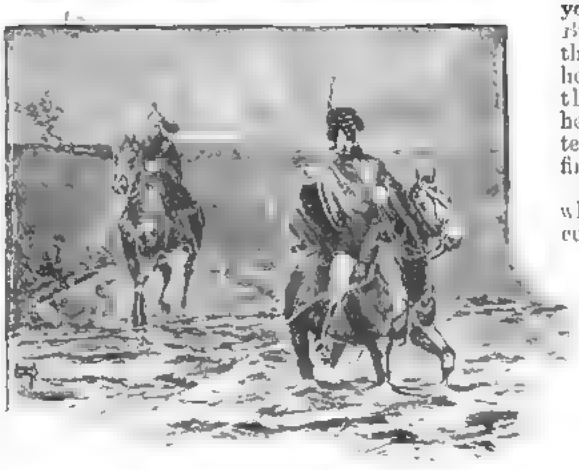
"If one could only see fifty yards ahead one might find a landmark of some sort," growled Dick Datchett, vainly trying to peer under his hand, and getting the icy rain up his sleeve in so doing. "My saddle's saturated, and I might be sitting on a sponge."

"We might be sitting by a hot fire if we'd stayed in Rodrigo," said Will, shaking an irritating drop from the peak of his helmet.

"Never saw a hot fire in this beastly country yet, except at our own bivouacs," snapped the captain, who was out of temper with everything, and no wonder. "We must be miles from our way, but the question is, have we strayed right or left?"

"I say! Suppose we miss the army altogether, and fall in with the enemy?" suggested Will.

"Quite so," replied Captain Dick. "I'm wide awake to the possibility—but come on, we shall land somewhere if we follow our noses." And, with a great splashing, the two put their tired horses in motion again and vanished in the rain.



"HEAD HER UP STREAM!"

The day after their landing at Lisbon they had started up country to join the army, which at that particular moment was retreating towards them from the unsuccessful siege of Burgos.

Rumour of its movements had come down, and they had even encountered some disorderly stragglers and a convoy of wounded on their way to the general hospital at Santarem; and, armed with a route, they had ridden hard along the chain of posts which Wellington had established between Lisbon and Salamanca.

Hearing from a captain of the Royal Waggon Train that the marquis would probably retire on Cuidad Rodrigo, they had hastened to that place, only to meet more stragglers, who said the main body was close behind, and, pushing on into the open country north of the famous fortress, found themselves lost on the wind-swept plateau.

So far, Will's experience of "Sunny Spain" had not been encouraging. Portugal, with its filthy inhabitants, had been bad enough, but this was worse, and now, the furious wind increasing, the rain rolled in grey clouds that obscured everything, and made Dick Datchett seriously think of turning back.

Fate, however, decided that he should go forward, and that very suddenly, for his horse, without any warning, slipped and rolled, principally on its haunches, down a deep gully, and when he got the terrified beast on all fours again, he found himself a few yards from a rushing stream, with Will performing the same acrobatic feat in his rear.

Ladybird plunged and floundered, but at last came to a stand beside the captain, and the two comrades, after an anxious chorus of "Hurt?" to which they both replied with a simultaneous "No!" burst into a laugh for the first time that day.

"Egad, that was a near thing!" said Dick Datchett. "I fully expected you to break your neck. But we've landed on something at last—from the hoofmarks on the bank there's evidently a ford here, and we shall find shelter among yon trees if we find nothing else."

Beyond the stream, which swirled its swollen current rapidly by, a belt of forest stretched its leafless arms along the higher ground, with here and there a mass of ilex, or the evergreen oak of the Spanish Peninsula.

They learned afterwards that they had struck the River Huebra, and they were about to learn sundry other things before long, but, in happy ignorance of their position, they rode to the water's edge, and were soon battling their way across, by dint of rein and spur.

"Head her up stream!" cried the hussar. "It's strong as a mill-race, and up to my saddle-flaps!" But they had fortunately taken the right place, and emerged, almost abreast, on the opposite bank, cleansed of some of the mud, and scarcely more wet than they had been before.

The tempest roared among the branches above them, but there was a familiar sound about it, reminding Will of the wind in the elms at home, and how angry the rooks were on a stormy day.

"Now, boy, we must mind what we're about," said Dick Datchett, dismounting to tighten his girth, and bidding Will do the same. "I can tell you these Spanish forests often extend for miles, and it's as well to have a pistol handy, so let us prime while we're here."

Then they each drew their weapons from the saddle-holsters, and, under cover of their cloaks,

reloaded and primed afresh, keeping an eye meantime along the narrow road, which, deeply rutted by the wheels of bullock-waggons, wound into the gloom of the trees.

With the caution of an old campaigner, Captain Dick looked sharply about him on every side, but there seemed no life in the forest, and no sound but their own.

It grew darker, and the captain's brow clouded.

"We've made a mess of it, Will," he said, "and there's nothing for it but a miserable night in the open, drenched to the bone as we are."

"Shall we ride another half-mile, [illegible] it will be better than nothing, any way, with just the chance of meeting someone who could guide us," said Will, who was rather enjoying it than otherwise, all but the cold.

"As you like, but no farther," replied the captain. "If what they said on the road were true, that the army were only an hour or two behind, we must have passed the centre before now, and don't want to be made prisoners of war."

Accordingly, riding at a foot pace, with their swords cast loose in their sheaths, and the right hand ready for a dive into the holsters, they went on, seeing now with difficulty until the wood thinned out into a clearing, where a shapeless mass of buildings peeped over a low wall, in whose white and rather ghostly length, several gaps had been made.

"There we are," cried Will. "A monastery or else a *casa!* I told you so."

"Steady!" said the hussar; "I have seen such places before, and am rather down on them. We must ride round it before venturing in; it may be a guerilla stronghold, or a thousand things."

"But, surely, when we have come to fight the enemy for them."

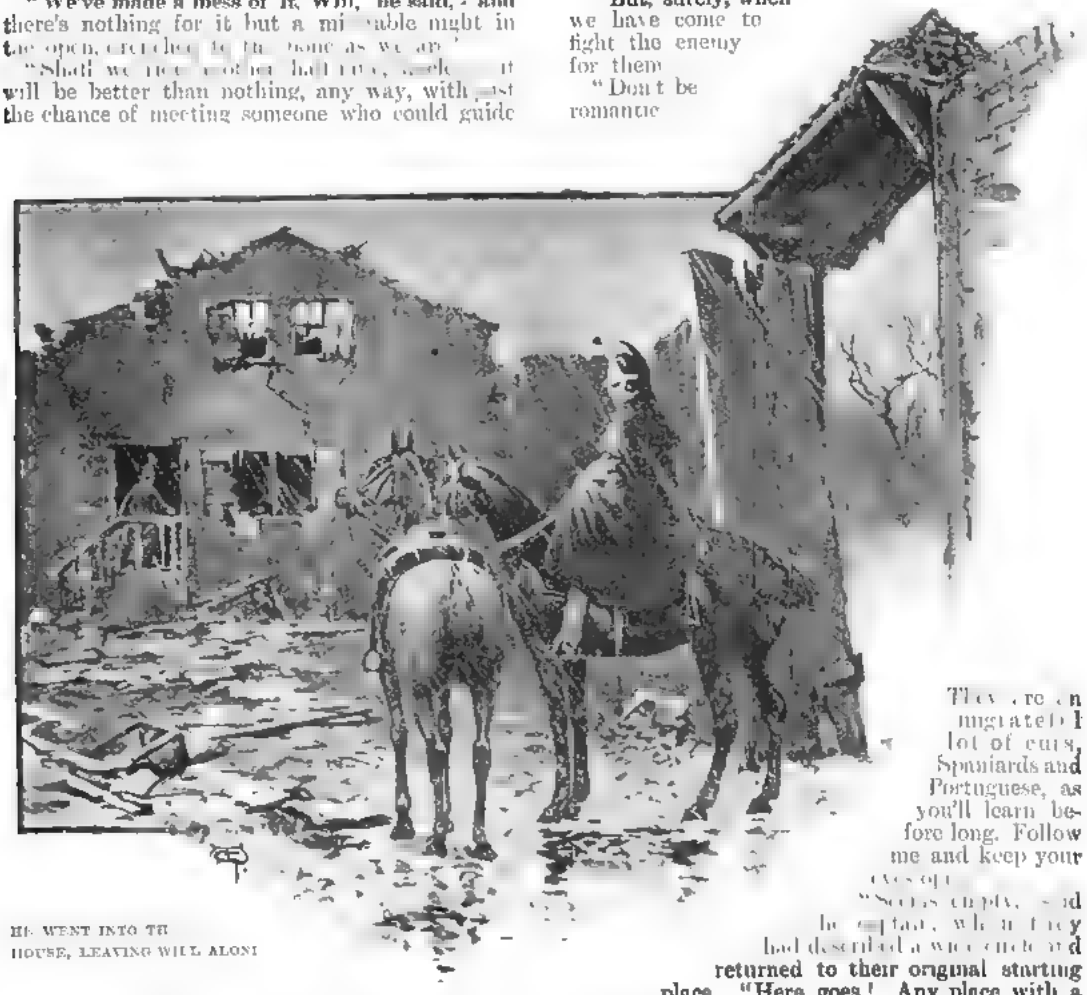
"Don't be romantic. They are an ungrateful lot of curs, Spaniards and Portuguese, as you'll learn before long. Follow me and keep your eyes open."

"Seems empty," said the captain, when they had described a wide circle and returned to their original starting place. "Here goes! Any place with a roof and four walls is better than this rain," and they rode boldly up to what had once been an arched gateway.

It was innocent of barrier, and led into a courtyard, at one end of which were the ruins of a large dwelling-house, the upper story charred and roofless.

Tattered books, a broken table, some pictures, fluttering in shreds just as they had been thrown from the windows, littered the courtyard, and Dick Datchett muttered to Will, "The French have been here—this is their trade mark."

Will's imagination immediately vested the spot with the most romantic interest.



HE WENT INTO THE HOUSE, LEAVING WILL ALONE

The speed with which they had made their journey from Lisbon had prevented them from visiting scenes of havoc, though such were plenty on the road, and had been vividly described by the captain; but here was pillage and ruthless destruction presented to his eye, and the dusk which veiled the place only added fresh mystery and charm!

"Do you think there's been a fight here lately?" he said, as the hussar dismounted and drew his sabre.

"No, man! All this was done months ago from the look of it," replied the captain. "Hold my horse while I make sure that we have no companions," and he went into the house, leaving Will alone, with the drip of water from the projecting eaves and the melancholy flapping of a half-burned shutter hanging by one hinge.

He was not away long, and Will, listening with all his ears, could hear him pass quickly about the place and then come out again.

"Pah!" he ejaculated in disgust. "Let us try yonder building at the other end of the courtyard—there are seven skeletons in here!"

Will's back began to creep, and he followed the captain in silence to a long barn, roofed with tiles, which proved, upon examination, to have escaped the flames and to have been occupied quite recently.

The captain prodded every corner of it with his sabre (for it was now perfectly dark), stumbled over a pile of musty hay at the far end, and called to Will to bring the nags inside.

"Probably a mule team halted here at mid-day," he said. "I've found a collar with the bells attached to it," and he jingled them as he spoke. "If we can barricade the door against intruders we'll try to make a fire and bivouac till daybreak. I've slept in worse places than this on the way to Corunna."

Will's teeth clattered with the cold, and he was glad to dismount. The barn, or stable, or whatever the original owner had used it for, felt warm by comparison with the icy wind outside, and the gorgeous hussar who had "badgered the War Office people" proved himself a remarkably handy fellow, and very fertile in resource, when it came to "roughing it."

"Get rid of your cloak, boy, and leave the horses just now: there's sufficient wood in the yard to build a ship," he cried, gaily. "They've been kind enough to leave some planks on the hinges, and half a door is better than no back wall."

Between them they dragged several broken shutters and portions of burnt beams into the building, and, with the help of stones and fallen tiles that littered the court, they closed up the entrance against wind and rain, and any prowlers that might be abroad.

Captain Dick next set to work to light a handful of hay, and the ruddy blaze showed them the full extent of their temporary quarters and something they had missed in the darkness, a steep ladder leading to the loft overhead.

"Gather all the dry stuff you can lay hands on, Will. We must have a fire before we do anything else," he said, feeding the flame with more hay to keep it going, and in a few minutes their ears were regaled with the merry crackle of burning wood.

"Ha! If some of those dandies at home could see me now!" laughed the hussar, stripped to his shirt, which was steaming like a baker's oven as he held his jacket, turned inside out, to the fire.

"I wonder who those people were?" murmured Will.

"What people?"

"Those skeletons over there"—and his voice was awestruck.

"Oh! Peasants I should think," replied the captain, "or possibly the farmer and his family, who were not used to French politeness, and had the bad taste to make themselves disagreeable."

"But, uncle," persisted Will, "do you mean seriously that the French are murderers, as that major up at your rooms made out? I thought—"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the captain, wringing the sleeves of his pelisse, "they have done some dastardly things during the war, especially after a defeat; not that it is to be surprised at when one looks at the insolent, lazy natives here, who are the personification of cruelty both to man and beast, and think nothing of crucifying a wounded prisoner, or roasting him over a slow fire. The French troops are composed, like all troops, of heroes, hounds, and a leaven that is neither one nor the other. You'll meet all kinds, and you'll see many things that will chill your youthful blood. I must say that, personally, I like the enemy; possibly if I'd had the major's luck I might whistle another tune."

When they had dried themselves and rubbed the horses down, and swallowed their ration of sodden biscuit, and found nothing in the empty loft overhead to tempt them from the snug blaze, they sat and talked far into the night, until, drawing lots who should take first watch, and the vigil falling to Dick Datchett, that gentleman lit his pipe, while Will curled up in the hay and fell sound asleep.

The rain had lessened, but the wind still howled through the trees; now rising to a shriek as though the souls of those seven dead men yonder were clamouring to be avenged, now sinking to a melancholy moan.

Ladybird was uneasy in her mind, and looked round at the doorway several times.

Perhaps it was the cold air that blew into her corner, or some vague regret for the comforts of her old stable. Possibly it was that the break of the storm brought with it a warning of danger I know not; but she turned her shapely head and gazed, and always in the direction of the door.

Dick smoked silently until the pipe was empty, and stared into the glowing heart of the fire until he began to nod—when, looking at his watch, he found it was time to relieve guard, and roused his companion.

Will changed places with him, feeling a secret pride in his first night duty, and keenly awake to every flicker of the logs, every moving shadow cast by the flames on the dingy wall of the barn, which seemed wonderfully mysterious as he tried to see to the other end.

Once, when there was a lull in the wind, he thought he heard thunder in the distance; and again, when sitting up very suddenly out of a doze into which he had fallen in spite of all his resolutions, the same far-off crash came on the wings of the storm.

It roused him effectually, and he saw that it was morning, for through a crevice in the barricade the dawn was struggling.

The fire had almost died away, and he shivered a little. Reaching for his cloak, which was now dry and stiff with the mud of yesterday, he caught sight of Ladybird, her wide nostrils expanding and contracting, her ears moving backwards and forwards, and evidently on the point of neighing.

"Steady, beauty!" he whispered, springing lightly up and grasping her velvet muzzle, at the same time prodding Captain Dick with his foot. "Uncle! *uncle!* There's someone not far away! Look at the horses!"

The hussar was dreaming that he was driving a lion and a unicorn tandem across the Bay of Biscay, but the moment Will touched him he was on his elbow, and questioning him with a silent gesture.

There was no need for Will to reply, as a clatter of horses arose in the courtyard outside, and some short words, evidently words of command.

"Draw your girth tight and take up your curb-chain without a sound!" whispered the hussar, suiting the action to the word himself, and when he had done so he stole to the door and looked out.

He was back again at once, and his words sent a thrill through Will's veins.

"Caught like rats in a trap," said the captain. "The yard's full of French cavalry!"

Will opened his mouth as wide as the chin-scales of his helmet would permit, and laid a hand on his sword.

"No, no!" whispered the hussar. "That's no good. But bring your pistols with you into the loft—there's a window there."

"But the horses?" gasped Will. It seemed impossible that they were to abandon them.

"I WONDER WHO THOSE PEOPLE WERE?" MURMURED WILL.

"Fortune of war!" muttered the captain. "It's our only chance!" and the two comrades went softly up the ricketty ladder, holding their scabbards in their left hands.

To have called it a window was a courtesy to its construction, for it was simply a square hole across which a board had been fastened, which the storm or some previous visitor had wrenched away, but it answered their purpose all the same, and from it they looked down on a picturesque spectacle which under different conditions would have been interesting to them both.

A squadron of horsemen in blue uniforms, with pale yellow plastrons covering their chests, and wearing curious headgear not unlike the mortar board of a Doctor of Divinity, was ranged along the front of the ruined house, which they now saw by daylight to be of considerable size.

They were all tall fellows, and carried lances with red and white pennons fluttering gaily, and the men's saddles were covered with white sheep-skin that had a yellow scalloped edging.

"Polish lancers of the line, I think," whispered the hussar. "I'll be hanged if they haven't bivouaced in yonder house and never discovered us!"

"Perhaps they'll march without doing so?" suggested Will, all agape with curiosity at his first sight of the foe.

"No; that officer on the chestnut is giving an order now, and pointing with his sabre this way. See! here they come! Two sergeants, with beaks like hawks!"

A couple of stalwart non-commissioned officers rode towards the barn, with the unconcern of men accustomed to go everywhere and do anything, but at sight of the barricaded door they stopped to reconnoitre, and one of them turned back.

Will and the hussar watched him salute his officer, who made a gesture indicative of surprise, and returned with him to the other sergeant, who was scrutinising the great white barn under the peak of his lancer cap.

The officer had a fair moustache drooping over

his mouth, and the crimson ribbon of the Legion of Honour on the breast of his plastron.

"What! a barricade within sixty yards of our bivouac," exclaimed the officer. They could hear him distinctly, and Dick Datchett understood the French in which he spoke. "Who was in charge of the pickets last night—thou, surely, Grogowski?"

"True, it was I," said one of the sergeants, ruefully. "But I swear the storm was so great, and the darkness so black that——"

"You will be under arrest all the same," cried the officer, sternly. "Meantime, open that affair with the shafts of your lances."

The two sergeants dismounted, and were striding to the door, when the hussar thrust his head and shoulders through the hole above them, and, to the intense surprise of Will and the Poles, cried, "*Halte! Bon jour, capitaine!*"

The sergeants paused, and the officer, looking up with a comical expression of amazement, replied, after a pause, "*Bon jour, monsieur!* Chef d'escadron, if you please—the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, at your service—but you have the advantage, my friend?"

"Which I intend to keep!" said Dick Datchett coolly, at the same time levelling a pistol in each hand at the sergeants below. "I am something of a shot, Major Zaminski — you understand me?"

"*Hein!* Then you are an enemy, as I supposed," exclaimed the Pole, putting his head on one side.

"I'm playing a desperate game!" whispered the hussar to Will, as several other officers rode up to the major. "It's touch and go with our liberty, and a moment will decide!"

The officers, when they had looked up at the window and frowned, and pulled their moustaches like men in doubt, began to talk among themselves, pointing vehemently to the east, where the sun was rising, while the major shot his lower lip forward and squinted down his nose.

"Listen, Will," whispered his uncle, still covering the men beneath them. "That fellow could have us picked off by raising a finger. You see every man has a horse-pistol slung from his crossbelt, but my surmise is correct, and they dare not fire because our army is not far away and these lancers are in ambush — look at yon line of videttes over there, all standing in their stirrups — that means something!"

Datchett was very pale, for he knew the situation to be more than critical, and the officers were speaking in Polish.

"Show yourself, Will, and point your pistols into the air. They'll understand that perfectly," he muttered; but the council seemed to have come to a decision as he spoke, for the major laughed triumphantly up at them, and drew his sabre.

"Attention, my friends!" he said, in his guttural French. "Your idea was a very good one, *mais*—you cannot circumvent the Chef d'escadron Zaminski; it has never been done—bah, no!" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Your comrades are over there, quite close, it is true," pointing behind him into the sunrise with his glittering blade; "but this excellent wind blows from the north, ha—you see? — all things from the north have intelligence. Now, fire your pistols—a cannon, if you have one; it will make no difference."

"Gad, Will, we're done for!" exclaimed his uncle, bitterly.

"Sergeants," cried the Chef d'escadron Zaminski, "break down that door!"

THE TWO COMRADES WENT QUIETLY UP THE RICKETTY STAIRS.

(To be continued.)

WHEN TEDDY LOST HIS TEMPER

By the Author of "The Meanest Thing He Ever Did."

Illustrated by T. W. Henry.

DOLLIE'S back tyre, you know, had got punctured. I don't say *she* did it, and I don't say *I* did it. All I say is—it had got punctured.

We took it to Cousin Teddy. He had so often told us exactly how to mend a puncture that we thought he would be just the man for the job. We found him in the stable-yard, trying to teach our collie dog to walk on stilts.

"Look here," said Dollie, "J. K. has punctured my back tyre, and will you mend it?"

"Of course, that's a bung," I put in, "but it has got punctured somehow, and we thought you'd put it right."

Teddy eyed the machine doubtfully.

"If you can," said Dollie.

"I shall want three things," said Teddy, after I had punished the small girl for her impudence; "a bucket of water, a spanner, and a repairing outfit."

We very soon provided him with these. He took off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, turned the machine upside down, and began to loosen a nut. We watched him in admiration, until at length Dollie said:—

"Are you always good-tempered, Teddy?"

He carefully placed the nut on the ground, and then observed:—

"Haven't I ever told you how I once got into a tremendous rage?"

"Never," we said, earnestly. "Do tell us now."

The public-school man slowly removed the back wheel of the machine, and then began:—

"It's about our cycling paper-chase, and that's why I came to think of it. We generally have one or two in the Easter Term, and all the chaps can go who have got bikes. I didn't go for this one, but Frank was one of the hares."

"Is Frank still your chum?" asked Dollie.

"Yes," said Teddy, simply, smiling a little at the child's stupidity. "The rule about our paper-chases is," he went on, "that there shall be two hares—one big chap and one from the lower school. That gives everybody a chance, you see. Another thing is, that they must get home *with* their machines. If they have a smash-up they mayn't leave the bikes and run.

"Well, this time that I'm talking about, Turner was the big chap, and he chose Frank out of the lower school to go with him. The best rider amongst the hounds was a fellow called Wheatman, an awful brute who hated Turner like poison. Turner once caught him bullying a kid, and threatened to thrash him if he ever did it again.

"Is Turner a strong chap?" I asked.

"Rather!" said Teddy. "He was captain of the 'footer' this year, and I expect he'll be made captain of the cricket. Besides that, he's an awfully decent sort. I was his fag for two years, so I ought to know.

"Frank had got a new machine from his uncle—a ripper. It was a present for winning the junior cup at the sports. He *could* go on it, too.

"We all had to tear up paper for about three days, and this was stuffed into four bags—two small ones for Frank, and two big ones for Turner. Of course, Frank would begin to lay first, and Turner would see to all the false trails.

"At last the time arrived, and everyone turned out to see the start. After the hares had gone, I was watching Wheatman oil his bike. As he stooped down, I saw two or three small pieces of glass tumble out of his coat pocket. He didn't notice them himself, but I did, and I also observed that his left hand was bound up. Just then

somebody asked him what he had done to his hand. 'Oh,' he said, 'I just jabbed it with a chisel in the carpenter's shop last night. Hadn't we better start?'

"One of the masters was holding a watch. 'One minute more,' he sang out. Every hound wheeled his machine into the road, and stood with a foot on the step. 'Thirty seconds; twenty; ten; five—four—three—two—one—go!' In a flash each man was on his machine, and the next moment they were round the corner.

"As soon as they were gone I went and picked up the pieces of glass that Wheatman had dropped, and examined them carefully. They were fairly thick, greenish in colour, and looked like bits of a broken ginger-beer bottle.

"I put them into my pocket, and went into the school to think it all out. First of all, why was Wheatman carrying glass about with him? Secondly, wasn't it quite likely that a person carrying glass in his pocket would cut his hand with it? Thirdly, if he had cut his hand with glass, why did he say he had done it with a chisel? In fact, I scented a mystery.

"I think I can see the end of it," said Dollie. "He meant to——"

A piece of wet rag was the first thing I came across, and the case was urgent. She acknowledged afterwards that it was a splendid shot.

"I felt sure that Wheatman was up to some little game," went on Teddy, "but I couldn't quite make out what it was. I puzzled over it for more than an hour, and then I got my old bike out and began to ride slowly up the road that they would come home by.

"After one corner, near the school, it runs as straight as a die for about a mile. It's rather a narrow road, bordered with high hedges, and has a footpath running along one side of it.

EVERYONE TURNED OUT TO SEE THE START.

"CLEAR OUT!" HE YELLED AGAIN. "CLEAR OUT! YOU YOUNG IDIOT!"

"When I had gone about a third of the way up this straight piece, I laid my machine down, and sat on a gate, waiting for the hares to come along."

"How did you know that was the right road?" asked Dollie, keeping one eye on my bit of oily wash-leather.

"Because," replied Teddy, dipping the inner tube of her tyre into the bucket of water, "Frank had told me."

"Oh!" said Dollie. "Go on, please."

"Well," continued Teddy, marking the spot where the air rushed out of the tube and made the water bubble; "I kept my eye fixed on the corner and waited patiently. Suddenly someone rounded the bend, and came hurtling on down the road. I saw that it was Frank. Twenty yards behind him came Turner, throwing out large handfuls of paper, and licking along like anything.

"On they came towards me as hard as they could, and then I saw the reason for their mighty hurry. For the third man round the corner—only three hundred yards behind them — was Wheatman!

"I yelled to Frank to buck up, and he waved his hand in reply. Next moment he was lying flat in the middle of the road, not twenty yards from where I was, with Turner bearing down upon him, and Wheatman coming along like a young express train.

"I rushed up to see what was the matter, and Turner jumped off his machine just in time. Frank got up quickly. His face and hands were cut and bleeding, his clothes were torn, and, much worse than that, his front tyre was cut right through, both tubes.

"'Look out!' he yelled to Turner; 'get on the path; the road's covered with glass!'

"I looked down. Just where Frank had fallen the road was smothered with small pieces of greenish glass, exactly like the ones I had picked up outside the school.

"'No time to lose,' shouted Turner, picking up his machine and carrying it over the dangerous part. 'Sling your bike over your back and jump up on to my step!'

"Wheatman had gained on them a good bit, although they had only lost a few moments. Frank did as he was told, and ten seconds later Turner was pounding on towards home, bearing a double load.

"But I had no time to watch that. I noticed as he came nearer that Wheatman was riding on the path, and I guessed what that meant. *He knew the glass was there!* I determined to pay him out for his caddish trick, and I felt in such a wax that I didn't care much what happened to myself. I dragged my bike on to the path, wheeled it about ten yards past the glass in Wheatman's direction, and then turned it broadways on.

"'Clear out!' he yelled; 'I shall smash you!'

"He was riding at a tremendous pace, but I thought of poor old Frank, and stood firm.

"'Clear out!' he yelled again. 'Clear out, you young idiot!'

"He was quite near now. I was in a beastly funk, but I didn't budge. Just in the nick of time he swerved aside on to the road, rushed into the glass, and came off his machine with a crash. A little French chalk, please."

"Go on! Go on!" said Dollie. "Did he get up and kill you?"

"Not much," said Teddy, chuckling. "His tyres were punctured, but mine weren't. I made off as hard as I could along the path, and I got in just as a lot of the big chaps caught me up. I found the hares panting on the ground inside the gates, and Frank was rubbing his left calf, because, you know, it isn't too easy to stick on a chap's step for half-a-mile, and balance a machine over your shoulder at the same time. Try it and see."

"What happened about Wheatman?" I asked.

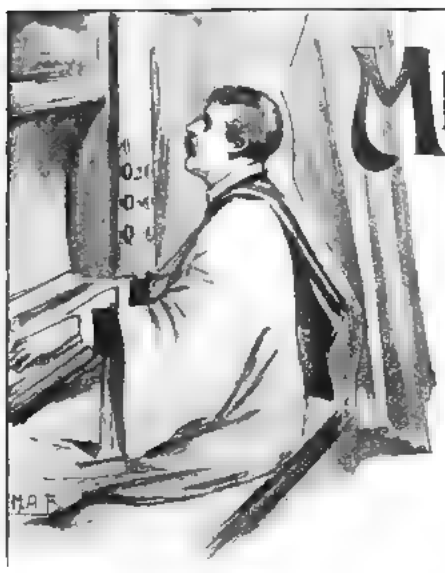
"Oh, I told Frank what I suspected, Frank told Turner, and Turner went into Wheatman's study and challenged him to deny it. Wheatman couldn't, so Turner knocked him down and came out. Wheatman got cut by everybody, and left at the end of term."

"And did Turner know what you did yourself?" asked Dolly.

"Well," said Teddy, "it got about, and he was awfully decent. But that's not part of the story. Just lend a hand with this outer tyre, will you? I think I've mended the puncture."

KEBLE HOWARD.

THE MARE AND CORPORATION



Mr. Kitt's Sweetheart.

By R. S. Warren Bell

I.

Mr. Kitt was the music master at Greyhouse during part of the time I was there.

Numbers of people used to attend Sunday evensong in the school chapel in order to hear Mr. Kitt play. The seats next to the wall on the north and south sides of the chapel were reserved for visitors, who, before Mr. Kitt came, seldom appeared except on Sunday, and then not very many of them. During Mr. Kitt's first term, however, his fame spread over the countryside, and so many strangers flocked to the chapel that soon they had to be accommodated in some of *our* seats, we being accordingly squeezed closer together to make room for them. We took a secret pleasure in watching the younger masters blush when they found a long row of ladies sitting on each side of their stalls. The monthly "colleck" — as we called the offertory — was swelled by many pieces of silver, which, you may depend upon it, we Greys didn't put in; so Mr. Kitt's talent considerably enriched the Orphan School to which all our offerings were sent.

Probably Mr. Kitt enjoyed himself more on Sunday evening than during any other period of his hard-working week; and, on this evening, too, he went through a most trying ordeal.

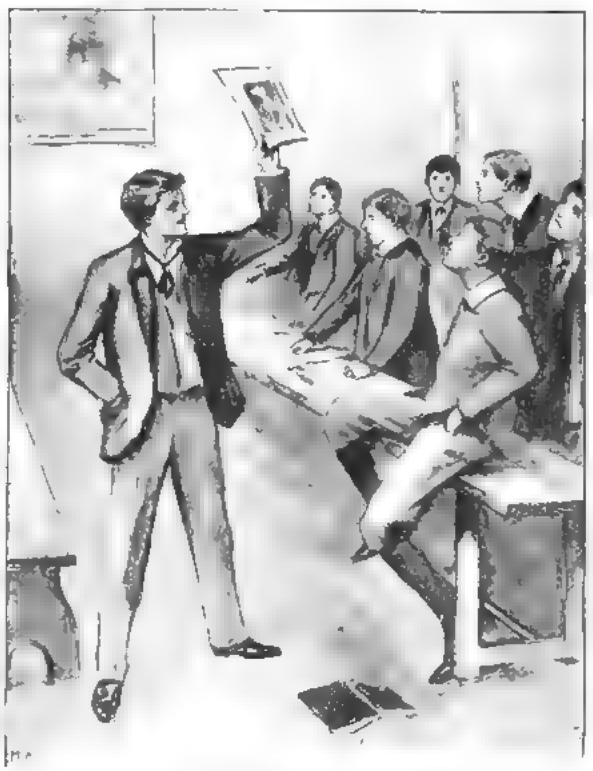
The choir and masters robed in the music-room, and then proceeded in stately array down several corridors, across a slice of gravel, and so into the chapel, where they found us on our feet awaiting them. Mr. Kitt, as organist, had to precede the main body by several minutes in order to start the voluntary, and this meant his forming a procession of one and walking up the whole length of the chapel in solitary grandeur. The poor little man cut a pathetic figure, for the hundreds of eyes which were turned upon him invariably made him appear very embarrassed. I can see him now, at this distance of years, with one side of his hood slipping over his shoulder, shambling up the aisle like a bashful boy.

Hidden away in the organ loft, however, Mr. Kitt was himself again. Once safely seated on his stool, he lost every atom of his self-consciousness. I believe he composed half his voluntaries as he went along. At first his fingers would wander lovingly over the notes, as if caressing them; then he would draw out stop after stop, and gradually increase the swell and volume of his music until he flooded the air with the magic of his fingers. Then, of a sudden, he would drop back to the purring, crooning tone of his commencement, and so conclude, the music dying softly away and fading into silence. No wonder that, at times, he could command the attention of the most thoughtless of us; over those who understood music his marvellous art cast a solemn spell. Never since have I heard such organ music as Mr. Kitt treated us to in Greyhouse Chapel.

Sweet Sunday evenings they were, indeed —the air filled with the fragrance of the flowers that grew in the Head's garden; the breeze just rustling the ivy on the school's ancient walls—a holy calm possessing everything. After

service we, in duty bound, trailed out in order of forms, the choir going first. The visitors would sit still, and Mr. Kitt, knowing he had an appreciative audience, would play on sometimes for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Some of us—exercising the privilege of monitors—would linger in the porch until the end, and we were the few that enjoyed Mr. Kitt's friendship, for we had a love in common—the love of melody—and he knew we did not laugh at him behind his back.

For I must tell you that Mr. Kitt, though an undoubted genius in his proper sphere, was one of the worst schoolmasters you could find in the country. He could not keep order as well as the youngest probationer, he was very very short-tempered, and hadn't an atom of that dignity which often carries a master through a crisis. His idea of enforcing his authority—when he was on duty—was to make out tremendous lists of offenders and put them down for long impositions—without telling them so at the time. They were consequently unaware of the fact that they were "in" for anything until the Detention List was read out at 12.30 in Long School. Mr. Kitt never should have entered the scholastic profession. He was a musician, pure and simple, and the last man in the world to control and guide high-spirited schoolboys. He was the most unpopular master at Greyhouse, and his especial tormentors—whom he paid out with especial punishments—never lost an opportunity to retaliate upon him in that inartistic, pointed manner peculiar to the boy who wants to hit back at a person placed in authority over him.



THE SKETCH WAS SHOWN ABOUT

II.

THERE was a fellow in the Fifth called Hunter—a big, giggling clown, but a footballer of prowess. Indeed, had he not been a member of the school fifteen, and a person of consideration, he wouldn't have dared enter the Sixth Form class-room without knocking. As it was, we were standing about talking after tea one day, when Hunter made an unceremonious entry, and slouched up to the fireplace.

"I say—here's a lark!" was his opening observation.

"You seem to forget this isn't your class-room, Hunter," said Gardiner, the captain of the school.

Gardiner was a studious soul, not particularly good at games, but a long way ahead of anyone else in learning. Hunter held him in some contempt.

"All right," he growled back. "I didn't come in to speak to you."

Gardiner did not reply, although he was evidently annoyed, and Hunter resumed his announcement.

"An awful joke, you chaps—little Kitt's in love! Can you imagine Kitt in love?"

Gardiner was one of the few that appreciated the music master. He closed his book and walked off to his study, Hunter giving a jeering laugh as he went out.

"Who's he in love with?" somebody demanded.

"Oh, some girl over at Meadowdene—don't know her name. Nobody's seen her."

"Well—how d'you know he's in love?" asked another fellow.

"Mother Pearl told me. She said that Kitt's taken to going off to Meadowdene whenever he has a spare afternoon, or even a couple of hours off. She says he brushes himself up, and turns out a regular dandy—spats, flower in his button-hole, and everything. Takes bouquets over there, too—that's plain evidence."

"Mother Pearl" was Mrs. Pearl, the matron, a fair, fat little gossip of a widow. It was said that she had been making eyes at Mr. Kitt for some time, and would be perfectly willing to become Mrs. Kitt if she were given the chance. Mr. Kitt, however, had not snapped at the bait, and it was quite possible that she had put this report about him out of pique. Somebody hinted as much to Hunter.

"Rot!" he said bluntly. "She's not the only one that says so. Several fellows have met him riding his bike or walking over to Meadowdene. Why does he always go to Meadowdene if there isn't some attraction for him there?—tell me that."

Meadowdene was a village four miles off—quite a small place—possessing only two or three "good" houses, as the term is.

"Well," retorted Turner, who was Gardiner's chum, and, therefore, no friend of Hunter's, "why shouldn't old Kitt fall in love? I suppose his heart's his own to do as he likes with?"

Hunter was rather damped by Turner's cool tone.

"Of course—but it seems so absurd. Fancy any girl looking at Kitt—a red-haired little beast like that!"

"Mother Pearl would be glad enough to have him, at any rate," said Turner.

Hunter was rather disappointed by the way we received his news, and was good enough to take himself off soon after this. In the Fifth he was a hero, however, and bullied anyone who didn't laugh when he made a joke. So the Fifth roared and held its sides when Hunter expatiated, in his delicately humorous way, on Mr. Kitt's amorous expeditions, and decided—it being a poor thing in forms—to uphold their leader in his resolve to have "no end of a time" with Kitt, now that it was known he was in love.

Hunter and his obedient brother-wags, therefore, laid their heads together, and one or two weak fellows in the Sixth—who stood somewhat in awe of the burly Hunter—weren't above joining in the joke.

Plans for badgering Mr. Kitt about his lady-love were promptly made. Blackboards were decorated with pictures representing stout little gentlemen pouring passionate vows into the ears of supercilious "fayre ladyes." Sometimes the stout little gentlemen were clothed in armour; sometimes in ruffles and periwigs, wearing swords and shoe-buckles; sometimes in harlequin attire. In various ways Mr. Kitt was given to understand that Greyhouse was aware of his attachment, and it is not to be supposed that he walked up the chapel on Sunday evenings feeling more comfortable than of yore. However, he took no notice of the waggeries of Hunter & Co., and it was observed about this time that he did not give so many impositions, and put a greater restraint on his temper.

One day Hunter favoured the Sixth with another visit.

"I say," he cried, "news—great news! Kitt's sweetheart has been placed—at least her *house* is known. The best artists in the Fifth are now at work on it.'

"Well, which is it?" demanded Turner, with some eagerness. The love affair of a master was, after all, a matter of interest to the community, particularly to those fellows who, like Turner, were growing moustaches, and beginning to appreciate the fascinations of the opposite sex.

"Meadowdene Vicarage—so it's one of the Croft girls."

"Which one?"

"Can't say yet," leered Hunt. "Only know it *is* one of them. They're all rather nice," he was good enough to add.

"I suppose it won't be long before you know which one it is?" inquired Turner.

"You bet it won't," grinned Hunter, as he lounged out to see how the artists in the Fifth were progressing with their drawings of Meadowdene Vicarage.

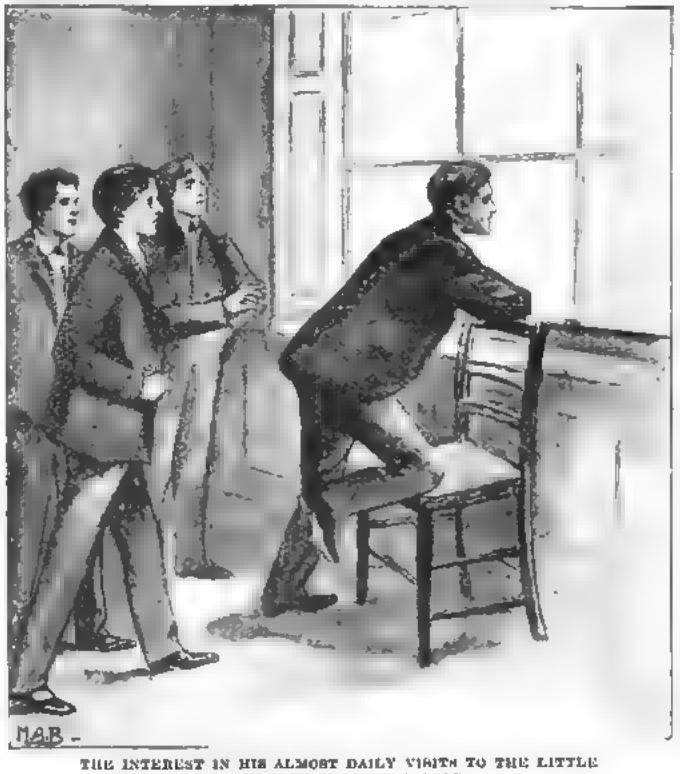
Now that it was known that Mr. Kitt's destination was actually Meadowdene Vicarage, the interest in his almost daily visits to the little village increased tenfold. Cartoons representing Mr. Kitt serenading the Croft girls were issued by the artists in the Fifth, and greatly enjoyed by all beholders—including Mother Pearl. A few of us in the Sixth felt that Hunter and his gang were "playing it rather low," but there were only a few of us, and after all it was no business of ours.

It was a great day when Hunter discovered the name of the adored one. "Denie" short for Geraldine—was the Miss Croft favoured by Kitt; Denie it was whose fair presence made him trot off to Meadowdene on every available occasion, bearing books and flowers, and dressed in his best attire. Hunter didn't get to know which particular girl "Denie" was, because the Crofts were comparatively recent arrivals at Meadowdene, and nobody at Greyhouse knew them. But "Denie" was enough to go on with, and Hunter and his crew prepared a beautiful new picture for little Mr. Kitt's delectation.

III.

THE Fifth Form's best comic artist quite eclipsed his previous efforts with the drawing he

executed according to a design roughed out by Hunter. The scene was the lawn of Meadowdene Vicarage; by the tennis-net stood the vicar (regarded by the size of the net he must have been 8ft. high), and before the vicar knelt Mr. Kitt and a young lady, Mr. Kitt looking very fat in white flannels, and holding a tennis racquet—of a new and original shape—in one hand, whilst he embraced the young lady with his disengaged arm. The sketch was underlined "Asking Papa!" and it was considered—by the Fifth—to be a triumph of draughtsmanship, and exquisitely humorous. All the exquisite humour of the thing was, of course, claimed by Hunter. Subsequent events did not encourage anybody to contest his claim.



THE INTEREST IN HIS ALMOST DAILY VISITS TO THE LITTLE VILLAGE INCREASED TENFOLD.

The sketch was shown about, and so much admired—especially by the unruly Greys who had spent weary hours writing lines for Mr. Kitt—that Hunter conceived the idea of bringing it immediately before Mr. Kitt's notice by sending it to the music master through the post. He carried out this idea with promptitude, printing the name and address on the envelope in crude capitals, and scribbling the word "Denie" in the corner.

Letters arrived early at Greyhouse, as the post office was only a stone's-throw away. The master on duty at the 7.30 roll-call generally found his letters awaiting him on his desk.

It was a glorious July morning. Dame Nature has her full share of feminine inconsistency, and you may have noticed that, after drenching the land with a series of damp days, and threatening overnight to drench us again on the morrow, she sends us sunshine and a cloudless sky, and thus baffles barometers and weather-prophets to her own and everybody else's high satisfaction.

So on this occasion. The papers said, "Rain at intervals"; but the sun rose with a laugh, and shone radiantly all day. Many of us were out of bed at 6; hardly a "Grey" was late when the door of Long School was remorselessly closed at 7.30—despite piteous appeals for admittance from sluggards without—by the monitor of the week.

Pretty nearly every fellow had observed that there were two letters awaiting Mr. Kitt: those in the know chuckled at the sight of Hunter's jocular missive. Little did they guess what the other envelope contained!

One minute before the half-hour Mr. Kitt entered, and proceeded to his desk. Hunter's letter he examined with some curiosity, but he opened the other first.

Mr. Kitt had been looking pal indanxious of late, and the few of us who were his friends had wondered what could be preying on his mind. We, as well as the Fifth, had our eyes upon him as he opened the *other* letter. Meanwhile the monitor on duty went steadily down the list of names.

It was a short letter—this *other* letter—not extending beyond the first page. Mr. Kitt read it and laid it down. Then, his elbow on the desk, he shaded his eyes with his hand. He remained in this attitude until the monitor, calling over the roll, reached "Smith," a name borne by no less than seven "Greys" at that period.

Mr. Kitt roused himself and sat up. As he did so, his eye fell on Hunter's letter.

Half suspecting, perhaps, the nature of its contents, he tore it open and drew forth the pictorial insult which the envelope contained.

One glance was enough; he pitched it away carelessly, and it fluttered on to the floor. Then he sank back in his chair, and sat gazing absently before him.

Presently, when the monitor was calling out the last name on the roll, Mr. Kitt rose and walked, with bowed head, out of Long School As he reached the door he gave a sob—just one sob. Only those sitting near the door heard it.

The monitor of the week gazed irresolutely after Mr. Kitt's retreating form. Generally, the master on duty dismissed the various forms to their class-rooms after early roll-call. The monitor was nonplussed. To his relief, Gardiner left his seat and proceeded to the desk Mr. Kitt had just vacated. There was a dark look on Gardiner's face. He knew Mr. Kitt better than any of us.

"*Sixth Form!*"

There were three hundred of us in the room, and not a fellow there would have dared disobey Gardiner.

He was not a great cricketer or football-player, as I have said, but he could keep order as well as the sternest disciplinarian among the masters.

We monitors went out, and the Fifth followed. Hunter did not venture to open his mouth until he got into the passage. Then he laughed in a forced way.

"Well, I didn't think Kitt would crumple up like that!" he observed.

But nobody laughed in chorus with him. Hunter's fellow-wags, vaguely uncomfortable, were wondering what news the *other* letter had brought.

As we thronged into the Hall for breakfast we caught sight of Mr. Kitt walking down the drive. He passed through the gates and turned sharp to the left. In that direction lay Meadowdene.

A note was handed to Gardiner during breakfast. We guessed that it was from Mr. Kitt. All that day Mr. Kitt was absent, and Gardiner took his place. In such high esteem was Gardiner held by the Head that Mr. Kitt knew he was perfectly safe in thus relegating his duties to the captain of the school.

The day passed quietly enough, and probably only a few of us remembered Mr. Kitt's agitation at early roll-call. After chapel was held the last roll-call. Afterwards it was bed for everyone except the Sixth.

But on this particular night something intervened between roll-call and the customary dismissal by forms to the upper regions. The monitor of the week, after concluding the list, looked towards Gardiner.

Gardiner, standing by the Head's desk, held up his hand.

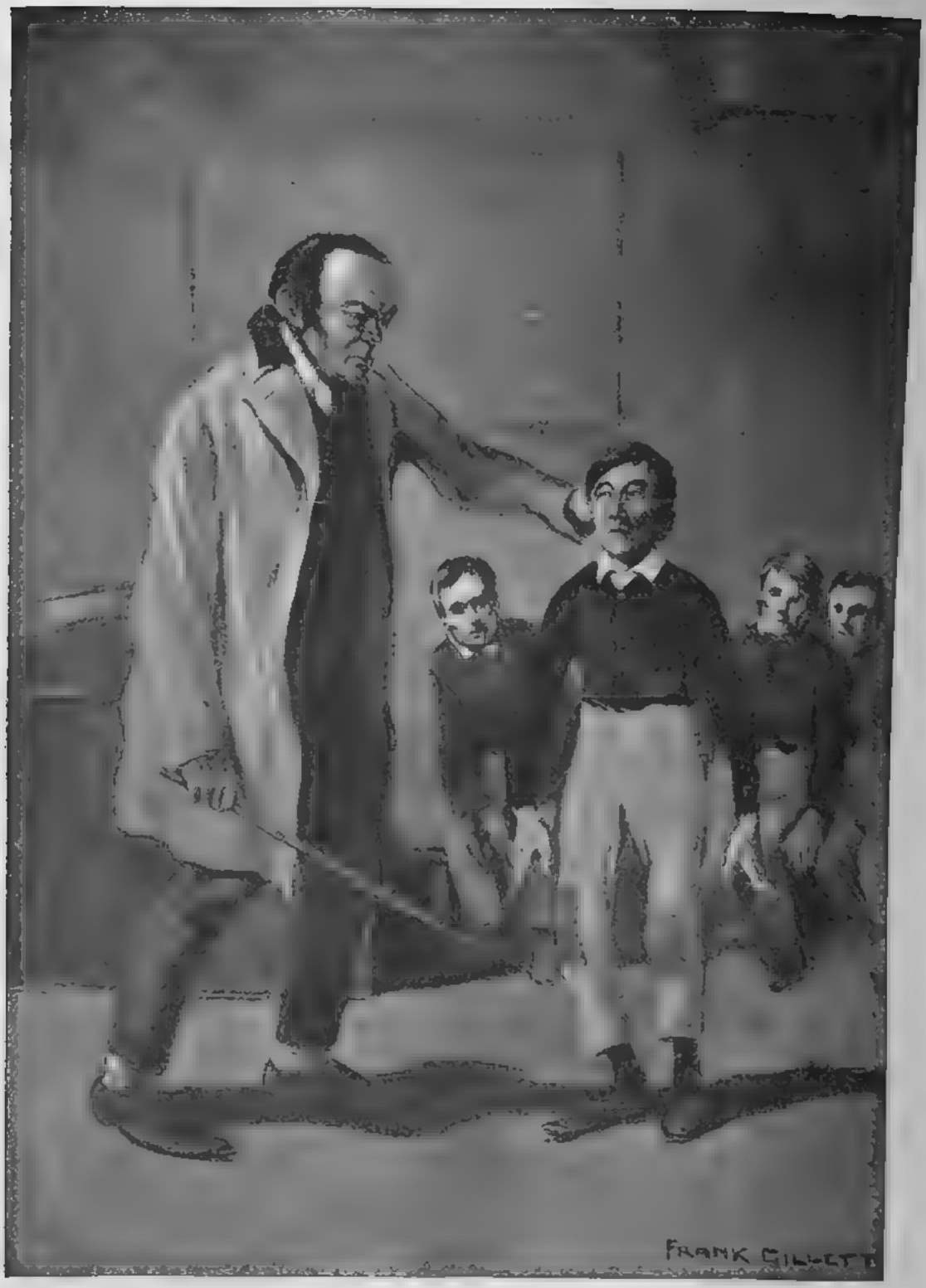
"I want you to stay in your seats for a moment," he said, simply, "because I have something to tell you which I think you ought to know. For some time a number of you have been engaged in making fun of Mr. Kitt's visits to Meadowdene. Some of you thought Mr. Kitt had a sweetheart at Meadowdene. So he had, and I will tell you who she was. At the beginning of the year, Mr. Croft, the Vicar of Meadowdene, engaged Mr. Kitt to give music lessons to his daughter Denie—a child of ten. A great friendship sprang up between that little girl and Mr. Kitt, and after she became ill a month or two ago, Mr. Kitt made it his practice to go over to Meadowdene whenever he could to talk to the child and amuse her. I have seen him to-night, and he has been telling me about her. She looked out for him eagerly, and was very disappointed if a day passed without a visit from him."

Gardiner paused for a moment. I knew why. Then he went on:

"The little child grew worse instead of better, and you will be sorry to hear that she died last night. Mr Kitt received news of her death this morning.

"That is all I have to tell you. The Sixth Form may go."

THE END.



"IN SQUEERS' TIME."

Boy an incubus. Kill him by inches!

"NOWADAYS."

Boy a sensitive being, with a soul. Make a man of him

PIGEONS THAT FLY FAST.

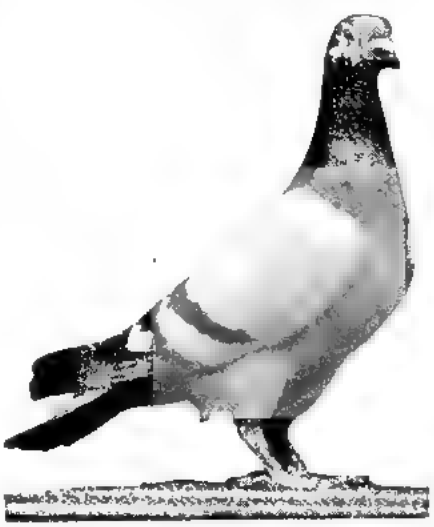
THESE FAVOURITES ARE THE PROPERTY OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By A. H. Osman.

Boys who can afford the luxury will find the breeding and training of racing pigeons a very healthy hobby. I may add that it is a pure hobby, free from the betting element that injures so many similar pursuits. The prizes consist of medals and cups.

To succeed with this hobby, of course, the first consideration must be to fix upon a suitable place to locate the birds. It is a mistake to buy the pigeons first and fix upon the place to keep them afterwards. A good, roomy loft must be brought into requisition.

The essentials for a good loft are, that it is well ventilated and admits plenty of fresh air, and last, but not least, it is absolutely necessary that it must be watertight, and out of the reach of cats.



REV. J. W. A. MACKENZIE'S BLUE HEN. FLEW 513 MILES AT A VELOCITY OF 1,448 YARDS PER MINUTE FROM SHETLANDS TO WHITWICK ON SAME DAY AS LIBERATED.

The best way for a boy to start keeping racing pigeons is to purchase a few really good young ones. These can be bought at prices ranging from 10s. per pair up to £2 or £3. I do not propose, in this article, to deal with the management of the birds or loft, except to say that a boy who takes to racing pigeons as his hobby will acquire habits of patience and industry.

In the first place he will want to be an early riser, because Nature ordains that all birds require their first meal as soon after break of day as possible. I can remember how successful I used to be in rearing young thrushes, whereas my school chum used to lose all his after a few days. The secret was due to the fact that my chum was too fond of the sheets, and I was an early riser. Habits of early rising thus acquired stick to one through life, and are the stepping-stones to health if not to wealth.

For a long time pigeon-racing was associated with the lowest class, but thanks mainly to the zeal of some good sportsmen, to-day, in England, it is almost a national sport, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of York both possessing lofts. Mr. Jackson, the

MR. C. LANGTON'S RED CHEQUER COCK. WINNER OF A RACE FROM TRALEE (IRELAND) TO LONDON, 1896. DISTANCE, 407 MILES.

head keeper at Sandringham, races for the former, but the Duke of York races in his own name, and is president of the National Flying Club.

"OLD 86." ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PIGEONS IN THE WORLD. FLEW 444 MILES (FROM LA ROCHELLE, FRANCE, TO MARKET HARBORO') AT A SPEED OF 1,013 YARDS PER MINUTE.

The method of carrying out a race is very simple. The night prior to the departure of the birds they are stamped on the wing with a secret mark; they are then sent to the race-point in charge of a man who is paid for the work, and is called a "convoyer." At the appointed hour, if the weather be fine, they are all liberated together, and make for their respective homes, where the owner awaits their arrival, and has to catch the bird so as to take off the secret mark and "wire it in." That is to say, he has to write the mark down on a telegraph form and take it to the nearest post office, where it is handed in, and the time which is marked on the message as "time handed in" is taken as the time of the bird's arrival

Of course, distances are carefully measured from the race-point to a fancier's loft in a direct line as the crow flies, and he is also allowed a given time for getting to the post office.

Before pigeon racing was as popular and generally well known as it is to-day, I have known cases where fanciers have been chased, and the cry of 'Stop thief!" raised, when they have been running to the post office to get their message there; as, of course, the least time lost over this the better.

Great excitement prevails on the arrival of a bird from a race if it will not enter the trap at once, because it is not until the owner has caught his bird that he can get the secret mark; and,

"794," THE ONE-DAY CHAMPION. FLEW FROM SHETLANDS TO STANMORE (591 MILES) IN 16 HOURS.

if badly trained, birds acquire a habit of sitting out. It is therefore most essential that a fancier should treat his birds with the greatest kindness, so that they are familiar with his presence, and allow him to catch them easily.

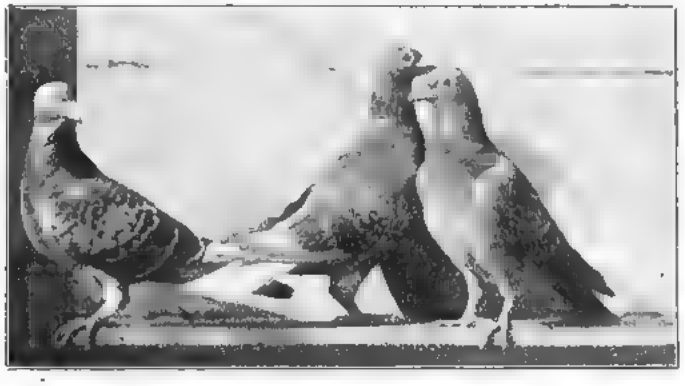
Whether pigeons return to their homes by means of *sight* or *instinct* is a disputed point. Sight must be the most important factor, because on a thick foggy day pigeons become lost at even the shortest distances. There is not the least doubt that all birds are endowed with remarkably keen vision. On the death of a horse in the desert the vulture sees its prey from miles away, and the sight of the racing pigeon is as keen, if not keener, that that of any bird.

Amongst some of the most famous fanciers we have in this country are Mr. J. W. Logan, M.P., who has practically built up the sport to its present eminence. His noted bird, "Old 86," was the first bird in England to accomplish anything like a good journey, flying from La Rochelle, France, to East Langton in the day. In fact, "Old 86" has been fittingly described as "the best bird in England." He died a few years back, but has left behind descendants of the gamest calibre.

Mr. P. Clutterbuck's "794" is another most famous bird. Last year this bird flew 597 miles on the day of liberation, a feat that has never been surpassed in this country. He was liberated at Lerwick in the Shetland Isles, and landed at Stanmore the same afternoon.

The Rev. J. W. A. Mackenzie's blue hen is also another plucky little bird, as she flew 513 miles at a velocity of 1,448 yards per minute from Shetland to Whitwick on the same day as Mr. Clutterbuck's bird landed at Stanmore.

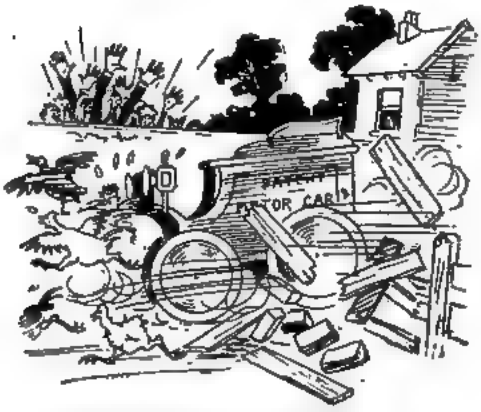
THIS BIRD FLEW 170 MILES AT A SPEED OF 1,369 YARDS PER MINUTE.



A GROUP OF FAMOUS FLIERS BELONGING TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

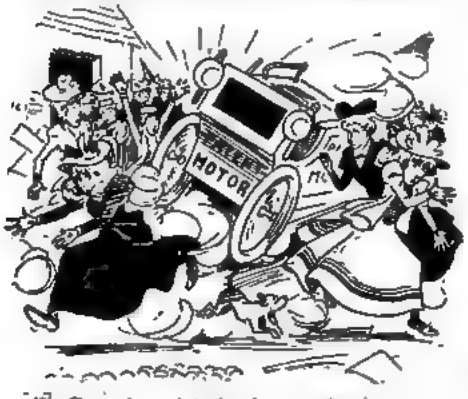
Mellidrop's Motor-Car.

Mellidrop has kept all sorts of pets, and has given them up one by one. His latest pet was a motor-car; he gave that up because

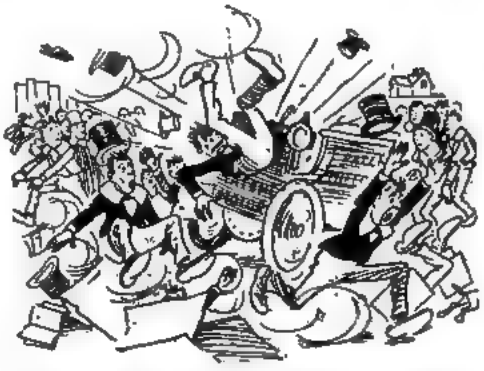


(1) It suddenly broke away from its moorings one day, dashed through the garden gate,

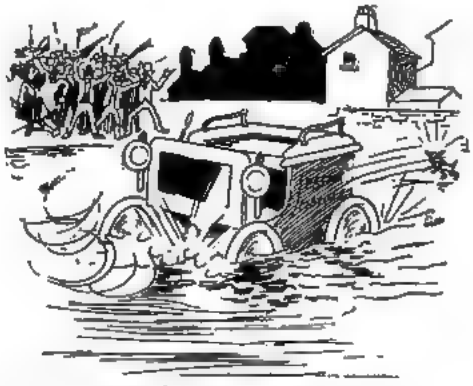
(2) Collided with a lamp-post, played golf with a policeman, and trampled on a sandwich-man.



(3) Careering victoriously on, that motor-car gave a whole ladies' school the hysterics,

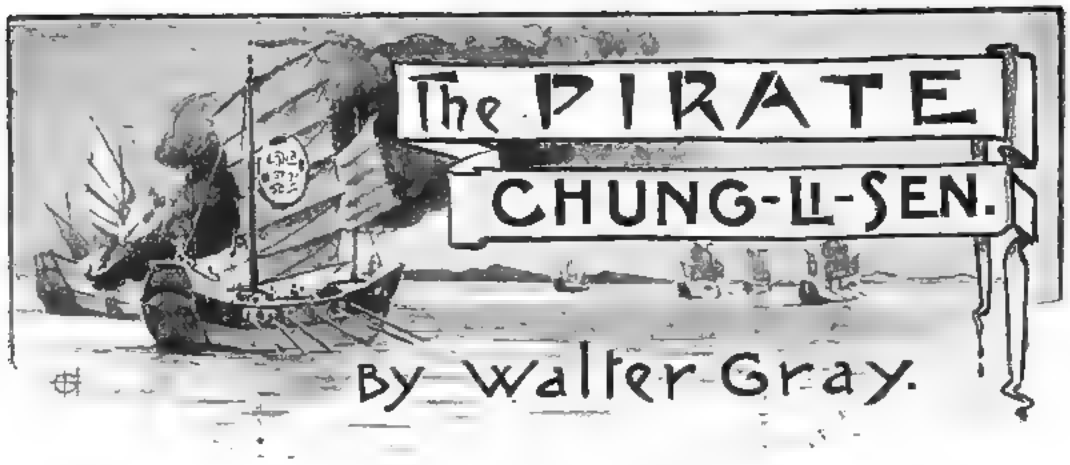


(4) And routed a young gentlemen's academy which came to the rescue of the ladies' school.



(5) After this the motor-car leapt over a hedge and went for a swim in a reservoir;

(6) And, while thus engaged, was taken into custody by the police and led solemnly home to Mellidrop.



Illustrated by George Hawley.

The old man sat with snow-white hair beside the fire, and for the most part he seemed lost to all sense of the things that happened around him. He ate well, he slept well, and, for the rest, he found his pipe enough to occupy him. Only on the rarest occasions—in the spring, or on some radiant day in autumn—would he appear to wake, and put his telescope under his arm, and go up to a grassy terrace at the top of his sloping garden, whence he could look out over all the width of the bay, and survey the shipping in the port below. There was a little arbour there, round which the roses bloomed from year's end to year's end, and on such days as these you might, if he approved of you, seduce him into sitting down for awhile, and telling you his one and only story. This is how it went.

* * * * *

"'Twas in the year '53, and I was a better man then than I am now. I was captain of the 'Moonbeam,' a clipper, and the fastest ship in the China trade. There were eight of us lying in Foo-Chow harbour to carry home the first of the new season's tea, and each of us was bent on having the handsome cheque that came to the first captain to get home. We had all taken in our cargoes at about the same time. One after another the guns were fired, and the ships went out to sea, and if anyone had been on either of them who had time to look around him, he might have been proud of his nation, to think it could send so many good seamen to one harbour at the same time.

"We kept together for the few hours that remained of the day. There was no great wind, and the start was leisurely. But in the morning the 'Moonbeam' was alone on a wide sea, and I'll own that I was impatient. There was such a little wind that she hardly moved at all, and I was eager for a gale that would give us a chance to be doing, and to gain as the result of it.

"Towards afternoon I went below, and turned into my bunk, and the twilight was falling when I awoke to find myself being violently shaken by the first mate. He was a good man, and a fine sailor, but a little apt to be flurried in an emergency.

"'Captain,' he said, 'make haste and come on deck. There's a strange craft been creeping out as if to get ahead of us—a junk—and, if I am not mistaken, the pirate Chung-Li-Sen is going to attack us. There is a curious mark on the sails, and I fancy 'tis the badge that we were shown as his when we were in the 'Maintop' together.'

"I sprang out of my bunk, and in a moment I was on deck. The junk was little more than a mile away, and with the glass I could distinguish the mark upon her sails to which the mate had referred."

When the old man got so far he would lean forward and make a drawing with his stick on the gravel of the path that ran in front of the arbour. It may be that his drawing had no likeness to the Chinese original, but it was always the same, and I have heard him tell the tale so often that I could reproduce the thing exactly as he showed it to me.

"I knew at once that we were in for a fight, for I had been told of Chung-Li-Sen, and a

man had drawn for me a copy of his seal and sign when some of us were amusing ourselves at the 'Maintop,' a chief resort of Britishers in Foo-Chow.

"To make quite certain I altered the ship's course a little, so that we were likely to pass astern of the junk. Within a minute of my orders being obeyed the junk had changed her course, and now I saw that they had got out sweeps and were making directly for us. As quickly as possible I armed a good part of the crew, and saw to the guns that we carried forward and astern. Then I could only wait, for it would have been a wicked thing to fire on the junk before she had openly declared her intentions.

"Never believe that there is not a God, who is continually watching over every one of his children. I knew that the 'Moonbeam' would be perfectly safe if the wind would only rise. The junk was a clumsy craft, indeed, and we could outsail the best of the sailing ships of the world. But the junk drew nearer and nearer, and because of the lack of wind we were utterly helpless to escape. She had declared her intentions now, for she had come so near that I could see the yellow ruffians who manned her making ready to board us, and one huge giant of a man, whom I took to be the captain of the band, stood on the deck and shouted his orders, watching the 'Moonbeam' as a cat watches the mouse it is playing with and will presently kill.

THE SEAL OF CHUNG-LI-SEN.

"Then came the miracle. I looked to windward and saw that the sea was suddenly ruffled and made a deeper blue. I knew that in a few seconds the flapping sails would be full, and you must remember that I had learnt all the ways of the 'Moonbeam,' so that she obeyed me just as quickly as a man's fist obeys his thought when he hears the girl that he loves insulted. The junk was only a hundred yards away when I saw that the wind was coming. A dozen men went forward, armed with cutlasses, and at the same moment I gave an order to change the course. The wind came, and the 'Moonbeam' shot forward like an arrow from a bow.

"We struck the junk amidships and cut her in two. There was a scream, a crash, and then a sound like that of a butcher chopping meat on a wooden block. The pirates, seeing the ship come down upon them, had made ready, with the coolness of which only Orientals are capable, and had jumped at the last moment, and tried to swarm up our bowsprit rigging and board us. My men were hacking them down with cutlasses, and the wreck of the junk went past us, surrounded by something like a score of Chinamen, swimming and cursing in a sea that was red.

"Then the wind fell as suddenly as it had come, and the 'Moonbeam' rocked upon the seas, and drew no further from the wreck. This had not sunk. The battened sails lay flat upon the water, and the wreckage made a sort of raft. One by one the swimmers reached it, and clambered into temporary safety; and we looked at them and laughed to think how we had triumphed.

"At first there was no time for thought. A few of my men had been badly injured, and they had to be seen to. Then the mate lost his head, as such men will do. He was a Christian man, but he wanted me to fire the stern-chaser on the poor wretches who clung to the wreck, and so rid the world of a gang that deserved the worst kind of death. I looked, and saw the sign of Chung-Li-Sen lying in the water, bellying up or sinking as the waves moved underneath, and I was half in the mind to take his advice, for the chief of the pirates had survived, and now he was cursing us in a frenzy of passion.

"But, I thank Heaven, I have no such sin upon my soul. They would have killed us, had they been able, but we had escaped that danger, and now it was my duty to give them a chance of life, if only that they might repent. I ordered two men to the stern, and armed them with pistols. Then I flung a rope to the wreck, and did my best to make the pirates understand that we would tow them. I was careful to point out to them that the poop was guarded, and that those who stood there were armed Night fell, and the wind was still no more than a breath, and we went upon our way with as strange a craft in tow as could be imagined.

"I turned in with a good deal to think about. I had done what I conceived to be my duty, and no more; but I had to consider what was to come after, and the result of my reflections was to leave me utterly puzzled. The 'Moonbeam' had got to be the first of all the clippers to get to Gravesend. I owed that to myself, and to the dear little wife, as well as to the owners. She would never do it if we went towing that wreckage, and yet I had not the heart to cut it loose and let the miserable wretches starve until a storm should come and finish matters by drowning them. So I resolved

to leave the thing to fate, and in the meantime did my obvious duty.

"A supply of food and water was put into a barrel and lowered over the stern by means of a cord, which was paid out until the barrel had reached the raft. It was caught, broken open, and then, after a pause—for they seemed to think that we might have poisoned the food—the pirates fell to and filled their empty stomachs.

"That day there was scarcely a breath of wind. There were murmurs among the crew. They had sailed on the 'Moonbeam' for many a voyage, and they loved her as sons love a mother, and were very careful for her honour. They looked on the raft as a drag that must lose her the victory in the race for Gravesend, and if I had not spoken strongly I can fancy that the tow-rope would have been slyly cut as soon as the night fell.

"The air suffered a change, and grew thick and heavy, so that the lungs which inhaled it got no natural refreshment. The pirates made signs that they were in great need of water, and a little keg was dropped over the stern. The ship moved so slowly that it seemed an interminable time before they came up with it. We watched them drink, and noted the awed homage they continued to render, even in this extremity, to their gigantic leader. Then darkness came, and with it a silence that could be felt.

"It must have been midnight when I heard a shrill scream from the bows. It broke off with a horrid sob, and immediately there was an outbreak of frightened cries. Something terrible was happening, and as I leapt forward in the darkness I heard a pistol discharged. Then a huge figure loomed black before me. I felt a sharp pain in the shoulder even as I discharged my pistol. Then I fell, with the figure of the dead pirate sprawling over me.

"I had fainted, but it was not long before I returned to consciousness, and understood what had happened. The pirate leader had felt that his situation was hopeless, and had resolved that he would not die without sending other souls into the darkness. The poop was guarded, but he had guessed that the man on the look-out in the bows would have no fear of any of the pirates attempting to board the 'Moonbeam.' So he had awaited his time, and when it seemed good to him he had dived into the sea and swum silently and swiftly until he lay under the side of the ship—which, as I have said, was moving so slowly that the rope which connected her with the raft was hardly taut. He had got along to the bows, had clambered up with Oriental cunning, and hung there awaiting his opportunity. Then when the doomed sailor had turned away for a moment, he had leapt to the deck, stabbed him through the back, and rushed aft, striving to find others whom he might kill before he met his inevitable doom.

"WE STRUCK THE JUNK AMIDSHIPS AND CUT HER IN TWO."

"The mate and the others would have had me cut the tow-rope now, and leave the rest of the pirates to their doom. This I could not bring myself to do, but I resolved to give them

a warning. The body of their leader lay on the deck until the dawn. Then it was taken to the stern and cast into the sea in the sight of them all. It drifted astern. Then there came three swiftly-moving triangular fins; the water boiled, and the body disappeared, as the pirates on the raft broke into loud lamentation.

"Later we sent them food again, but towards night I looked at the sky and knew—partly from what I saw, and partly through that strange sixth sense which gradually grows in the sailor—that within a few hours there would be no need to pray for wind. I resolved that the 'Moonbeam' should make up for lost time, and I gave the necessary orders, for I must tell you the clippers of those days were proper sea-going craft; and it was the custom of those who commanded them to clap on more sail when a wind came, where the skippers of other ships would have done just the opposite.

"Then I thought of the wreck of the junk, and I could not for the life of me choose a course of action. The pirates were too many, and of a treachery altogether too notorious, to be taken on board. A storm must wash them from the raft, and they would be all the more sure to drown if we should continue to tow them after the 'Moonbeam' began to move, for the wreckage must immediately be submerged and broken up.

"The sky grew black to windward, and the far waters were troubled. Yet the 'Moonbeam' floated on a still sea, and the tow-rope slackened. There was never a movement in the air, and all things seemed to wait for the storm that was coming. Even the wretched pirates sat still and quiet, and stared sullenly to windward.

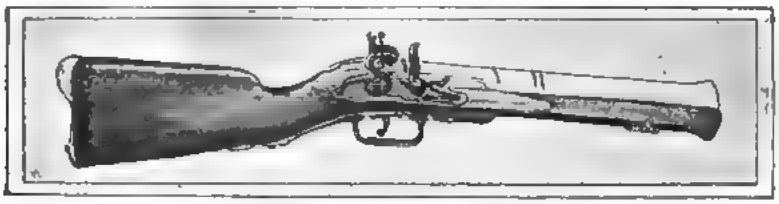
"Suddenly, however, I was roused from my thoughts. As if seized by the same impulse, they sprang into the water, their knives between their teeth, and swam towards the ship. The guard fired, and more than one of them sank with a sudden reddening of the water. But the swimmers dived like otters, and the greater part of the crew were busy with the sails, making ready to take advantage of the wind as soon as it should come. The alarm was given, and they came running aft, but most of them were armed with nothing better than marlingspikes, or capstan-bars.

"Several of the pirates reached the side of the ship, and sprang upon the deck. They fought like devils. They knew that death was certain, and they did not fear it. But they desired with a wicked passion to see blood spilt before they died. One of them—a man of huge size, with the wickedest face it has ever been my lot to see—leapt at me with knife in hand. I pulled the trigger of my pistol, but it missed fire. I flung the weapon in his face, and as it struck him, a marlingspike descended on his skull and felled him.

"The mate was less fortunate. He came running aft just as one of the pirates had gained the deck. He was unarmed, and the sight of this horrid apparition stayed him for a moment. That moment sealed his fate, for the pirate balanced his deadly knife in his hand and flung it, and the mate threw up his arms and fell dead on the deck. With a bestial laugh his murderer leapt unarmed into the fight, and a moment later met his fate by the knife of the man who had tried to murder me, which had been seized by one of the sailors.

"It was a long, stern fight, a fight to the death, and the decks were slippery with blood when the last of the pirates had fallen. Six of my men were badly wounded, and the mate lay dead, but there were eight of the pirates to be flung to the sharks, besides those who had been shot by the guard while they swam towards the ship. We stood dazed and silent, as we looked at the work we had accomplished. Then there came a sudden cry of warning, and we awoke to the new necessities of the situation.

"The darkness to windward had deepened, but the sea boiled as the footsteps of the storm trod it into waves. For a moment the sails flapped petulantly; then they filled, and the ship quivered like a living thing as she leapt forward on her journey towards Gravesend. We turned to our proper work, leaving the corpses of the pirates scattered about the poop."



A BLUNDERBUSS OF 1790.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

HINT FOR THE MONTH: *Don't fill your magazines with your own stuff.* It is quite possible that you may be the most brilliant and versatile writer in the school; your very position as editor almost assures us of that fact. But that is not the point. Your readers don't want brilliant and versatile writing in their school magazine. They want a careful record of every matter of interest that takes place within the school walls. They like to see that you are consulting *their* tastes, not your own. And, if there are comments, they prefer those comments to be *just*. Put aside all personal feelings. Forget your little animosities. Give them a manly, straightforward journal, and there will be no question of its success.

We intend, for the future, to review a *limited* number of magazines each month. We shall thus be enabled to quote more freely, and our selection will be made irrespective of the size or position of the school. Everyone's turn will come round in time, but, if doubt arises as to the order of arrival, the more attractive production will naturally take precedence.

REVIEWS.

The Carthusian for February is a vast improvement on the December issue. From cover to cover it is crammed with a record of Charterhouse affairs, and there is not one superfluous line in the whole number. First and foremost, of course, come accounts of football matches, and these are thoroughly and carefully done. It is difficult to discover how the school came out as regards results at the end of the season, but minute investigation seems to show a preponderance of wins. We congratulate Carthusians on this state of affairs, and suggest to the editor that, for the benefit of outsiders, he should lead off his football notices with a summary.

The Denstonian for February devotes a large amount of valuable space to reproducing an article that appeared in a London magazine on "Rousseau at Wooton Hall." That, sir, is a mistake. However interesting the article in question may be to your readers, you cannot afford to give *ten columns* of it in the *Denstonian*. Let your readers buy the magazine in which the article originally appeared, and fill your spare pages with Denstonian matters. The journal is carefully edited, and well printed, but the headings should be blacker and bolder. At present it is difficult to know where one feature ends and another begins.

The Elizabethan is well compiled and neatly printed, but the pages should be bound together. Westminster School still keeps up the old custom of the "Pancake Greaze." "The Greaze," says the editor, "took place on Shrove Tuesday as usual. The throw was again good, and, after what appeared to be rather a short 'Greaze,' Ashley succeeded in securing the 'pancake' whole, and received the accustomed reward." We compliment Mr. Ashley on his luck, pluck, and agility.

The Eton College Chronicle is an enterprising journal that appears, apparently, several times a term. The issue dated February 23rd consists of four brightly-written pages, giving in detail the numerous doings and accomplishments of Etonians during the previous week. We are inclined to take exception to the insertion of some mediocre verses entitled "The Steeplechase." The verses are too many in number to quote in full, but here is the last contortion:—

> They'd softly and suddenly vanished away,
> Before I could utter a word;
> So now I don't know any better than you;
> This really is far too absurd!

You are right, sir! The absurdity of this effort comes dangerously near to being childish, but affords a striking contrast to the tone of the journal taken as a whole. We hope to see the *Chronicle* regularly. It is manly, pertinent, and brimming over with vigorous enthusiasm.

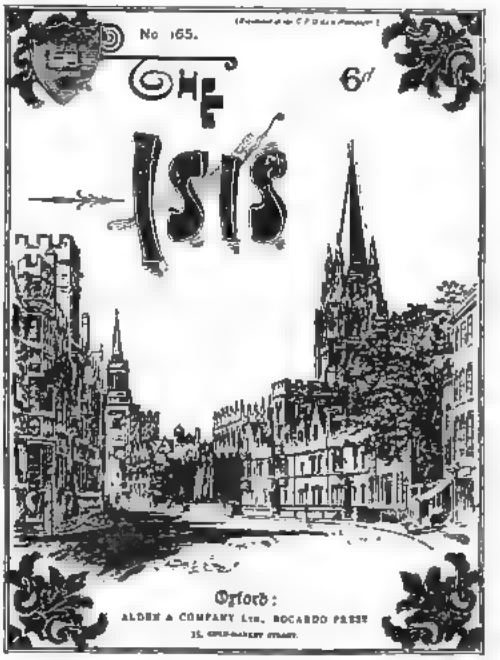
The Giggleswick Chronicle is unique, we imagine, in size and binding, being produced in the shape of a small book, "very handy for the pocket." In the December number two photographs are reproduced, one of the cricket team, and the other of the school chapel now in course of construction. The chapel promises to be a very handsome building. Golfers, by the way, will appreciate the swing and verve of these lines, that form part of a poem entitled "Far and Sure."

> Some tell of the thrill in the huntsman's heart,
> When Reynard is up and away;
> Some sing of the joy of the angler's art,
> By the stream in the month of May;
> Yet nothing, I ween, is so merry at all—
> Go, [illegible] the wide world through!—
> As the song of the Green, the song of the Ball
> That flies both far and true!

Well done "J. R. C.," whoever you are! Giggleswick should be proud of her own especial poet.

The Halleyburian for February is an improvement on the December issue, inasmuch as there is not one line of irrelevant matter. The editor still contrives to keep in close touch with past members of the school. And an enterprising correspondent brings forward some carefully considered suggestions for the improvement of the school register. This idea of a register, giving full information of old boys and their doings, with the additional advantage of being constantly brought up-to-date in new editions, is good enough to merit universal adoption. Let me commend the notion to other enterprising editors.

The Harrovian for December is extremely interesting to outsiders for the excellent article on Dr. Welldon. It is evident that the late head master was loved and esteemed throughout the school, and we cannot better illustrate the sincere feeling of regret that his departure has caused than by quoting the concluding paragraph of the *Harrovian's* farewell article: "The services he has conferred on the school," says the writer, "will assuredly never be forgotten, and we can promise him this, that if ever, and whenever, he finds it possible to visit our 'beautiful and beloved' hill, he will receive the heartiest welcome that Harrow can give." What better tribute to his work could any man desire!



The Isis, the dainty cover of which we reproduce here, still holds its own as the representative undergraduate journal of Oxford University. The little paper has met with many rebuffs of one kind or another, arising naturally from the unavoidable inexperience of the successive editors, but it still goes lightly on its way, tempering its flow of praise with a little seasonable advice. The scene on the cover, some of our readers may like to know, represents the famous "High," often spoken of as the finest street in Europe. The building on the left is University College; facing it is All Souls' College; and a little higher up on the right is St. Mary's, the University church. I wonder how many of my readers, majestic and imposing in their "rags" and "squares," will pace that grand old street in days to come!

The Laxtonian, or the Oundle School Chronicle, is a bulky production, and the December number shows careful editing and sound judgment. Here is a portion of a rather lengthy elegiac:—

Tres uenatum abeunt fortes; resonante pharetra
Hic? alter clipeo, tertius ense nitet.
Omnibus exitio spondent, si nipera, pardus,
Saeua leaena, tigris, paittacus ales adit.

Which, being translated, means:—

Once upon a time three doughtie men
A-huntinge they would goe;
And one hadde a swords, and one hadde a shielde,
And one hadde a twangynge bow;
And they did sweare a solemne oathe
To slaye whate'er they mette,
Be itte tygre, parde, or bold lyonne,
Bee itte dragonne, or parroquette.

Not bad fun, you know, for a wet afternoon.

The Lorettonian is published fortnightly, and adopts a similar size and shape to the *Eton College Chronicle*. Coming from the Scottish home of Rugby football, it deals, of course, mainly with one theme, and that an inspiring one. The motto, *Spartam nactus es; hanc exorna*—smacks of the forward line; the "gossip column" speaks in contemptuous terms of the soccer matches which are having "another lease of life"! And the burthen of the school poet's effusion is "Tackle Low." We gladly welcome this breezy little journal, and congratulate Loretto boys, past and present, on possessing an editor who values the great traditions of the school and keeps the *Lorettonian* up to the mark.

The Mason University College Magazine, though imposing as to its title, is rather disappointing as to its contents. With all the wit and science of Birmingham to draw from, it is difficult to understand how the editor could put together such a dull number as that for February. Financially, however, this journal should be a roaring success, for the advertisement manager claims no less than *nineteen pages* for his own. The frontispiece is excellently reproduced, and many of the notes are well written.

The Olavian again startles us with the superb quality of its paper and the quaintness of its type. The cover, also, is quite a masterpiece in its way, and, with your leave, Mr. Editor, we shall hope to reproduce it in these columns some day soon. And as for poetry—why, the great Rudyard himself might have penned these stirring lines:—

The waves are dark with the floating wreck
Drifting away to sea,
For the foeman's flag is low on his deck,
And ours at his topmast tree!
Smoking gun and shattered mast,
And the falling flag as the foe flies fast,
In days to come, as in days long past,
'Tis ever our way at sea!
Way, give us way at sea!
Ours is the way at sea!
The right down bull-dog English way,
And never shall England see the day
When it's not our way at sea!

We should like to see some of this writer's manuscript. There is plenty of space in THE CAPTAIN for budding poets laureate.

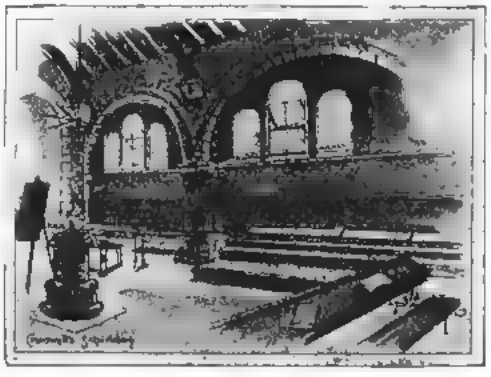
The Red and Blue of the University of Pennsylvania is rather different to our idea of a domestic chronicle, but the articles are distinctly

clever, particularly one entitled, "The Autobiography of a Hero"—evidently a satire on Lieut. Hobson, of "Merrimac" fame. This is the way the writer makes his hero talk: "I was ordered to Santiago, and simply did my duty, as any other man with a reasonable amount of bravery and patriotism in him would. I won't tell you what I did, for you've seen enough about it in the newspapers. . . . I'll admit that it was a pretty brave act; also that I felt a little shaky while going through it." And then we get, by easy stages, to his subsequent misery.

The Rossallian for February is as good as ever. It is a quaint conceit to give the rainfall at Rossall for 1898! The number of days on which rain fell tots up to 168. We hope it wasn't wet *all* day on those occasions.

Cromwell's School.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon on the 25th of April, 1599—exactly three hundred years ago. A movement has been started for commemorating the tercentenary of the Lord Protector's birthday, by extending the grammar school at which he was educated. Here is a picture of the old schoolroom in which Oliver thumbed his well-worn lesson books, and doubtless drew caricatures of his master on his slate. Later on we hope to have an opportunity of presenting to you some drawings of other famous schoolrooms, such as that in which Shakespeare conned his task, that celebrated "Fourth Form Room" at Harrow, and dozens of others equally absorbing from an historical point of view.



It is interesting to learn that King Charles I.—whose death warrant Cromwell signed (much, as we firmly believe, against his will)—is supposed, when a boy, to have met Cromwell himself at his uncle's house at Huntingdon.

How much of the original building was in existence in Cromwell's time is not known. In such cases as these we like to imagine that the window from which we gaze upon the quiet streets without was the window which gave light to the building three hundred years ago. When we are in Shakespeare's house we love to imagine that the fireplace in the parlour was the very fireplace Shakespeare sat by at the time he was scheming out the later of his immortal plays. So, at Carisbrooke, we are shown a certain apartment, and you will find it difficult to persuade us that this was not King Charles's prison-room.

Sweet old history! We will not clothe you with the tinsel of scepticism. It is well to wander through these ancient and romantic halls, acting over again great deeds of the past, and conjuring up fanciful figures of the long-ago dead.

No man ever had better friends, or more bitter enemies, than Oliver Cromwell. While England was under his iron rule she was respected by the whole world; while Cromwell governed this country we never suffered the degradation of seeing a hostile fleet sailing up our greatest river.

For some time after his death Cromwell was looked upon as a fanatic, tyrant, and hypocrite; but that shallow and ignorant hypothesis has for ever been banished from historical literature by the industry and genius of Carlyle. Whatever Cromwell's faults were, we cannot but hold in grateful memory the name of a man who so worthily conserved the honour of his native land.

Ever since it was noised abroad that a magazine called THE CAPTAIN was coming out, I have been deluged with rubbish. That was, of course, to be expected. The sort of contributor, however, that I object to is the person who sends up a battered old manuscript with a long letter, telling me what a great man the sender of the manuscript is. I may here say—and I hope this will catch the eye of all intending contributors—that I don't care a button what they have done for any other magazine, or what they have been commissioned to do, or what such and such a paper has said about them. All I care about is the quality of the manuscript sent in to me. If anybody submits a tale, article, poem, or picture to me it will be bought if it is good; if it is bad, it will go hurtling back to its creator with a velocity and accuracy only equalled by that of a boomerang.

From the windows of this Office I have a fine view of Covent Garden, besides a bit of the Strand, and, of course, the whole of Burleigh Street, and the art editor's table immediately faces the stage door of the Lyceum Theatre. Sir Henry Irving's private door is situated almost at the bottom of Burleigh Street, next to a barber's shop, and I often see Sir Henry coming out, with his mind, as it were, "in the clouds," and holding under his arm a big roll of MS.—possibly a play which he intends to peruse while he is having his tea. Here, too, you can see Miss Ellen Terry, who has a habit of committing her parts to memory as she drives along in her carriage. Until recently, Viscount Hinton used to favour Burleigh Street with sweet strains from his barrel organ. Burleigh Street is a little thoroughfare mostly consisting of newspaper offices. Next door to us is Burleigh Street Vicarage, the church being across the road; adjoining the church is the *Guardian* office. If any of you give us a call just now you will find the flowers in our window-boxes coming up nicely—giving us quite a gay and festive appearance.

The most exciting moment in our afternoon is the arrival of a cavalier. His locks, it is true, are close-cropped, and he wears not a slouched doublet, nor plumed hat, but he is a cavalier, nevertheless, and quite fourteen years of age. Every afternoon about five of the clock this gentleman turns into Burleigh Street out of the Strand, trots bravely up to the end of the cab-rank, and, hopping out of his saddle, darts into some mysterious doorway, leaving his steed to wander about at its own sweet will. There is a hydrant opposite the *Guardian* office—one of those things which look like beheaded pumps, and which are under the control of the police, who have keys to them. There is generally a little water in the bucket, and the horse, after taking a sniff at this, and finding that it is not anything like such good water as he gets at home, passes on, and has a little conversation with the *Globe* cart-horses, makes some disparaging remarks about the steeds which draw the cabs, and then, his master not having returned, continues

his ramble to the opposite pavement and performs a little war-dance. By this time there is generally a crowd round him, composed of ordinary wayfarers, cabmen, and policemen, who think that they ought to take him into custody, but the horse will never be "held up," or in any way have its movements interfered with, and continues to ramble about until its master appears, scrambles into the saddle, and rides off. I have not the least idea who the boy is, or why he comes to Burleigh Street, or why he never troubles to tie his horse up, but the arrival of the horse and its subsequent prowl is a daily happening, and I thought you would like to know about it.

Many of you have doubtless lost your hats in the course of your concert and theatre-going, and in spite of the fact that you have had your initials carefully worked on the inside of the crown in gold letters. For a long time I have been trying to hit upon a method of keeping my hat safe, but I could not think of one until the author of the article "Going to School Seventy Years Ago" (which appeared in No. 1, you remember), came up and showed me how he preserves his head-gear from the fingers of the hat-thief. On the white inside of the crown of his hat he has had a picture of himself drawn, so that when you look into his hat you see the likeness of a hale and hearty veteran gazing upon you with an expression on his face which clearly says: "Now mind what you're up to. This hat is my property!" I think it is an excellent idea, don't you? Ever since he took to having his portrait drawn inside his hat, our esteemed contributor has never suffered at the hands—or head—of the hat-thief.

Dr. Grace seemed to be greatly interested when, during my interview with him, I told him all about THE CAPTAIN. "What's the price to be?" he asked. I told him, "Sixpence." "Sixpence? Well, it ought to sell freely; there is a very big public for such a Magazine," was his rejoinder.

There is a good tale told about Dr. Grace and Phil May, the famous comic artist. If you have heard it before, remember that I am repeating it for the benefit of those who have *not* heard it before. Phil May drew an elaborate picture of a cricket match for (I think) *Punch*. Anyhow, Dr. Grace was looking at this sketch and observed that cover-point was wearing wicket-keeping gloves. He immediately wired off to Phil May as follows: "*Why—oh, why—is cover-point wearing gloves?*" Back came Phil May's startlingly explicit reply: "*To keep his hands warm.*"

I have no doubt that a great many sailors will buy THE CAPTAIN. They will find, however, that it has nothing to do with their watery profession, but I hope that fact won't cause them to abstain from purchasing further copies, because I think THE CAPTAIN is just the sort of magazine a sailor likes to read.

Being an unattached class of men, sailors are altogether out of touch with newspapers. They don't follow the "Dreyfus Affair," or public questions of any kind, and what newspapers there are of interest to seamen are chiefly those published in the most important seaports, and of the *Shields Gazette* type, which give shipping news, disasters at sea, and the movements of local ships, etc. Not being interested in any lending library, the mariner knows little about the "book of the year," or the passing craze of any sort. Just before leaving port, if he is thoughtful enough to have a little money left, Jack will go into a newsagent's and buy up all the 1d. and ½d. novelettes and comic papers he has not seen, and with these he is content. This applies to officers as well as men. What a seaman likes reading best is any light story book, or novelette which speaks of home life and pretty girls. So little of home does the A.B. get that any family story paper—and particularly ladies' penny papers, which tell of what he imagines home to be—he will read over and over again. The latter are by far the most popular literature amongst seamen. A remarkable fact is that sailors do not read sea stories. Such fiction they leave to landsmen, although, in a general manner, owing to the kind thought of the Missions to Seamen, all sorts of books and papers find their way into the fo'c'sle and berths of the seamen.

Lastly, since most seamen carry their Bibles, sailors, perhaps, read that book oftener than their shore-abiding brethren.

An old sea-dog has just been telling me all this, and I have told him that the sort of magazine sailors want is THE CAPTAIN. I hope THE CAPTAIN will soon be the favourite magazine aboard every ship afloat.

I was reading my morning paper the other day when I came upon a "county court case," which I immediately seized upon as one of the most curious "bear stories" I had ever heard—or, rather, read. It appeared that at a certain popular place of amusement there was a dancing bear, and as the bear appeared disinclined to perform the one and only duty expected of him, *i.e.*, dance, an electrician was employed to apply electric shocks to the table on which the bear—wouldn't dance. The electric shocks were calculated to render Bruin more lively on his pins. Even then the bear wouldn't dance, and so the owner of the bear wouldn't pay the electrician for his appliance. The following conversation took place between the judge, solicitors, etc. I leave it to speak for itself. It just shows what bears have to put up with, and what curious points of law county court judges have to decide :—

Judge: "Is the bear here?"

Solicitor: "It attacked someone, and we thought it better not to produce it."

Judge: "We had better not have shocks here." (Laughter.)

The plaintiff said the claim of £3 6s. 4d. was a fair claim for the five extra batteries he laid on to the table.

The plaintiff stated in cross-examination that he did not contract to make the bear dance, but to make an electric table. (Laughter.) The defendant said one battery would do, as the bear had such fine feelings. He said it had more tender feet than a human being. He told the witness to come to the hall one Sunday when the public would not be there, and they could try it the whole day. (Laughter.)

In re-examination the plaintiff stated that the defendant said the bear had such big feet that more wire must be put under the tablecloth. (Laughter.) The work was done by the desire of defendant. The batteries, of course, would get weak and require recharging.

The table, covered with a red cloth, was produced.

A witness for the defence said the currents were not strong enough to make the bear dance.

Judge: "Only tickled him?" (Laughter.)

The Witness: "Yes. It would not have done more to a man. I would have made one to make him dance for £2 10s."

His Honour found for the plaintiff for two guineas with costs.

So after all they didn't hurt poor Bruin—they only "tickled" him.

Early in the spring a celebrated French schoolmaster—Père Didon—visited this country with the object of studying the English schoolboy on the spot just as, some years ago, the Chief of the French police brought a number of his men over in order to observe and take to heart the manner in which the London police controlled the traffic. We ought to feel proud of such visits as these. The French policemen were astonished at the easy way the London police constable held up one finger, and instantly arrested the progress of dozens of vans, cabs, and omnibuses. Père Didon was equally pleased with the freedom which he observed was enjoyed by the English boy compared with that granted to his French contemporary in the *Elysées*. "You make men," was his favourite comment on the liberty allowed to the English school-boy to develop his own character.

I once read in a paper the plaintive account of how a man tried to run a "perfect" magazine. The account was in verse. Well, after telling you all about the title the man went on to describe his competitions, and the unfortunate result which ensued when he offered a race-horse and an eight-room villa to those of his readers who had the biggest eyes and the biggest feet. This is how he describes what took place :—

> As handsome prizes then I bought
> A gee-gee and a dwelling,
> And those invited to compete
> Were those who had big eyes and feet—
> Well, yes, it *was* repelling.
> But then my readers gaily sent
> (When once the tests were known),
> On correspondence cards, the size
> Of all *their neighbours'* feet and eyes—
> *And not their own!*

Warned by this sad example, although I am offering prizes, I shall not award five guineas to the boy with the biggest eyes, nor shall I send two solid leather portmanteaus to him with the biggest feet.

In addition to a pile of school magazines I have been obliged with some copies of the *Bluejacket and Coastguard Gazette*, the which I beg to acknowledge with many thanks. I have found some excellent breezy things in this journal, which is published by Mr. Masters, of Rye. To give you an idea of the contents I'll quote some of the headings: "Told at One Bell," "Jack's Fighting Courage," "Lower Deck Chatter," "Spare Ammunition," and "Monica's Mail Bag." There is a "Children's Corner" and a "Ladies' Page," which offers a special prize to Coastguards' Wives. Gallant editor! They all love Jack, and Jack loves them all!

Extraordinary the things some people come up here and suggest! The other day a dainty little lady journalist arrived, and, having been provided with a chair, asked if she might look at No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN (which was not then out). I said, "Oh, yes, my dear madame, you may look at it if you like, but you must not take it out of the office." Well, she turned it over, and patted it, and looked at all the pictures, and then when I asked her for her opinion of it, replied that she thought it was a very pretty cover.

"What about the inside?" I demanded.

"Oh, I suppose it's very interesting," she said, "but as I don't want to 'Train for Sports,' or make the muscles in my arms bigger, or wear a 'Red Coat,' or go hunting 'Red Rams,' or storm a greenhouse——"

"*Grey*house, madame," I interrupted.

"Well, it doesn't matter what colour the house is," she said, "I don't want to storm it, and I don't care a bit about Whales, whatever their Christian names are—although, if I had to give a Whale a Christian name, I should call it *Harry*—and I don't care a bit about fags or dunces, or stamps. So you see my opinion about the inside of No. 1 is hardly worth having."

However, I noticed that she studied the School Captains very attentively, and observed that "Mr. Sturrock, of Charterhouse, was *quite* the best-looking of them."

"Well," I said. "What is it you have come up to suggest, dear madame?"

"This," she replied—"as all the boys have sisters, and all the head-masters have wives, and all the house-masters have wives, and as heaps of ladies will read THE CAPTAIN, don't you think that you ought to have some articles about 'Pretty Hats and Pretty Faces,' 'Beautiful Bibs for Baby,' 'Dainty Dinners for Assistant Masters,' 'The Matron's Jam Cupboard,' 'Arrowroot for Ailing Urchins,' and offer a prize of Two Guineas for a new design for B.A. Hoods?"

She went on in this way for quite half-an-hour, and when I said that I was afraid that I couldn't ask her to write any of these articles, but that I should be very happy if she would send me a good strong story of the salt, salt sea, she got up, and indignantly said that when the poets wrote about gentlemen they evidently weren't thinking of Editors.

Just as you find thousands of factory hands making crackers and printing Christmas cards in the middle of sweltering July, so, had you called round here, you might have found the Old Fag and his myrmidons busily preparing this bright sunny May number when the cold sleet of February was driving round the office and sending up the sale of baked potatoes and hot chestnuts. That is the worst of magazines—you have to get them ready such a long time in advance. For instance, soon after this number is published our artist-fags and our author-fags will be busy with their contributions for the Christmas Number. Our best author-fag turns out his most seasonable Christmas stories (all about trains blocked by snowdrifts, and sweet girls tumbling through rotten ice, and being rescued by brave boys) when he is lying in a hammock out in his garden sipping lemon squash. And yet, when you read his stories, the wintry blast which he describes so vividly seems to pierce your very marrow. Our best artist-fag, on the contrary, can only draw winter pictures in the winter, and so he has to do his work for the Christmas numbers a whole year before they appear. What I wish to say is that, as we have been obliged to prepare No. 2 of THE CAPTAIN some time before No. 1 will be out, it is obviously impossible for me to deal with correspondence from readers. I shall begin to grapple with the contents of my letter bag in No. 3 of THE CAPTAIN, and thereafter this part of the magazine will be devoted entirely—or almost entirely—to communications received from readers.

THE OLD FAG.

CHEER UP!

Cheer up! 'tis no use to be glum, boys—
'Tis written, since fighting began,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

W. M. THACKERAY.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS.

CONDITIONS.—The Coupon on Page II. of advertisements must be fastened or stuck on every competition submitted.

The name and address of every competitor must be clearly written at the top of first page of competition.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like (providing you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it.

Address thus:—Competition No.——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 24th.

No. 1.—**THREE GUINEAS** for the reader who sends the best drawing of his school. There will be ten Consolation Prizes, consisting of Half-yearly Volumes of the "Strand Magazine" and the "Wide World Magazine." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 2.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the reader who sends in the best photograph of his school. Five Consolation Prizes, as above. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**SIX ENORMOUS STAMP ALBUMS,** the best on the market, for the best "Story of a Stamp." Many stamps have histories, and every ardent collector should be acquainted with these. Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 4.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay entitled, "My Favourite Game." Length not to exceed five hundred words. Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 5.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay on "My Favourite Book." Same length and age limit as No. 4.

No. 6.—**TWO GUINEAS** for an account (limited to five hundred words) of the most exciting five minutes you ever spent in your life. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 7.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best drawing of "An Open Door." Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the longest list of words composed of letters in "Metamorphosis." Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 9.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best list of the twelve most curious surnames you have ever come across. Age limit: Thirteen.

No. 10.—**ONE GUINEA** for the twelve best nicknames you have heard. Each nickname should be accompanied by a few lines explaining why it was given. Age limit: Twelve.

NOTE.—*Second prizes of half the amount offered will be awarded in each competition.*

"Pipes and Faces" Competition.

On the adjoining page you will find a number of gentlemen smoking pipes. Smoking is a harmful habit, but all those gentlemen are over twenty-one years of age—some of them a good deal over. By the time a man is twenty-one we generally leave him to judge for himself what is, and what is not, good for him. Well, this is an extra competition. I want to know the "calling" of each of these gentlemen. The pipe and face indicated here belong to, you will observe, a ploughman. Now, I don't want you to tear out the page and send it up in that form; if you do you will be disqualified for mutilating your magazine. If you look among the advertisements you will find, in addition to the ordinary coupon which you must send up with all competitions, a coupon with numbers on it and headed: "Pipes and Faces Competition." Cut this coupon out, and opposite Nos. 1, 2, 3, and so on, write down what you think that particular smoker is—what trade or "calling" he follows. This competition being open to everybody, there is no age limit. We shall be glad to receive lists from centenarians as well as from little boys of ten, kings, queens, convicts, sweeps, dukes, and members of parliament—all may compete. The prize will be goods (whatever you like) as advertised in THE CAPTAIN to the value of £5.

A PLOUGHMAN

"PIPES AND FACES" COMPETITION.

First Series.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

No. 7.

No. 8.

OPEN TO EVERYBODY. **For Conditions see preceding page.**

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has the advantage of really removing all Oil, Grease, Tar, etc., Stains; is cleanly in use, and non-inflammable.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Chemists, or the

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44, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and Borough Mills, Bradford.

25,000 HAND CAMERAS
AT 5/- EACH.

£150 IN PRIZES given for Photos taken with these Cameras.

No. 1 "Captain" Hand Camera, 5/-

NOTICE.—No. 1 "Captain" Camera is fitted with powerful Achromatic Lens, View Finder, Double Dark Slide, Time and Snap-shot Shutter. This Camera gives splendid results. With it is given Dry Plates, Developer, and Fixing Solution, and Instructions. This is our 10/6 Hand Camera as per list, but is being offered to readers of "The Captain" for 5/- only (6d. extra for Parcels Postage, 5/6 in all).

No. 2 "Captain" Hand Camera, 7/6
Carries 6 Quarter Plates.

SPECIAL.—This Camera carries 6 Quarter Plates or 12 Films in sheaths; is fitted with Achromatic Lens, View Finder, Lens working at large aperture, Time and Instantaneous Shutters, Automatic Plate Changer. Estimated speed of Shutter 1 30th sec. This is a splendid Hand Camera for all purposes, and one we can recommend. Dry Plates, Chemicals, and Instructions. 6d. extra for Parcel Postage, 8/- in all.

No. 3 "Captain" Special Hand Camera, 17/6
(Carries 12 Plates or 24 Films).

This Camera carries 12 Quarter Plates or 24 Films in sheaths, fitted with Best Achromatic Lens, Vertical and Horizontal View Finders, Time and Instantaneous Shutter, Automatic Plate Changer and Counting Indicator, Rotating Stops and Cut-off Protector. This Camera is equal to any costing £4 4/- Parcel Postage, 6d., 18/- in all.

The Dark Pocket Camera, 2/6 only.

NOTICE.—The Pocket Dark Camera takes a photo 2½ by 2½. Fitted with Achromatic Rapid Lens and Snap-shot Shutter. A very neat Pocket Camera at a very moderate sum. A charge of 6 Plates, Developer, and Fixing Solution, and Instructions given with each Camera 2/6 complete.

Full Particulars and Lists of Competitions sent with each Camera.

RULES.—All persons sending must mark on left-hand top corner of envelope the name of this paper, and send it, along with postal order for amount, to the Manufacturers:

THE SILVERITE CO., LONDON ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

Take a

In the Right Direction,

And send for our List of

MACHINES & FITTINGS.

HIGH GRADE BICYCLES AT LOW PRICES.

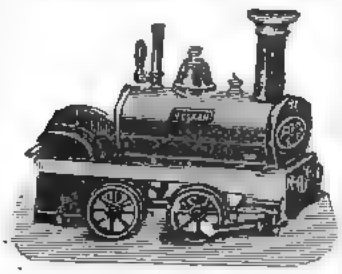
MACHINES BUILT TO ORDER FROM 10 GUINEAS.

OUR SPECIALITY.—Machines built to measure on scientific principles, and fitted with tyres according to customer's choice. ESTIMATES FREE.

THOS. HEWETT & Co., LONDON.

Sole Agents—THE STAINER MFG. Co. (C Dept), 92, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, London, W.C.

PRESENTS FOR BOYS.



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MANUFACTURERS and EXPORTERS of all Articles for

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PATENTEES of the CELEBRATED "IMPERIAL DRIVER" Cricket Bats.

PRICE LISTS FREE ON APPLICATION. Factory—ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH.

EIGHT MARVELLOUS PENNYWORTHS.

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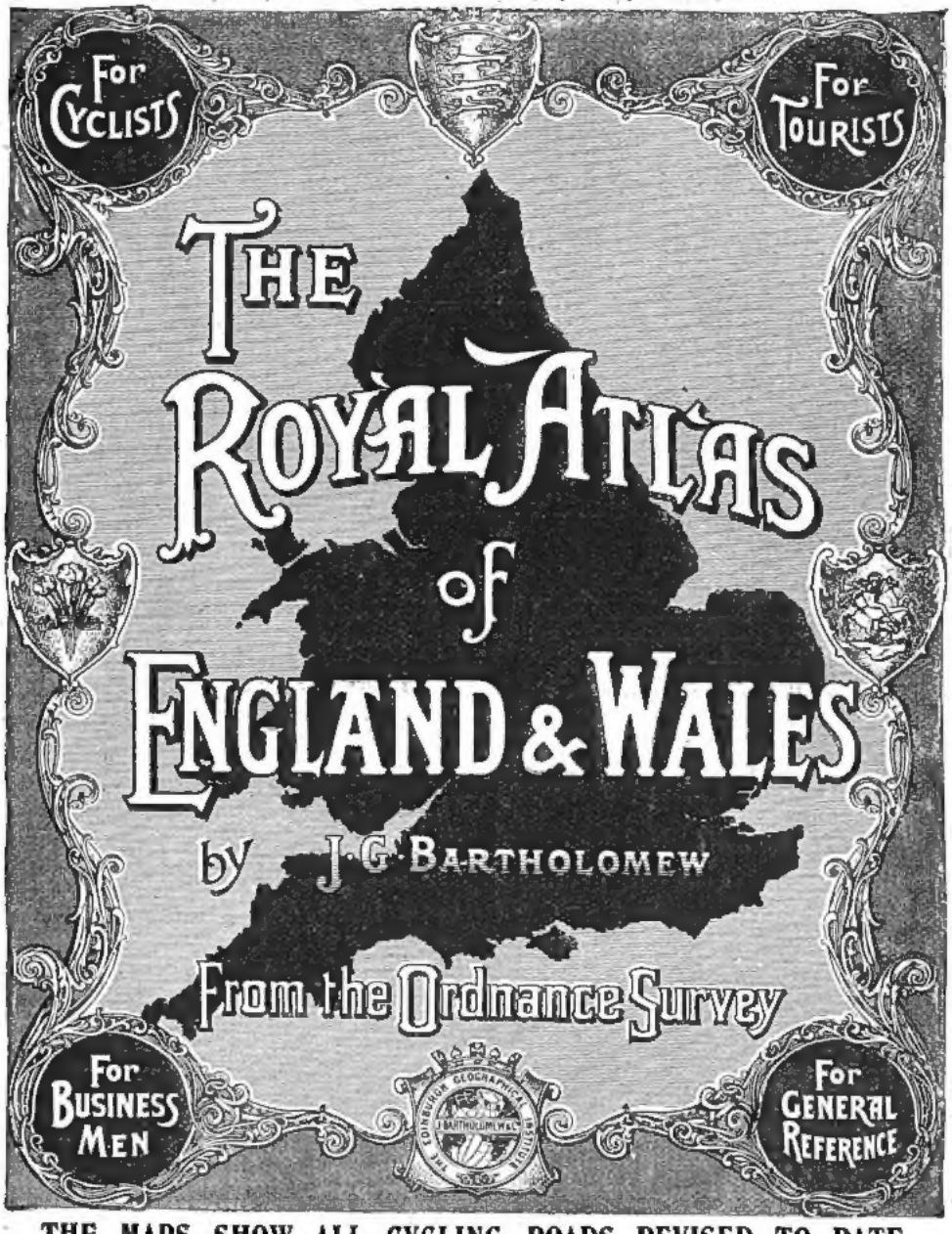

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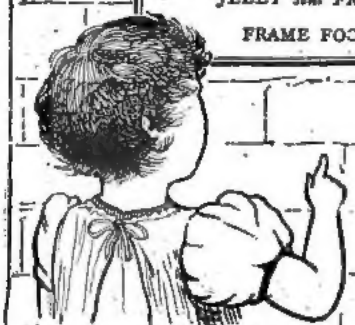

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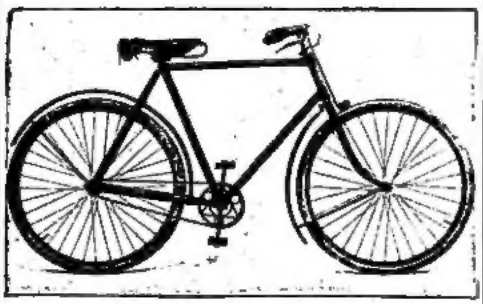

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With a cup of FRY'S COCOA to cheer him.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED **Cocoa.**

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